

Henry Colley
PLAYS,

Written by

Sir John Vanbrugh.

VOL. II. Containing

The CONFEDERACY. *See Bell's*
The FALSE FRIEND. *Plays*
The MISTAKE. *5 Vols*
12mo.



L O N D O N;

Printed by J. D. for J. TONSON over against
Katherine-Street in the Strand, and M. WELLING-
TON. M. DCC. XIX.

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LONDON:

Printed by G. D. for J. Tonson over against
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T. N. MDCCLXIX.



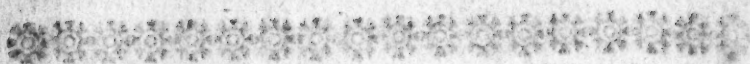
THE
CONFEDERACY;
A
COMEDY:

As it is Acted at the
Queen's-Theatre in the *Hay-*
Market.



Vol. II.

A



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A

Vol. II.

PROLOGUE;

Spoken by a Shabby Poet.

YE Gods! What Crime had my poor Father
(done,
That you should make a Poet of his Son?
Or is't for some great Services of his,
I am pleas'd to compliment his Roy—— with this?

[Shewing his Crown of Laurel.

The Honour, I must needs confess, is great,
If, with his Crown, you'd tell him where to eat.
Tis well—— But I have more Complaints—— look here!

[Shewing his ragged Coat.

Hark ye:—— D'ye think this Suit good Winter Wear?
In a Cold Morning; whu—— at a Lord's Gate,
How you have let the Porter let me wait?
You'll say, perhaps, you knew I'd get no harm,
You'd giv'n me Fire enough to keep me warm.
Ah——

A World of Blessings to that Fire we owe;
Without it I'd ne'er made this Princely Show.
I have a Brother too, now in my Sight,

[Looking behind the Scenes.

A busy Man amongst us here to-night:
Your Fire has made him play a thousand Pranks;
For which, no doubt, you've had his daily Thanks;
He's as thank'd you, first, for all his decent Plays,
Where he so nick'd it, when he writ for Praise.
Next for his meddling with some Folks in Black,
And bringing Souce—— a Priest upon his Back;

For building Houses here t'oblige the Peers,
 And fetching all their House about his Ears;
 For a new Play, he's now thought fit to write,
 To sooth the Town—which they—will damn to-night.

These Benefits are such, no Man can doubt
 But he'll go on, and set your Fancy out,
 Till for Reward of all his noble Deeds,
 At last like other sprightly Folks he speeds:
 Has this great Recompence fix'd on his Brow
 At sam'd Parnassus; has your leave to bow
 And walk about the Streets—Equip'd--- as I am now.



EPILOGUE;

Spoke by Mrs. Barry.



YE heard wise Men in Politicks lay down
 What Feats by little England might be done,
 Were all agreed, and all would act as One.

Ye Wives a useful Hint from this might take,
 The heavy, old, despotick Kingdom shake,
 And make your Matrimonial Monsieus quake.
 Our Heads are feeble, and we're cramp'd by Laws;
 Our Hands are weak, and not too strong our Cause:
 Yet would those Heads and Hands, such as they are,
 In firm Confed'racy resolve on War, (Dear.
 You'd find your Tyrants— what I've found my
 What only Two united can produce
 You've seen to-night, a Sample for your Use:
 Single, we found we nothing could obtain;
 We join our Force— and we subdu'd our Men.

Believe

EPILOGUE.

5

Believe me (my dear Sex) they are not brave;
Try each your Man, you'll quickly find your Slave.
I know they'll make Campaigns, risk Blood and Life;
But this is a more terrifying Strife;
They'll stand a Shot, who'll tremble at a Wife.
Beat then your Drums, and your shrill Trumpets sound,
Let all your Visits of your Feats resound,
And Deeds of War in Cups of Tea go round:
The Stars are with you, Fate is in your hand,
In twelve Months Time you've vanquish'd half the
Be wise, and keep 'em under good Command. (Land;
This Year will to your Glory long be known,
And deathless Ballads hand your Triumphs down;
Your late Atchievements ever will remain,
For tho you cannot boast of many slain,
Your Pris'ners shew, you've made a brave Campaign.

W O M E N



A 3

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

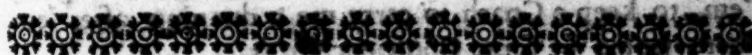
<p><i>Gripe</i>, { Two rich Money Scrive- } <i>Mr. Leigh.</i> <i>Moneytrap</i>, { ners. } <i>Mr. Dogget.</i> <i>Dick</i>, a Gamester, Son to <i>Mrs. Amlet.</i> <i>Mr. Booth.</i> <i>Brass</i>, his Companion, passes for his } <i>Mr. Pack.</i> <i>Valet de Chambre.</i> } <i>Mr. Mimes.</i> <i>Clip</i>, a Goldsmith. <i>Jessamin</i>, Foot-boy to <i>Clarissa.</i></p>

W O M E N.

<p><i>Clarissa</i>, Wife to <i>Gripe</i>, an expensive } luxurious Woman, a great Admirer } <i>Mrs. Barry.</i> of Quality. }</p> <p><i>Araminta</i>, Wife to <i>Moneytrap</i>, very } intimate with <i>Clarissa</i>, of the same } <i>Mrs. Porter.</i> Humour. }</p> <p><i>Corinna</i>, Daughter to <i>Gripe</i> by a for- } mer Wife, a good Fortune, young, } <i>Mrs. Bradshaw.</i> and kept very close by her Father. }</p> <p><i>Flippanta</i>, <i>Clarissa</i>'s Maid. <i>Mrs. Bracegirdle.</i> <i>Mrs. Amlet</i>, a Seller of all Sorts of } <i>Mrs. Willis.</i> private Affairs to the Ladies. } <i>Mrs. Cloggit</i>, her Neighbour. <i>Mrs. Baker.</i></p>



THE CONFEDERACY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Covent-Garden.

Enter Mrs. Amlet and Mrs. Cloggit, meeting.

Amlet.



O O D-morrow, Neighbour; good-morrow, Neighbour *Cloggit*! How does all at your House this Morning?

Clog. Thank you kindly, Mrs.

Amlet, thank you kindly; how

do you do, I pray?

Amlet. At the old rate, Neighbour, poor and honest; these are hard Times good lack.

Clog. If they are hard with you, what are they with us? You have a good Trade going, all the great Folks in Town help you off with your Merchandize.

Amlet. Yes, they do help us off with 'em indeed; they buy all.

A ♣

Clog.

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Clog. And pay——

Aml. For some.

Clog. Well, 'tis a thousand pities, Mrs. *Amlet*, they are not as ready at one, as they are at t'other: For, not to wrong 'em, they give very good Rates.

Aml. O for that, let us do 'em Justice, Neighbour; they never make two words upon the Price, all they haggle about is the Day of Payment.

Clog. There's all the Dispute, as you say.

Aml. But that's a wicked one: For my part, Neighbour, I'm just tir'd off my Legs with trotting after 'em; besides, it eats out all our Profit. Would you believe it, Mrs. *Cloggit*, I have worn out four pair of Pattins, with following my old Lady *Youthful*, for one Set of false Teeth, and but three Pots of Paint.

Clog. Look you there now.

Aml. If they wou'd but once let me get enough by 'em, to keep a Coach to carry me a dunning after 'em, there would be some Conscience in it.

Clog. Ay, that were something. But now you talk of Conscience, Mrs. *Amlet*, how do you speed amongst your City Customers?

Aml. My City Customers! Now by my Truth, Neighbour, between the City and the Court (with Reverence be it spoken) there's not a—— to chuse. My Ladies in the City, in Times past, were as full of Gold as they were of Religion, and as punctual in their Payments as they were in their Prayers; but since they have set their Minds upon Quality, adieu one, adieu t'other, their Money and their Consciences are gone, Heav'n knows where. There is not a Goldsmith's Wife to be found in Town, but's as hard-hearted as an antient Judge, and as poor as a towering Dutcheß.

Clog. But what the murrain have they to do with Quality, why don't their Husbands make 'em mind their Shops?

Aml. Their Husbands! their Husbands say'st thou, Woman? Alack, alack, they mind their Husbands, Neighbour, no more than they do a Sermon.

Clog.

The CONFEDERACY. 9

Clog. Good lack a day, that Women born of sober Parents, should be prone to follow ill Examples! But now we talk of Quality, when did you hear of your Son *Richard*, Mrs. *Amlet*? My Daughter *Elipp* says she met him t'other day in a lac'd Coat, with three fine Ladies, his Footman at his heels, and as gay as a Bridegroom.

Am. Is it possible? Ah the Rogue! Well Neighbour, all's well that ends well; but *Dick* will be hang'd.

Clog. That were pity.

Am. Pity indeed; for he's a hopeful young Man to look on; but he leads a Life—— Well—— where he has it, Heav'n knows; but they say, he pays his Club with the best of 'em. I have seen him but once these three Months, Neighbour, and then the Varlet wanted Money; but I bid him march, and march he did to some purpose; for in less than an Hour back comes my Gentleman into the House, walks to and fro in the Room, with his Wig over his Shoulder, his Hat on one side, whistling a Minuet, and tossing a Purse of Gold from one Hand to t'other, with no more Respect (Heaven bless us!) than if it had been an Orange. Sirrah, says I, where have you got that? He answers me never a word, but sets his Arms a kimbo, cocks his saucy Hat in my Face, turns about upon his ungracious Heel, as much as to say Kifs—— and I've never set Eye on him since.

Clog. Look you there now; to see what the Youth of this Age are come to!

Alm. See what they will come to, Neighbour. Heaven shield, I say; but *Dick's* upon the gallop. Well, I must bid you good-morrow; I'm going where I doubt I shall meet but a sorry Welcome.

Clog. To get in some old Debt, I'll warrant you?

Am. Neither better nor worse.

Clog. From a Lady of Quality?

Alm. No, she's but a Scrivener's Wife; but she lives as well, and pays as ill, as the stateliest Countess of 'em all.

[Exeunt several ways.]

10 *The CONFEDERACY.*

Enter Brass, solus.

Brass. Well, surely thro' the World's wide Extent, there never appear'd so impudent a Fellow as my School-fellow *Dick*; pass himself upon the Town for a Gentleman, drop into all the best Company with an easy Air, as if his natural Element were in the Sphere of Quality; when the Rogue had a Kettle-Drum to his Father, who was hang'd for robbing a Church, and has a Pedlar to his Mother, who carries her Shop under her Arm. But here he comes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Well, *Brass*, what News? Hast thou given my Letter to *Flippanta*?

Brass. I'm but just come; I han't knock'd at the Door yet. But I have a damn'd Piece of News for you.

Dick. As how?

Brass. We must quit this Country.

Dick. We'll be hang'd first.

Brass. So you will if you stay.

Dick. Why, what's the matter?

Brass. There's a Storm a coming.

Dick. From whence?

Brass. From the worst Point in the Compass, the Law.

Dick. The Law! Why what have I to do with the Law?

Brass. Nothing; and therefore it has something to do with you.

Dick. Explain.

Brass. You know you cheated a young Fellow at Picquet t'other Day, of the Money he had to raise his Company.

Dick. Well, what then?

Brass. Why, he's sorry he lost it.

Dick. Who doubts that?

Brass. Ay, but that is not all, he's such a Fool to think of complaining on't.

Dick. Then I must be so wise to stop his Mouth.

Brass. How?

Dick.

The CONFEDERACY. II

Dick. Give him a litle back; if that won't do, strangle him.

Brass. You are very quick in your Methods.

Dick. Men must be so that will dispatch Business.

Brass. Hark you, Colonel, your Father dy'd in's Bed?

Dick. He might have done, if he had not beer'd a Fool.

Brass. Why, he robb'd a Church.

Dick. Ay, but he forgot to make sure of the Sexton.

Brass. Are not you a great Rogue?

Dick. Or I should wear worse Clothes.

Brass. Hark you, I would advise you to change your Life.

Dick. And turn Ballad-Singer.

Brass. Not so neither.

Dick. What then?

Brass. Why, if you can get this young Wench, reform, and live honest.

Dick. That's the way to be starv'd.

Brass. No, she has Money enough to buy you a good Place, and pay me into the bargain for helping her to so good a Match. You have but this Throw left to save you, for you are not ignorant, Youngster, that your Morals begin to be pretty well known about Town; have a care your noble Birth and your honourable Relations are not discover'd too; there needs but that to have you toss'd in a Blanket, for the Entertainment of the first Company of Ladies you intrude into; and then, like a dutiful Son, you may daggles about with your Mother, and sell Paint: She's old and weak, and wants somebody to carry her Goods after her. How like a Dog will you look, with a Pair of plod Shoes, your Hair cropp'd up to your Ears, and a Band-box under your Arm?

Dick. Why faith, *Brass*, I think thou art in the right on't; I must fix my Affairs quickly, or Madam Fortune will be playing some of her Bitch-Tricks with me; Therefore I'll tell thee what we'll do; we'll pursue this old Rogue's Daughter heartily; we'll cheat his Family to purpose, and they shall atone for the rest of Mankind.

Brass.

12 The CONFEDERACY.

Brass. Have at her then, I'll about your Business presently.

Dick. One Kiss——and Success attend thee.

[Exit Dick.

Brass. A great Rogue——Well, I say nothing. But when I have got the thing into a good posture, he shall sign and seal, or I'll have him tumbled out of the House like a Cheefe. Now for *Flippanta*.

[He knocks.

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. Who's that? *Brass!*

Brass. *Flippanta!*

Flip. What want you, Rogue's Face?

Brass. Is your Mistress dress'd?

Flip. What, already? Is the Fellow drunk?

Brass. Why, with respect to her Looking-Glass, it's almost two.

Flip. What then, Fool?

Brass. Why then it's time for the Mistress of the House to come down, and look after her Family.

Flip. Prithee don't be an Owl. Those that go to Bed at Night may rise in the Morning; we that go to Bed in the Morning rise in the Afternoon.

Brass. When does she make her Visits then?

Flip. By Candle-Light; it helps off a muddy Complexion; we Women hate inquisitive Sunshine. But do you know that my Lady is going to turn good Housewife?

Brass. What, is she going to die?

Flip. Die!

Brass. Why, that's the only way to save Money for her Family.

Flip. No; but she has thought of a Project to save Chair-Hire.

Brass. As how?

Flip. Why all the Company she us'd to keep abroad, she now intends shall meet at her own House. Your Master has advis'd her to set up a Basset-Table.

Brass. Nay, if he advis'd her to it, it's right; but has she acquainted her Husband with it yet?

Flip.

The CONFEDERACY. 13

Flip. What to do? When the Company meet, he'll see them.

Brass. Nay, that's true, as you say; he'll know it soon enough.

Flip. Well, I must be gone; have you any Business with my Lady?

Brass. Yes; as Ambassador from *Araminta*, I have a Letter for her.

Flip. Give it me.

Brass. Hold——and as first Minister of State to the Colonel, I have an Affair to communicate to thee.

Flip. What is't? quick.

Brass. Why——he's in love.

Flip. With what?

Brass. A Woman——and her Money together.

Flip. Who is she?

Brass. *Corinna*.

Flip. What wou'd he be at?

Brass. At her——if she's at leisure.

Flip. Which way?

Brass. Honourably——He has order'd me to demand her of thee in Marriage.

Flip. Of me?

Brass. Why, when a Man of Quality has a mind to a City-Fortune, wou'd'st have him apply to her Father and Mother?

Flip. No.

Brass. No, so I think: Men of our end of the Town are better bred than to use Ceremony. With a long Perriwig we strike the Lady, with a you know-what we soften the Maid; and when the Parson has done his Job, we open the Affair to the Family. Will you slip this Letter into her Prayer-Book, my little Queen? It's a very passionate one——It's seal'd with a Heart and a Dagger; you may see by that what he intends to do with himself.

Flip. Are there any Verses in it? If not, I won't touch it.

Brass. Not one word in Prose, it's dated in Rhyme.

[*She takes it.*

Flip.

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Flip. Well, but——have you brought nothing else?

Brass. Gad forgive me; I'm the forgetfullest Dog——
I have a Letter for you too——here——'tis in a
Purse, but it's in Prose; you won't touch it.

Flip. Yes, hang it, it is not good to be too dainty.

Brass. How useful a Virtue is Humility! Well, Child,
we shall have an Answer to-morrow, shan't we?

Flip. I can't promise you that; for our young Gentlewoman is not so often in my way as she would be. Her Father (who is a Citizen from the Foot to the Forehead of him) lets her seldom converse with her Mother-in-law and me, for fear she should learn the Airs of a Woman of Quality. But I'll take the first Occasion: See there's my Lady, go in and deliver your Letter to her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, A Parlour.

Enter Clarissa, follow'd by Flippanta and Brass.

Clar. No Messages this Morning from any body, *Flippanta*? Lard, how dull that is? O, there's *Brass*: I did not see thee, *Brass*. What News dost thou bring?

Brass. Only a Letter from *Araminta*, Madam.

Clar. Give it me——open it for me, *Flippanta*, I am so lazy to-day.

[*Sitting down.*]

Brass to Flip.] Be sure now you deliver my Master's as carefully as I do this.

Flip. Don't trouble thy self, I'm no Novice.

Clar. to Brass.] 'Tis well; there needs no Answer, since she'll be here so soon.

Brass. Your Ladyship has no farther Commands then?

Clar. Not at this time, honest *Brass*. *Flippanta*!

[*Exit Brass.*]

Flip. Madam.

Clar. My Husband's in love.

Flip. In Love?

Clar. With *Araminta*.

Flip. Impossible!

Clar.

The CONFEDERACY. 15

Clar. This Letter from her, is to give me an Account of it.

Flip. Methinks you are not very much alarm'd.

Clar. No: thou know'st I'm not much torur'd with Jealousy.

Flip. Nay, you are much in the right on't, Madam, for Jealousy's a City-Passion; 'tis a thing unknown amongst People of Quality.

Clar. Fy! A Woman must indeed be of a mechanick Mould, who is either troubled or pleas'd with any thing her Husband can do to her. Prithee mention him no more; 'tis the dullest Theme.

Flip. 'Tis splenetick indeed. But when once you open your Basset-Table, I hope that will put him out of your head.

Clar. Alas, *Flippanta*, I begin to grow weary even of the Thoughts of that too.

Flip. How so?

Clar. Why, I have thought on't a Day and a Night already, and four and twenty Hours, thou know'st, is enough to make one weary of any thing.

Flip. Now, by my Conscience, you have more Woman in you than all your Sex together: You never know what you would have.

Clar. Thou mistakest the Thing quite. I always know what I lack, but I am never pleas'd with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the Possession of it is intolerable.

Flip. Well, I don't know what you are made of, but other Women would think themselves blest in your Case; handsome, witty, lov'd by every body, and of so happy a Composure to care a Fig for no body. You have no one Passion, but that of your Pleasures; and you have in me a Servant devoted to all your Desires, let them be as extravagant as they will: Yet all this is nothing; you can still be out of Humour.

Clar. Alas, I have but too much Cause.

Flip. Why, what have you to complain of?

Clar. Alas, I have more Subjects for Spleen than one: Is it not a most horrible thing that I should be but a
Scrivener's

16 *The CONFEDERACY.*

Scrivener's Wife? — Come, — don't flatter me, don't you think Nature design'd me for something *plus élevée*?

Flip. Nay, that's certain; but on t'other side, methinks, you ought to be in some measure content, since you live like a Woman of Quality, tho you are none.

Clar. O fy! the very Quintessence of it is wanting.

Flip. What's that?

Clar. Why, I dare abuse no body: I'm afraid to affront People, tho I don't like their Faces; or to ruin their Reputations, tho they pique me to it, by taking ever so much pains to preserve 'em: I dare not raise a Lye of a Man, tho he neglects to make love to me; nor report a Woman to be a Fool, tho she's handsomer than I am. In short, I dare not so much as bid my Footman kick the People out of doors, tho they come to ask me for what I owe them.

Flip. All this is very hard indeed.

Clar. Ah, *Flippanta*, the Perquisites of Quality are of an unspeakable Value.

Flip. They are of some Use, I must confess; but we must not expect to have every thing. You have Wit and Beauty, and a Fool to your Husband: Come, come, Madam, that's a good Portion for one.

Clar. Alas, what signifies Beauty and Wit, when one dares neither jilt the Men, nor abuse the Women? 'Tis a sad thing, *Flippanta*, when Wit's confin'd, 'tis worse than the Rising of the Lights; I have been sometimes almost choak'd with Scandal, and durst not cough it up for want of being a Countess.

Flip. Poor Lady!

Clar. O! Liberty is a fine thing, *Flippanta*; it's a great Help in Conversation to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a Woman of Quality, who has not had one Grain of Wit, entertain a whole Company the most agreeably in the World, only with her Malice. But 'tis in vain to repine, I can't mend my Condition, till my Husband dies; so I'll say no more on't, but think of making the most of the State I am in.

Flip.

The CONFEDERACY. 17

Flip. That's your best way, Madam; and in order to it, pray consider how you'll get some ready Money to set your Basset-Table a going; for that's necessary.

Clar. Thou say'st true; but what Trick I shall play my Husband to get some, I don't know: For my Pre-
tence of losing my Diamond Necklace has put the Man into such a Passion, I'm afraid he won't hear Reason.

Flip. No matter; he begins to think 'tis lost in earnest: So I fancy you may venture to sell it, and raise Money that way.

Clar. That can't be, for he has left odious Notes with all the Goldsmiths in Town.

Flip. Well, we must pawn it then.

Clar. I'm quite tir'd with dealing with those Pawn-brokers.

Flip. I'm afraid you'll continue the Trade a great while for all that. [*Aside.*]

Enter Jessamin.

Jess. Madam, there's the Woman below that sells Paint and Patches, Iron-Bodice, false Teeth, and all sorts of things to the Ladies; I can't think of her Name.

Flip. 'Tis Mrs. *Amlet*, she wants Money.

Clar. Well, I han't enough for my self, it's an unreasonable thing she should think I have any for her.

Flip. She's a troublesome Jade.

Clar. So are all People that come a dunning.

Flip. What will you do with her?

Clar. I have just now thought on't. She's very rich, that Woman is, *Flippanta*, I'll borrow some Money of her.

Flip. Borrow! Sure you jest, Madam.

Clar. No, I'm in earnest; I give thee Commission to do it for me.

Flip. Me!

Clar. Why dost thou stare, and look so ungainly? Don't I speak to be understood?

Flip. Yes, I understand you well enough; but Mrs. *Amlet*——

Clar.

18 *The CONFEDERACY.*

Clar. But *Mrs. Amlet* must lend me some Money, where shall I have any to pay her else?

Flip. That's true; I never thought of that truly. But here she is.

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

Clar. How d'you do? How d'you do, *Mrs. Amlet*? I han't seen you these thousand Years, and yet I believe I'm down in your Books.

Aml. O, Madam, I don't come for that, alack.

Flip. Good-morrow, *Mrs. Amlet*.

Aml. Good-morrow, *Mrs. Flippanta*.

Clar. How much am I indebted to you, *Mrs. Amlet*?

Aml. Nay, if your Ladyship desires to see your Bill, I believe I may have it about me. — There, Madam, if it ben't too much Fatigue to you to look it over.

Clar. Let me see it, for I hate to be in debt, where I am oblig'd to pay. [*Aside.*] — Reads. — Imprimis, For bolstering out the Countess of Crump's left Hip — O fy, this does not belong to me.

Aml. I beg your Ladyship's pardon, I mistook indeed; 'tis a Countess's Bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnish'd her two Years ago with three Pair of Hips, and am not paid for them yet; But some are better Customers than some. There's your Ladyship's Bill, Madam.

Clar. For the Idea of a new-invented Commode — Ay, this may be mine, but 'tis of a preposterous Length. Do you think I can waste Time to read every Article, *Mrs. Amlet*? I'd as lief read a Sermon.

Aml. Alack-a-day, there's no need of fatiguing your self at that rate; cast an Eye only, if your Honour pleases, upon the Sum Total.

Clar. Total; fifty six Pound — and odd things.

Flip. But six and fifty Pound!

Aml. Nay, another body would have made it twice as much, but there's a Blessing goes along with a moderate Profit.

Clar. *Flippanta*, go to my Cashier, let him give you six and fifty Pound. Make haste: Don't your hear me? six and fifty Pound. Is it so difficult to be comprehended?

Flip.

The CONFEDERACY. 19

Flip. No, Madam, I, I comprehend six and fifty Pound, but——

Clar. But go and fetch it then.

Flip. What she means, I don't know; [*Aside.*] but I shall, I suppose, before I bring her the Money. [*Ex. Flip.*]

Clar. [*Setting her Hair in a Pocket-Glass.*] The Trade you follow gives you a great deal of Trouble, Mrs. Amlet.

Amlet. Alack-a-day, a World of Pain, Madam, and yet there's small Profit, as your Honour sees by your Bill.

Clar. Poor Woman! Sometimes you have great Losses, Mrs. Amlet.

Amlet. I have two thousand Pounds owing me, of which I shall never get ten Shillings.

Clar. Poor Woman! You have a great Charge of Children, Mrs. Amlet.

Amlet. Only one wicked Rogue, Madam, who, I think, will break my Heart.

Clar. Poor Woman!

Amlet. He'll be hang'd, Madam——that will be the end of him. Where he gets it, Heav'n knows; but he's always shaking his Heels with the Ladies, and his Elbows with the Lords. He's as fine as a Prince, and as gim as the best of them; but the ungracious Rogue tells all he comes near that his Mother is dead, and I am but his Nurse.

Clar. Poor Woman!

Amlet. Alas, Madam, he's like the rest of the World; every body's for appearing to be more than they are, and that ruins all.

Clar. Well, Mrs. Amlet, you'll excuse me, I have a little Business, *Flippanta* will bring you your Money presently. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit Clarissa.*]

Amlet. I return your Honour many Thanks.

Sola.] Ah, there's my good Lady, not so much as read her Bill; if the rest were like her, I should soon have Money enough to go as fine as *Dick* himself.

Enter

Enter Dick.

Dick. Sure *Flippanta* must have given my Letter by this time ; [*Aside.*] I long to know how it has been receiv'd.

Aml. Misericord ! what do I see !

Dick. Fiends and Haggs—— the Witch my Mother !

Aml. Nay, 'tis he ; ah, my poor Dick, what art thou doing here ?

Dick. What a Misfortune—— [*Aside.*

Aml. Good Lord ! how thou art bravely deck'd. But it's all one, I am thy Mother still ; and tho thou art a wicked Child, Nature will speak, I love thee still ; ah,

Dick, my poor Dick. [*Embracing him.*

Dick. Blood and Thunder ! will you ruin me ?

[*Breaking from her.*

Aml. Ah, the blasphemous Rogue, how he swears !

Dick. You destroy all my Hopes.

Aml. Will your Mother's Kifs destroy you, Varlet ? Thou art an ungracious Bird ; kneel down, and ask me Blessing, Sirrah.

Dick. Death and Furies !

Aml. Ah, he's a proper young Man, see what a Shape he has ;—ah, poor Child.

[*Running to embrace him, he still avoiding her.*

Dick. Oons keep off, the Woman's mad. If any body comes, my Fortune's lost.

Aml. What Fortune, ha ? speak Graceless. Ah Dick, thou'lt be hang'd, Dick.

Dick. Good dear Mother now, don't call me Dick here.

Aml. Not call thee, Dick ! Is it not thy Name ? What shall I call thee ? Mr. *Amlet* ? ha ! Art not thou a presumptuous Rascal ? Hark you, Sirrah, I hear of your Tricks ; you disown me for your Mother, and say I am but your Nurse. Is not this true ?

Dick. No, I love you ; I respect you ; [*Taking her Hand.*] I am all Duty. But if you discover me here, you ruin the fairest Prospect that Man ever had.

Aml. What Prospect ? ha ! Come, this is a Lye now.

Dick.

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Dick. No, my honour'd Parent, what I say is true, I'm about a great Fortune. I'll bring you home a Daughter-in-Law, in a Coach and six Horses; if you'll but be quiet: I can't tell you more now.

Aml. Is it possible!

Dick. 'Tis true, by Jupiter.

Aml. My dear Lad ———

Dick. For Heav'n's sake ———

Aml. But tell me, *Dick* ———

Dick. I'll follow you home in a Moment, and tell you all.

Aml. What a Shape is there ———

Dick. Pray Mother go.

Aml. I must receive some Money here first, which shall go for thy Wedding-Dinner.

Dick. Here's some-body coming; S'death, she'll betray me.

Enter Flippanta. [*He makes Signs to his Mother.*]

Dick. Good-morrow, dear *Flippanta*; how do all the Ladies within?

Flip. At your Service, Colonel; as far at least as my Interest goes.

Aml. Colonel! ——— Law you now, how *Dick's* respected! [*Aside.*]

Dick. Waiting for thee, *Flippanta*; I was making Acquaintance with this old Gentlewoman here.

Aml. The pretty Lad; he's as impudent as a Page.

Dick. Who is this good Woman, *Flippanta*? [*Aside.*]

Flip. A Gin of all Trades; an old daggling Chear, that hobbles about from House to House to bubble the Ladies of their Money. I have a small Business of yours in my Pocket, Colonel.

Dick. An answer to my Letter?

Flip. So quick indeed! No, it's your Letter it self.

Dick. Hast thou not given it then yet?

Flip. I han't had an Opportunity; but 'twon't be long first. Won't you go in and see my Lady?

Dick. Yes, I'll go make her a short Visit. But, dear *Flippanta*, don't forget; My Life and Fortune are in your hands.

Flip.

Flip. Ne'er fear, I'll take care of 'em.

Aml. How he traps 'em ; let *Dick* alone. [*Aside.*

Dick. Your Servant, good Madam. [*To his Mother.*

[*Exit Dick.*

Aml. Your Honour's most devoted.—— A pretty, civil, well-bred Gentleman this, *Mrs. Flippants*. Pray who may he be ?

Flip. A Man of great Note ; Colonel *Shapely*.

Aml. Is it possible ! I have heard much of him indeed, but never saw him before : One may see Quality in every Limb of him : He's a fine Man truly.

Flip. I think you are in love with him, *Mrs. Amlet*.

Aml. Alas, those Days are done with me ; but if I were as fair as I was once, and had as much Money as some Folks, Colonel *Shapely* should not catch Cold for want of a Bedfellow. I love your Men of Rank, they have something in their Air does so distinguish 'em from the Rascality.

Flip. People of Quality are fine Things indeed, *Mrs. Amlet*, if they had but a little more Money ; but for want of that, they are forc'd to do Things their great Souls are ashamed of. For example,—— here's my Lady—— she owes you but six and fifty Pounds——

Aml. Well !

Flip. Well, and she has it not by her to pay you.

Aml. How can that be ?

Flip. I don't know ; her Cashkeeper's out of humour, he says he has no Money.

Aml. What a presumptuous piece of Vermin is a Cashkeeper ! Tell his Lady he has no Money !—— Now, *Mrs. Flippants*, you may see his Bags are full, by his being so saucy.

Flip. If they are, there's no help for't ; he'll do what he pleases, till he comes to make up his yearly Accounts.

Aml. But Madam plays sometimes, so when she has good Fortune, she may pay me out of her Winnings.

Flip. O ne'er think of that, *Mrs. Amlet* ; if she had won a thousand Pounds, she'd rather die in a Goal, than

than pay off a Farthing with it: Play-Money, Mrs. Amlet, amongst People of Quality, is a sacred Thing, and not to be profan'd. The deuce—— 'tis consecrated to their Pleasures, 'twould be Sacrilege to pay their Debts with it.

Ami. Why what shall we do then? For I han't one penny to buy Bread.

Flip. —— I'll tell you —— it just now comes in my Head: I know my Lady has a little occasion for Money, at this time; so —— if you lend her —— a hundred Pound —— do you see, then she may pay you your six and fifty out of it.

Ami. Sure, Mrs. Flippanta, you think to make a Fool of me.

Flip. No, the Devil fetch me if I do —— You shall have a Diamond Necklace in Pawn.

Ami. O ho, a Pawn! That's another Case. And when must she have this Money?

Flip. In a quarter of an Hour.

Ami. Say no more. Bring the Necklace to my House, it shall be ready for you.

Flip. I'll be with you in a moment.

Ami. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta.

Flip. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet.

[Exit Amlet.]

Flippanta sola.

So —— this ready Money will make us all happy. This Spring will set our Basset going, and that's a Wheel will turn twenty others. My Lady's young and handsome; she'll have a dozen Intrigues upon her hands, before she has been twice at her Prayers. So much the better; the more the Grift, the richer the Miller. Sure never Wench got into so hopeful a place: Here's a Fortune to be sold, a Mistress to be debauch'd, and a Master to be ruin'd. If I don't feather my Nest, and get a good Husband, I deserve to die, both a Maid and a Beggar.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, Mr. Gripe's House.

Enter Clarissa and Dick.

Clar. **W**HAT in the Name of dullness is the matter with you, Colonel? You are as studious as a crack'd Chymist.

Dick. My Head, Madam, is full of your Husband.

Clar. The worst Furniture for a Head in the Universe.

Dick. I am thinking of his Passion for your Friend Araminta.

Clar. Passion! ——— Dear Colonel, give it a less violent Name.

Enter Brass.

Dick. Well, Sir, what want you?

Brass. The Affair I told you of goes ill. [*To Dick aside.*] There's an Action out.

Dick. The Devil there is!

Clar. What News brings Brass?

Dick. Before Gad I can't tell, Madam; the Dog will never speak out. My Lord, what d'y' call him waits for me at my Lodging: Is not that it?

Brass. Yes, Sir.

Dick. Madam, I ask your pardon.

Clar. Your Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt Dick and Brass.*]

Jessamin!

Enter Jessamin.

Jes. Madam.

Clar. Where's Corinna? Call her to me, if her Father han't lock'd her up; I want her Company.

Jes. Madam, her Guittar-Master is with her.

Clar.

Clar. Psha! she's taken up with her impatient Guitar Man. *Flippanta* stays an Age with that old Fool, Mrs. *Ambler*. And *Araminta*, before she can come abroad, is so long a placing her Coquet Patch, that I must be a Year without Company. How insupportable is a moment's Uneasiness to a Woman of Spirit and Pleasure!

Enter Flippanta.

O, art thou come at last? Pristhee, *Flippanta*, learn to move a little quicker, thou know'st how impatient I am.

Flip. Yes, when you expect Money: If you had sent me to buy a Prayer Book, you'd have thought I had flown.

Clar. Well, hast thou brought me any, after all?

Flip. Yes I have brought some. There [*Giving her a Purse.*] the old Hag has struck off her Bill, the rest is in that Purse.

Clar. 'Tis well; but take care, *Flippanta*, my Husband don't suspect any thing of this, 'twou'd vex him, and I don't love to make him uneasy: So I would spare him these little sort of Troubles, by keeping 'em from his Knowledge.

Flip. See the Tenderness she has for him, and yet he's always a complaining of you.

Clar. 'Tis the nature of 'em, *Flippanta*; a Husband is a growling Animal.

Flip. How exactly you define 'em.

Clar. O! I know 'em, *Flippanta*; tho' I confess my poor Wretch divers me sometimes with his ill Humours. I wish he wou'd quarrel with me to-day a little, to pass away the time, for I find my self in a violent Spleen.

Flip. Why, if you please to drop your self in his way, six to four but he scolds one Rubbers with you.

Clar. Ay, but thou know'st he's as uncertain as the Wind, and if instead of quarrelling with me, he shou'd chance to be fond, he'd make me as sick as a Dog.

Flip. If he's kind, you must provoke him; if he kisses you, spurn his Face.

Clar. Alas! when Men are in the kissing Fit, (like Lap-Dogs) they take that for a Favour.

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Flip. Nay, then I don't know what you'll do with him.

Clar. I'll e'en do nothing at all with him. — *Flip.*

panta! [Cawning.]

Flip. Madam.

Clar. My Hoods and Scarf, and a Coach to the Door.

Flip. Why, whither are you going?

Clar. I can't tell yet, but I wou'd go spend some Money since I have it.

Flip. Why, you want nothing that I know of.

Clar. How awkward an Objection now is that, as if a Woman of Education bought things because she wanted 'em. Quality always distinguishes it self; and therefore, as the mechanick People buy things, because they have occasion for 'em, you see Women of Rank always buy things, because they have not occasion for 'em. Now there, *Flippanta*, you see the difference between a Woman that has breeding, and one that has none. O ho, here's *Araminta* come at last.

Enter Araminta.

Lord, what a tedious while you have let me expect you? I was afraid you were not well; how d'y' do to-day?

Aram. As well as a Woman can do, that has not slept all Night.

Flip. Methinks, Madam, you are pretty well awake, however.

Aram. O, 'tis not a little thing will make a Woman of my Vigour look drowsy.

Clar. But, prithee what was't disturb'd you?

Aram. Not your Husband, don't trouble your self; at least, I am not in love with him yet.

Clar. Well remember'd, I had quite forgot that matter. I wish you much Joy, you have made a noble Conquest indeed.

Aram. But now I have subdu'd the Country, pray is it worth my keeping? You know the Ground, you have try'd it.

Clar. A barren Soil, Heaven can tell.

Aram. Yet if it were well cultivat'd, it would produce something, to my knowledge. Do you know 'tis in my power to ruin this poor thing of yours? His whole Estate is at my Service.

Flip.

Flip. Cods-fish, strike him, Madam, and let my Lady go your halves. There's no Sin in plundering a Husband, so his Wife has share of the Booty.

Aram. Whenever she gives me her Orders, I shall be very ready to obey 'em.

Clar. Why, as odd a thing as such a Project may seem, *Araminta*, I believe I shall have a little serious Discourse with you about it. But prithee tell me how you have pass'd the Night? For I am sure your Mind has been roving upon some pretty thing or other.

Aram. Why, I have been studying all the ways my Brain could produce, to plague my Husband.

Clar. No wonder indeed you look so fresh this Morning, after the satisfaction of such pleasing Ideas all Night.

Aram. Why can a Woman do less than study mischief, when she has tumbled and toss'd her self into a burning Fever, for want of Sleep, and sees a Fellow lie snoring by her, stock still, in a fine breathing Sweat?

Clar. Now see the difference of Women's Tempers: If my Dear wou'd make but one Nap of his whole Life, and only waken to make his Will, I shou'd be the happiest Wife in the Universe. But we'll discourse more of these matters as we go, for I must make a tour among the Shops.

Aram. I have a Coach waits at the Door, we'll talk of 'em as we rattle along.

Clar. The best place in nature, for you know a Hackney-Coach is a natural Enemy to a Husband.

[Exit *Clar.* and *Aram.*
Flippantia sola.]

What a pretty little pair of amiable Persons are there gone to hold a Council of War together! Poor Birds! What wou'd they do with their time, if the plaguing their Husbands did not help 'em to Employment. Well, if Idleness be the Root of all Evil, then Matrimony's good for something, for it sets many a poor Woman to work. But here comes Miss. I hope I shall help her into the Holy State too e'er long. And when she's once there, if she don't play her part as well as the best of

'em, I'm mistaken. Han't I lost the Letter I'm to give her? — No, here 'tis; so, now we shall see how pure Nature will work with her, for Art she knows none yet.

Enter Corinna.

Cor. What does my Mother-in-Law want with me, *Flippanta*? They tell me, she was asking for me.

Flip. She's just gone out, so I suppose 'twas no great Business.

Cor. Then I'll go into my Chamber again.

Flip. Nay, hold a little if you please. I have some Business with you my self, of more Concern than what she had to say to you.

Cor. Make haste then, for you know my Father won't let me keep you Company; he says, you'll spoil me.

Flip. I spoil you! He's an unworthy Man to give you such ill Impressions of a Woman of my Honour.

Cor. Nay, never take it to heart, *Flippanta*, for I don't believe a word he says. But he does so plague me with his continual Scolding, I'm almost weary of my Life.

Flip. Why, what is't he finds fault with?

Cor. Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him; when he has babbled for two Hours together, methinks I have heard a Mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my Opinion, *Flippanta*, it only makes my Head ache.

Flip. Nay, if you can bear it so, you are not to be pity'd so much as I thought.

Cor. Not pity'd! Why is it not a miserable thing, such a young Creature as I am should be kept in perpetual Solitude, with no other Company but a parcel of old fumbling Masters, to teach me Geography, Arithmetick, Philosophy, and a thousand useless Things? Fine Entertainment, indeed, for a young Maid at sixteen methinks one's time might be better employ'd.

Flip. Those things will improve your Wit.

Cor. Fiddle, fiddle; han't I Wot enough already? My Mother-in-Law has learn'd none of this Trumpery, and is not she as happy as the Day is long?

Flip.

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Flip. Then you envy her, I find?

Cor. And well I may. Does she not do what she has a mind to, in spite of her Husband's Teeth?

Flip. Look you there now. [*Aside.*] If she has not already conceiv'd that, as the supreme Blessing of Life.

Cor. I'll tell you what, *Flippanta*; If my Mother-in-Law wou'd but stand by me a little, and encourage me, and let me keep her Company, I'd rebel against my Father to-morrow, and throw all my Books in the Fire. Why, he can't touch a Groat of my Portion; do you know that, *Flippanta*?

Flip. So—— I shall spoil her [*aside.*] Pray Heaven the Girl don't debauch me.

Cor. Look you: In short, he may think what he pleases, he may think himself wise; but Thoughts are free, and I may think in my turn. I'm but a Girl, it's true, and a Fool too, if you believe him; but let him know, a foolish Girl may make a wise Man's Heart ache; so he had as good be quiet—— Now it's our——

Flip. Very well, I love to see a young Woman have Spirit, it's a sign she'll come to something.

Cor. Ah, *Flippanta*, if you wou'd but encourage me, you'd find me quite another thing. I'm a devilish Girl in the bottom; I wish you'd but let me make one amongst you.

Flip. That never can be, till you are marry'd. Come, examine your Strength a little. Do you think, you durst venture upon a Husband?

Cor. A Husband! Why a—— if you wou'd but encourage me. Come, *Flippanta*, be a true Friend now. I'll give you Advice, when I have got a little more Experience. Do you in your very Conscience and Soul, think I am old enough to be marry'd?

Flip. Old enough! Why you are sixteen, are you not?

Cor. Sixteen! I am Sixteen, two Months, and odd Days, Woman. I keep an exact Account.

Flip. The duce you are!

Cor.

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Cor. Why, do you then truly and sincerely think I am old enough?

Flip. I do upon my Faith, Child.

Cor. Why then to deal as fairly with you, *Flippanta*, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three Years.

Flip. Now I find you have more Wit than ever I thought you had; and to shew you what an Opinion I have of your Discretion, I'll shew you a thing I thought to have thrown in the Fire.

Cor. What is it, for *Jupiter's* sake?

Flip. Something will make your Heart chuck within you.

Cor. My dear *Flippanta*.

Flip. What do you think it is?

Cor. I don't know, nor I don't care, but I'm mad to have it.

Flip. It's a four-corner'd Thing.

Cor. What, like a Cardinal's Cap?

Flip. No, 'tis worth a whole Conclave of 'em. How do you like it?

[*Shewing the Letter.*]

Cor. O Lard, a Letter! — Is there ever a Token in it?

Flip. Yes, and a precious one too. There's a handsome young Gentleman's Heart.

Cor. A handsome young Gentleman's Heart! Nay, then it's time to look grave.

[*Aside.*]

Flip. There.

Cor. I shan't touch it.

Flip. What's the matter now?

Cor. I shan't receive it.

Flip. Sure you jest.

Cor. You'll find I don't. I understand my self better, than to take Letters, when I don't know who they are from.

Flip. I'm afraid I commended your Wit too soon.

Cor. 'Tis all one, I shan't touch it, unless I know who it comes from.

Flip. Hey-day! open it and you'll see.

Cor. Indeed I shall not.

Flip.

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Flip. Well — then I must return it where I had it.

Cor. That won't serve your turn, Madam. My Father must have an account of this.

Flip. Sure you are not in earnest?

Cor. You'll find I am.

Flip. So, here's fine Work. This 'tis to deal with Girls before they come to know the distinction of Sexes.

Cor. Confess who you had it from, and perhaps, for this once, I mayn't tell my Father.

Flip. Why then since it must out, 'twas the Colonel: But why are you so scrupulous, Madam?

Cor. Because if it had come from any body else — I wou'd not have given a Farthing for it.

[Twisting it eagerly out of her Hand.]

Flip. Ah, my dear little Rogue, [Kissing her.] You frighten'd me out of my Wits.

Cor. Let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, I say. Um, um, um, Cupid's, um, um, um, Darts, um, um, um, Beauty, um Charms, um, um, um, Angel, um Goddess, um — [Kissing the Letter.] um, um, um, truest Lover, hum, um, Eternal Constancy, um, um, um, Cruel, um, um, um, Racks, um, um, Tortures, um, um, fifty Daggers, um, um, bleeding Heart, um, um, dead Man.

Very well, a mighty civil Letter I promise you; not one smutty word in it: I'll go lock it up in my Comb-box.

Flip. Well — but what does he say to you?

Cor. Not a word of News, Flippanta; 'tis all about Business.

Flip. Does he not tell you he's in love with you?

Cor. Ay, but he told me that before.

Flip. How so? He never spoke to you.

Cor. He sent me word by his Eyes.

Flip. Did he so? mighty well. I thought you had been to learn that Language.

Cor. O, but you thought wrong, Flippanta. What, because I don't go a visiting, and see the World, you think I know nothing. But you shou'd consider, *Flip-*

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Pam. that the more one's alone, the more one thinks ; and 'tis thinking that improves a Girl. I'll have you to know, when I was younger than I am now, by more than I'll boast of, I thought of Things wou'd have made you stare again.

Flip. Well, since you are so well vers'd in your Business, I suppose I need not inform you, That if you don't write your Gallant an Answer — he'll die.

Cor. Nay, now, *Flippanta*, I confess you tell me something I did not know before. Do you speak in serious sadness ? Are Men given to die, if their Mistresses are sour to 'em ?

Flip. Um — I can't say they all die — No, I can't say they all do ; but truly, I believe it wou'd go very hard with the Colonel.

Cor. Lord, I wou'd not have my hands in Blood for Thousands ; and therefore, *Flippanta* — if you'll encourage me —

Flip. O, by all means an Answer.

Cor. Well, since you say it then, I'll e'en in and do it, tho I protest to you (lest you shou'd think me too forward now) he's the only Man that wears a Beard, I'd ink my Fingers for. May be if I marry him, in a Year or two's time I mayn't be so nice. *[Aside.]*

[Exit Corinna.]

Flippanta sola.

Now Heaven give him Joy ; he's like to have a rare Wife o' thee. But where there's Money, a Man has a Plaster to his Sore. They have a blessed time on't, who marry for Love. See! — here comes an Example — *Araminta's* dread Lord.

Enter Money-trap.

Mon. Ah, *Flippanta* ! How do you do, good *Flippanta* ? How do you do ?

Flip. Thank you, Sir, well, at your Service.

Mon. And how does the good Family, your Master, and your fair Mistress ? Are they at home ?

Flip. Neither of them, my Master has been gone out these two Hours, and my Lady is just gone with your Wife.

Mon.

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Mon. Well, I won't say I have lost my labour, however, as long as I have met with you, *Flippanta*. For I have wish'd a great while for an opportunity to talk with you a little. You won't take it amiss, if I should ask you a few Questions?

Flip. Provided you leave me to my liberty in my Answers. What's this Cot-quean going to pry into now?

Mon. Prithee, good *Flippanta*, how do your Master and Mistress live together?

Flip. Live! Why—— like Man and Wife, generally out of Humour, quarrel often, seldom agree, complain of one another; and perhaps have both reason. In short, 'tis much as 'tis at your House.

Mon. Good-lack! But whose side are you generally of?

Flip. O'the right side always, my Lady's. And if you'll have me give you my Opinion of these matters, Sir, I do not think a Husband can ever be in the right.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Little, peeking, creeping, sneaking, stingy, covetous, cowardly, dirty, cuckoldly Things.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Fit for nothing but Taylors and Dry-Nurses.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A Dog in a Manger, snarling and biting, to starve Gentlemen with good Stomachs.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A Centry upon Pleasure, set to be a Plague upon Lovers, and damn poor Women before their time.

Mon. A Husband is indeed——

Flip. Sir, I say, he is nothing—— A Beetle without Wings, a Windmill without Sails, a Ship in a Calm.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A Bag without Money—— an empty Boule—— dead Small-Beer.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A Quack without Drugs.

Mon. Ha!

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Flip. A Lawyer without Knavery.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A Courtier without Flattery.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A King without an Army—— or a People with one. Have I drawn him, Sir?

Mon. Why truly, *Flippantia*, I can't deny but there are some general Lines of Resemblance. But you know there may be Exceptions.

Flip. Hark you, Sir, Shall I deal plainly with you? Had I got a Husband, I wou'd put him in mind, that he was marry'd as well as I.

Sings.

*For were I the thing call'd a Wife,
And my Fool grew too fond of his Power,
He shou'd look like an Ass all his Life,
For a Prank that I'd play him in an Hour.*

Tol lol la ra tol lol, &c.—— Do you observe that, Sir?

Mon. I do: and think you wou'd be in the right on't. But, prithee, why dost not give this Advice to thy Mistress?

Flip. For fear it shou'd go round to your Wife, Sir, for you know they are Play-fellows.

Mon. O, there's no danger of my Wife: she knows I'm none of those Husbands.

Flip. Are you sure she knows that, Sir?

Mon. I'm sure she ought to know it, *Flippantia*, for really I have but four Faults in the World.

Flip. And, pray, what may they be?

Mon. Why, I'm a little flovenly, I shift but once a Week.

Flip. Fough.

Mon. I am sometimes out of Humour.

Flip. Provoking.

Mon. I don't give her so much Money as she'd have.

Flip. Insolent.

Mon. And a—— perhaps I mayn't be quite so young as I was.

Flip.

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Flip. The Devil.

Mon. O, but then consider how tis on her side,
Flippanta. She ruins me with washing, is always out of Humour, ever wanting Money, and will never be older.

Flip. That last Article, I must confess, is a little hard upon you.

Mon. Ah, *Flippanta*, did'st thou but know the daily Provocations I have, thou'dst be the first to excuse my Faults. But now I think on't.—— Thou art none of my Friend, thou dost not love me at all; no, not at all.

Flip. And whither is this little Reproach going to lead us now?

Mon. You have Power over your, fair Mistress, *Flip-panta*.

Flip. Sir!

Mon. But what then; you hate me.

Flip. I understand you not.

Mon. There's not a moment's Trouble her naughty Husband gives her, but I feel it too.

Flip. I don't know what you mean.

Mon. If she did but know what part I take in her Sufferings.

Flip. Mighty obscure.

Mon. Well, I'll say no more; but——

Flip. All Hebrew.

Mon. If thou wou'dst but tell her on't.

Flip. Still darker and darker.

Mon. I shou'd not be ungrateful.

Flip. Ah, now I begin to understand you.

Mon. *Flippanta*—— there's my Purse.

Flip. Say no more; now you explain, indeed——
You are in Love?

Mon. Bitterly—— and I do swear by all the Gods——

Flip. Hold—— Spare 'em for another time, you stand in no need of 'em now. A Usurer that parts with his Purse, gives sufficient Proof of his Sincerity.

Mon. I hate my Wife, *Flippanta*.

Flip. That we'll take upon your bare word.

Mon.

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Mon. She's the Devil, *Flippanta*.

Flip. You like your Neighbours better.

Mon. Oh! ——— an Angel.

Flip. What pity it is the Law don't allow trucking!

Mon. If it did, *Flippanta*!

Flip. But since it don't, Sir ——— keep the Reins upon your Passion: Don't let your Flame rage too high, lest my Lady shou'd be cruel, and it shou'd dry you up to a Mummy.

Mon. 'Tis impossible she can be so barbarous, to let me die. Alas, *Flippanta*, a very small matter wou'd save my Life.

Flip. Then y'are dead ——— for we Women never grant any thing, to a Man who will be satisfy'd with a little.

Mon. Dear *Flippanta*, that was only my Modesty; but since you'll have it out ——— I am a very Dragon: And so your Lady'll find ——— if ever she thinks fit to be ——— Now I hope you'll stand my Friend.

Flip. Well, Sir, as far as my Credit goes, it shall be employ'd in your Service.

Mon. My best *Flippanta*, ——— tell her ——— I'm all hers ——— tell her ——— my Body's hers ——— tell her ——— my Soul's hers ——— and tell her ——— my Estate's hers. Lard have mercy upon me, how I'm in love!

Flip. Poor Man! what a Sweat he's in! But hark — I hear my Master, for Heaven's sake compose your self a little, you are in such a Fir, o'my Conscience he'll smell you out.

Mon. Ah, dear, I'm in such an Emotion, I dare not be seen; put me in this Closet for a moment.

Flip. Closet, Man! it's too little, your Love wou'd stifle you. Go air your self in the Garden a little, you have need on't, i'faith. [She puts him out.]

Flippanta sola.

A rare Adventure, by my troth. This will be curious News to the Wives. Fortune has now put their Husband's into their hands, and I think they are too sharp to neglect its Favours.

Enter

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Enter Gripe.

Gripe. O, here's the Right-hand; the rest of the Body can't be far off. Where's my Wife, Hufwife?

Flip. An admirable Question!— Why, she's gone abroad, Sir.

Gripe. Abroad, abroad, abroad already? Why, she uses to be stewing in her Bed three Hours after this time, as late as 'tis: What makes her gadding so soon?

Flip. Business I suppose.

Gripe. Business! She has a pretty Head for Business truly: O, ho, let her change her Way of living, or I'll make her change a light Heart for a heavy one.

Flip. And why would you have her change her Way of living, Sir? You see it agrees with her. She never look'd better in her Life.

Gripe. Don't tell me of her Looks, I have done with her Looks long since. But I'll make her change her Life, or—

Flip. Indeed, Sir, you won't.

Gripe. Why, what shall hinder me, Insolence?

Flip. That which hinders most Husbands; Contradiction.

Gripe. Suppose I resolve I won't be contradicted?

Flip. Suppose she resolves you shall.

Gripe. A Wife's Resolution is not good by Law.

Flip. Nor a Husband's by Custom.

Gripe. I tell thee, I will not bear it.

Flip. I tell you, Sir, you will bear it.

Gripe. Oons, I have borne it three Years already.

Flip. By that you see 'tis but giving your mind to it.

Gripe. My mind to it? Death and the Devil! My mind to it!

Flip. Look ye, Sir, you may swear and damn, and call the Furies to assist you; but till you apply the Remedy to the right place, you'll never cure the Disease. You fancy you have got an extravagant Wife, is't not so?

Gripe. Prithce change me that word Fancy, and it is so.

Flip.

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Flip. Why there's it. Men are strangely troubled with the Vapours of late. You'll wonder now, if I tell you, you have the most reasonable Wife in Town: And that all the Disorders you think you see in her, are only here, here, here, in your own Head.

[*thumping his Forehead.*]

Gripe. She is then, in thy Opinion, a reasonable Woman.

Flip. By my Faith I think so.

Gripe. I shall run mad. Name me an Extravagance in the World she is not guilty of.

Flip. Name me an Extravagance in the World she is guilty of.

Gripe. Come then, does not she put the whole House in disorder?

Flip. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

Gripe. 'Tis very well: Does she employ any one moment of her Life in the Government of her Family?

Flip. She is so submissive a Wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

Gripe. Admirable! Does she not spend more Money in Coach-hire, and Chair-hire, than wou'd maintain six Children?

Flip. She's too nice of your Credit to be seen daggling in the Streets.

Gripe. Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a Week together?

Flip. That, Sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd Hours; you are always going to Bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to Bed.

Gripe. Yes truly, Night into Day, and Day into Night, Bawdy-House Play, that's her Trade; but these are Trifles: Has she not lost her Diamond Necklace? Answer me to that, Trapes.

Flip. Yes; and has sent as many Tears after it, as if it had been her Husband.

Gripe. Ah! the Pox take her; but enough. 'Tis resolv'd, and I will put a stop to the course of her Life,

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Life, or I will put a stop to the Course of her Blood, and so she shall know the first time I meet with her; [*Aside.*] which tho we are Man and Wife, and lie under one Roof, 'tis very possible may not be this Fort-night. [*Exit Gripe.*]

Flippanta sola.

Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't, that must be confess'd. What a miserable Devil is a Husband? Insupportable to himself, and a Plague to every thing about them. Their Wives do by them, as Children do by Dogs, teaze and provoke 'em, till they make 'em so curs'd, they snarl and bite at every thing that comes in their reach. This Wretch here, is grown perverse to that degree, he's for his Wife's keeping home, and making Hell of his House, so he may be the Devil in it, to torment her. How niggardly soever he is, of all things he possesses, he is willing to purchase her Misery, at the expence of his own Peace. But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his Aim. If I know her (which I think I do) she'll set his Blood in such a Ferment, it shall bubble out at every Pore of him; whilst hers is so quiet in her Veins, her Pulse shall go like a Pendulum.

ACT III.

SCENE, Mrs. Amlet's House.

Enter Dick.

WHERE's this old Woman? — A-hey. What the Devil, no body at home! Ha! her strong Box! — And the Key in't! 'tis so. Now Fortune be my Friend. What the Duce! — Not a Penny of Money in Cash! — Nor a Chequer Note! — Nor a Bank-Bill! — [*searching the strong Box.*] — Nor a crooked Stick! Nor a — Mum — here's something

something——A Diamond Necklace, by all the Gods!——
Goes the old Woman——Zelt.

Claps the Necklace in his Pocket, then runs and asks her Blessing.

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

—Pray Mother, pray to, &c.

Aml. Is it possible! ——— *Dick* upon his humble
Knee! Ah my dear Child! ——— May Heaven be good
unto thee.

Dick. I'm come, my dear Mother, to pay my Duty to you, and to ask your Consent to—

Aml. What a Shape is there !

Dick. To ask your Consent, I say, to marry a great Fortune; for what is Riches in this World without a Blessing? And how can there be a Blessing without Respect and Duty to Parents?

Aml. What a Nose he has!

Dick. And therefore it being the Duty of every good Child not to dispose of himself in Marriage, without the

Am! Now the Lord love thee [*kissing him.*] —
for thou art a goodly young Man: Well, *Dick*, —
And how goes it with the Lady? Are her Eyes open to
thy Charms? Does she see what's for her own good?
Is she sensible of the Blessings thou hast in store for her?
Ha! Is all sure? Hast thou broke a Piece of Money
with her? Speak, Bird, do: Don't be modest, and hide
thy Love from thy Mother, for I'm an indulgent Pa-
rent.

Dick. Nothing under Heaven can prevent my good Fortune, but its being discover'd I am your Son——

Aml. Then thou art still a slave of thy natural Mother—Graceless! Why I'm no Whore, Sirrah.

Diak. I know you are not—A Whore! Bless us all—

Am. No ; my Reputation's as good as the best of 'em ; and tho I'm old, I'm chaste, you Rascal you.

Dick. Lord, that is not the thing we talk of, Mother; but—

Ampl.

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Aml. I think, as the World goes, they may be proud of marrying their Daughter into a varnious Family.

Dick. Oons, Vartue is not the Case——

Aml. Where she may have a good Example before her Eyes.

Dick. O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !

Aml. I'm a Woman that don't so much as encourage an incontinent Look towards me.

Dick. I tell you, I death, I tell you——

Aml. If a Man shou'd make an uncivil Motion to me, I'd spit in his lascivious Face : And all this you may tell them, Sirrah.

Dick. Death and Furies ! the Woman's out of her——

Aml. Don't you swear, you Rascal you, don't you swear ; we shall have thee damn'd at last, and then I shall be disgrac'd.

Dick. Why then in cold Blood hear me speak to you : I tell you it's a City-Fortune I'm about, she cares not a Fig for your Virtue, she'll hear of nothing but Quality : She has quarrell'd with one of her Friends for having a better Complexion, and is resoly'd she'll marry, to take place of her.

Aml. What a Cherry-Lip is there !

Dick. Therefore, good dear Mother now, have a care and don't discover me ; for if you do, all's lost.

Aml. Dear, dear, how thy fair Bride will be delighted ? Go, get thee gone, go : Go fetch her home, go fetch her home ; I'll give her a Sack-Posset, and a Pillow of Down she shall lay her Head upon. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. Take care then of the main Chance, my dear Mother ; remember, if you discover me——

Aml. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. You promise me then——

Aml. March.

Dick. But swear to me——

Amb. Be gone, Sirrah.

Dick. Well, I'll rely upon you——But one Kiss before I go.

[Kisses her heartily, and runs off.]

Aml.

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Aml. Now the Lord love thee ; for thou art a comfortable young Man. [Exit Mrs. Amler.]

SCENE, *Gripe's House.*

Enter Corinna and Flippanta.

Cor. But hark you, *Flippanta*, if you don't think he loves me dearly, don't give him my Letter, after all.

Flip. Let me alone.

Cor. When he has read it, let him give it you again.

Flip. Don't trouble your self.

Cor. And not a word of the Pudding to my Mother-in-law.

Flip. Enough.

Cor. When we come to love one another to the purpose, she shall know all.

Flip. Ay, then 'twill be time.

Cor. But remember 'tis you make me do all this now, so if any Mischief comes on't, 'tis you must answer for't.

Flip. I'll be your Security.

Cor. I'm young, and know nothing of the matter ; but you have Experience, so it's your Business to conduct me safe.

Flip. Poor Innocence !

Cor. But tell me in serious Sadness, *Flippanta*, does he love me with the very Soul of him ?

Flip. I have told you so a hundred times, and yet you are not satisfy'd.

Cor. But, methinks, I'd fain have him tell me so himself.

Flip. Have patience, and it shall be done.

Cor. Why, Patience is a Virtue ; that we must all confess——But, I fancy, the sooner it's done the better, *Flippanta*.

Enter Jessamin.

Jess. Madam, yonder's your Geography-Master waiting for you. [Exit.]

Cor.

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Cor. Ah! how I am tir'd with these old fumbling Fellows, *Flippanta*.

Flip. Well, don't let them break your Heart, you shall be rid of them all e'er long.

Cor. Nay, 'tis not the Study I'm so weary of, *Flippanta*, 'tis the odious thing that teaches me. Were the Colonel my Master, I fancy I cou'd take pleasure in learning every thing he cou'd shew me.

Flip. And he can shew you a great deal, I can tell you that. But get you gone in, here's somebody coming, we must not be seen together.

Cor. I will, I will, I will.——O the dear Colonel. [Running off.

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. O ho, it's Mrs. *Amlet*——What brings you so soon to us again, Mrs. *Amlet*?

Aml. Ah! my dear Mrs. *Flippanta*, I'm in a furious Fright.

Flip. Why, what's come to you?

Aml. Ah! Mercy on us all——Madam's Diamond Necklace——

Flip. What of that?

Aml. Are you sure you left it at my House?

Flip. Sure I left it! a very pretty Question truly!

Aml. Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to Madam of it, I beseech you: It will be found again, if it be Heaven's good Will. At least 'tis I must bear the Loss on't. 'Tis my Rogue of a Son has laid his Birdlime Fingers on't.

Flip. Your Son, Mrs. *Amlet*! Do you breed your Children up to such Tricks as these then?

Aml. What shall I say to you, Mrs. *Flippanta*? Can I help it? He has been a Rogue from his Cradle, *Dick* has. But he has his Deserts too. And now it comes in my Head, mayhap he may have no ill Design in this neither.

Flip. No ill Design, Woman! He's a pretty Fellow if he can steal a Diamond Necklace with a good one.

Aml. You don't know him, Mrs. *Flippanta*, so well as I that bore him. *Dick*'s a Rogue, 'tis true, but——
Mum——

Flip.

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Flip. What does the Woman mean?

Ami. Hark you, Mrs. *Flippanta*, is not here a young Gentlewoman in your House that wants a Husband?

Flip. Why do you ask?

Ami. By way of Conversation only, it does not concern me; but when she marries, I may chance to dance at the Wedding. Remember I tell you so; I who am but Mrs. *Amlet*.

Flip. You dance at her Wedding! you!

Ami. Yes, I, I; but don't trouble Madam about her Necklace, perhaps it mayn't go out of the Family. Adieu, Mrs. *Flippanta*. [Exit Mrs. *Amlet*.

Flip. What—what—what does the Woman mean? Mad! What a Capilotade of a Story's here? The Neck-lace lost; and her Son *Dick*; and a Fortune to marry, and she shall dance at the Wedding; and—She does not intend, I hope, to propose a Match between her Son *Dick* and *Corinna*? By my Conscience I believe she does. An old Beldam!

Enter *Brass*.

Brass. Well, Hussy, how stand our Affairs? Has Miss writ us an Answer yet? My Master's very impatient yonder.

Flip. And why the Duce does not he come himself? What does he send such idle Fellows as thee of his Errands? Here I had her alone just now: He won't have such an Opportunity again this month, I can tell him that.

Brass. So much the worse for him; 'tis his Business. —But now, my Dear, let thee and I talk a little of our own: I grow most damnably in love with thee; dost hear that?

Flip. Phu! thou art always turning things wrong; my Head is full, at present, of more important things than Love.

Brass. Then it's full of important things indeed: Dost want a Privy-Counsellor?

Flip. I want an Assistant.

Brass. To do what?

Flip. Mischief.

—*Brass.*

Brass. I'm thy Man — touch.

Flip. But before I venture to let thee into my Project, prithee tell me, whether thou find'st a natural Disposition to ruin a Husband to oblige his Wife?

Brass. Is she handsome?

Flip. Yes.

Brass. Why then my Disposition's at her Service.

Flip. She's beholden to thee.

Brass. Not she alone neither, therefore don't let her grow vain upon't; for I have three or four Affairs of that kind going at this time.

Flip. Well, go carry this Epistle from Miss to thy Master; and when thou com'st back, I'll tell thee thy Business.

Brass. I'll know it before I go, if you please.

Flip. Thy Master waits for an Answer.

Brass. I'd rather he shou'd wait than I.

Flip. Why then, in short, *Araminta's* Husband is in love with my Lady.

Brass. Very well, Child, we have a *Rowland* for her *Oliver*: Thy Lady's Husband is in love with *Araminta*.

Flip. Who told you that, *Strah*?

Brass. 'Tis a Negotiation I am charg'd with, *Pert*. Did not I tell thee I did Business for half the Town? I have manag'd Master *Gripe's* little Affairs for him these ten years, you Slut you.

Flip. Hark thee, *Brass*, the Game's in our hands, if we can but play the Cards.

Brass. Pique and Repique, you Jade you, if the Wives will fall into a good Intelligence.

Flip. Let them alone; I'll answer for them they don't slip the Occasion. — See here they come. They little think what a piece of good News we have for 'em.

Enter Clarissa and Araminta.

Clar. *Jessamin*! here, Boy, carry up these things into my Dressing-Room, and break as many of them by the way as you can, be sure. — O! art thou there, *Brass*? What News?

Brass. Madam, I only call'd in as I was going by.

But some little Propositions Mrs. *Flippanta* has been

been starting, have kept me here to offer your Ladyship my humble Service.

Clar. What Propositions?

Brass. She'll acquaint you, Madam.

Aram. Is there any thing new, *Flippanta*?

Flip. Yes, and pretty too.

Clar. That follows of course, but let's have it quick,

Flip. Why, Madam, you have made a Conquest.

Clar. Hussy—— But of who? quick.

Flip. Of Mr. Moneytrap, that's all.

Aram. My Husband!

Flip. Yes, your Husband, Madam: You thought fit to corrupt ours, so now we are even with you.

Aram. Sure thou art in jest, *Flippanta*.

Flip. Serious as my Devotions.

Brass. And the cross Intrigue, Ladies, is what our Brains have been at work about.

Aram. My Dear!

[To *Clarissa*.

Clar. My Life!

Aram. My Angel!

Clar. My Soul!

[Hugging one another.

Aram. The Stars have done this.

Clar. The pretty little Twinklers.

Flip. And what will you do for them now?

Clar. What grateful Creatures ought; shew 'em we don't despise their Favours.

Aram. But is not this a Wager between these two Blockheads?

Clar. I would not give a Shilling to go the Winner's halves.

Aram. Then 'tis the most fortunate thing that ever could have happen'd.

Clar. All your last Night's Ideas, *Araminta*, were Trifles to it.

Aram. *Brass* (my Dear) will be useful to us.

Brass. At your Service, Madam.

Clar. *Flippanta* will be necessary, my Life!

Flip. She waits your Commands, Madam.

Aram. For my part then, I recommend my Husband to thee, *Flippanta*, and make it my earnest Request thou won't leave him one Half-Crown.

Flip.

Flip. I'll do all I can to obey you, Madam.

Brass. [To *Clarissa*.] If your Ladyship wou'd give me the same kind Orders for yours.

Clar. O——if thou spar'st him, *Brass*, I'm thy Enemy till I die.

Brass. 'Tis enough, Madam, I'll be sure to give you a reasonable Account of him. But how do you intend we shall proceed, Ladies? Must we storm the Purse at once, or break Ground in form, and carry it by little and little?

Clar. Storm, dear *Brass*, storm: ever whilst you live storm.

Aram. O by all means; must it not be so, *Flip-panta*?

Flip. In four and twenty hours, two hundred Pounds a-piece, that's my Sentence.

Brass. Very well. But, Ladies, you'll give me leave to put you in mind of some little Expence in Favours, 'twill be necessary you are at, to these honest Gentlemen.

Aram. Favours, *Brass*!

Brass. Um—a—some small matters, Madam; I doubt must be.

Clar. Now that's a vile Article, *Araminta*; for that thing your Husband is so like mine——

Flip. Phu, there's a Scruple indeed. Pray, Madam, don't be so squeamish, tho the Meat be a little flat; we'll find you savoury Sauce to it.

Clar. This Wench is so mad.

Flip. Why, what in the name of *Lucifer* is it you have to do, that's so terrible?

Brass. A civil Look only.

Aram. There's no great harm in that.

Flip. An obliging word.

Clar. That one may afford 'em.

Brass. A little Smile, a prepo.

Aram. That's but giving one's self an Air.

Flip. Receive a little Letter, perhaps.

Clar. Women of Quality do that from fifty odious Fellows.

+

Brass.

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Brass. Suffer (may be) a Squeeze by the Hand.

Aram. One's so us'd to that, one does not feel it.

Flip. Or if a Kiss won'd do't?

Clar. I'd die first.

Brass. Indeed, Ladies, I doubt 'twill be necessary to—

Clar. Get their wretched Money, without paying so dear for it.

Flip. Well, just as you please for that, my Ladies; But I suppose you'll play upon the square with your Favours, and not pique your selves upon being one more grateful than another.

Brass. And state a fair Account of Receipts and Disbursements.

Aram. That I think shou'd be indeed.

Clar. With all my heart, and *Brass* shall be our Book-keeper. So get thee to work, Man, as fast as thou canst; but not a word of all this to my Master.

Brass. I'll observe my Orders, Madam. [*Exit Brass.*]

Clar. I'll have the pleasure of telling him my self; he'll be violently delighted with it: 'Tis the best Man in the World, *Araminta*; he'll bring us rare Company to-morrow, all sorts of Gamesters; and thou shalt see my Husband will be such a Beast to be out of Humour at it.

Aram. The Monster— But hush, here's my Dear approaching; prithee let's leave him to *Flippanta*.

Flip. Ay, pray do, I'll bring you a good account of him, I'll warrant you.

Clar. Dispatch then for the Bassett-Tables in haste.

[*Exit Clar. and Aram.*]

Flippanta sola.

So, now have at him; here he comes: We'll try if we can pillage the Usurer, as he does other Folks.

Enter Moneytrap.

Mon. Well, my pretty *Flippanta*, is thy Mistress come home?

Flip. Yes, Sir.

Mon. And where is she, prithee?

Flip. Gone abroad, Sir.

Mon

Mon. How dost mean?

Flip. I mean right, Sir; my Lady 'll come home and go abroad ten times in an hour, when she's either in very good Humour, or very bad.

Mon. Good lack! But I'll warrant, in general, 'tis her naughty Husband that makes her House uneasy to her. But hast thou said a little something to her, Chicken, for an expiring Lover? ha!

Flip. Said——yes, I have said, much good may it do me.

Mon. Well! and how?

Flip. And how!——And how do you think you wou'd have me do't? And you have such a way with you, one can refuse you nothing. But I have brought my self into a fine Business by it.

Mon. Good lack:——But I hope, *Flippanta*——

Flip. Yes, your Hopes will do much when I am turn'd out of doors.

Mon. Was she then terrible angry?

Flip. Oh! had you seen how she flew, when she saw where I was pointing; for you must know I went round the Bush, and round the Bush, before I came to the matter.

Mon. Nay, 'tis a ticklish Point, that must be own'd.

Flip. On my word is it——I mean where a Lady's truly virtuous; for that's our Case, you must know.

Mon. A very dangerous Case indeed.

Flip. But I can tell you one thing——she has an Inclination to you.

Mon. Is it possible!

Flip. Yes, and I told her so at last.

Mon. Well, and what did she answer thee?

Flip. Slap——and bid me bring it you for a Token.

[Giving him a Slap on the Face.]

Mon. And you have lost none on't by the way, with a Pox t'ye.

[Aside.] *Flip.* Now this, I think, looks the best in the World.

Mon. Yes, but really it feels a little oddly.

Flip. Why, you must know, Ladies have different ways of expressing their Kindness, according to the Hu-

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amour they are in : If she had been in a good one, it had been a Kiss ; but as long as she sent you something, your Affairs go well.

Mon. Why, truly, I am a little ignorant in the mysterious Paths of Love, so I must be guided by thee. But, prithee, take her in a good Humour next Token she sends me.

Flip. Ah——good Numour !

Mon. What's the matter ?

Flip. Poor Lady !

Mon. Ha.

Flip. If I durst tell you all——

Mon. What then ?

Flip. You wou'd not expect to see her in one a good while.

Mon. Why, I pray ?

Flip. I must own I did take an unseasonable time to talk of Love-matters to her.

Mon. Why, what's the matter ?

Flip. Nothing.

Mon. Nay, prithee tell me.

Flip. I dare not.

Mon. You must indeed.

Flip. Why, when Women are in Difficulties, how can they think of Pleasure ?

Mon. Why, what Difficulties can she be in ?

Flip. Nay, I do but guess after all ; for she has that Grandeur of Soul, she'd die before she'd tell.

Mon. But what dost thou suspect ?

Flip. Why, what shou'd one suspect, where a Husband loves nothing but getting of Money, and a Wife nothing but spending on't ?

Mon. So she wants that same then ?

Flip. I say no such thing, I know nothing of the matter ; pray make no wrong Interpretation of what I say, my Lady wants nothing that I know of. 'Tis true—she has had ill Luck at Cards of late, I believe she has not won once this month ; But what of that ?

Mon. Ha !

Flip.

Flip. 'Tis true, I know her Spirit's that, she'd see her Husband hang'd, before she'd ask him for a Farthing.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. And then I know him again, he'd see her drown'd before he'd give her a Farthing; but that's a help to your Affair, you know.

Mon. 'Tis so indeed.

Flip. Ah——well, I'll say nothing; but if she had none of these things to fret her——

Mon. Why really, *Flippanta*——

Flip. I know what you are going to say now; you are going to offer your Service, but 'twon't do; you have a mind to play the Gallant now, but it must not be; you want to be shewing your Liberality, but 'twon't be allow'd; you'll be pressing me to offer it, and she'll be in a Rage. We shall have the Devil to do.

Mon. You mistake me, *Flippanta*; I was only going to say——

Flip. Ay, I know what you were going to say well enough; but I tell you it will never do so. If one cou'd find out some way now——ay——let me see——

Mon. Indeed I hope——

Flip. Pray be quiet——no——but I'm thinking——hum——she'll snoop that tho——let us consider——If one cou'd find a way to——'Tis the nicest Point in the World to bring about, she'll never touch it, if she knows from whence it comes.

Mon. Shall I try if I can reason her Husband out of twenty Pounds, to make her easy the rest of her Life?

Flip. Twenty Pound, Man!——why you shall see her set that upon a Card. O——she has a great Soul.——Besides, if her Husband should oblige her, it might, in time, take off her Aversion to him, and, by consequence, her Inclination to you. No, no, it must never come that way.

Mon. What shall we do then?

Flip. Hold still——I have it. I'll tell you what you shall do.

Mon. Ay.

Flip. You shall make her——a Restitution——
of two hundred Pounds.

Mon. Ha!——a Restitution!

Flip. Yes, yes, 'tis the luckiest Thought in the World; Madam often plays, you know, and Folks who do so meet now and then with Sharpers. Now you shall be a Sharper.

Mon. A Sharper!

Flip. Ay, ay, a Sharper; and having cheated her of two hundred Pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and send it her back again. You comprehend me?

Mon. Yes I, I comprehend, but a——won't she suspect if it be so much?

Flip. No, no, the more the be cr.

Mon. Two hundred Pound!

Flip. Yes, two hundred Pound——Or let me see——so even a Sum may look a little suspicious,——ay——let it be two hundred and thirty; that odd thirty will make it look so natural, the Devil won't find it out.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Pounds too, look I don't know how; Guineas I fancy were better——ay, Guineas, it shall be Guineas. You are of that mind, are you not?

Mon. Um——a Guinea, you know, *Flippanta*, is——

Flip. A thousand times genteeler, you are certainly in the right on't; it shall be as you say, two hundred and thirty Guineas.

Mon. Ho——well, if it must be Guineas, let's see, two hundred Guineas.

Flip. And thirty; two hundred and thirty: If you mistake the Sum, you spoil all. So go put them in a Purse, while it's fresh in your Head, and send 'em to me with a penitential Letter, desiring I'll do you the favour to restore them to her.

Mon. Two hundred and thirty Pounds in a Bag!

Flip. Guineas, I say, Guineas.

Mon. Ay, Guineas, that's true. But, *Flippanta*, if she don't know they come from me, then I give my Money for nothing, you know.

Flip.

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Flip. Phu, leave that to me, I'll manage the Stock for you ; I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

Mon. Well, *Flippanta*, 'tis a great Sum indeed ; but I'll go try what I can do for her. You say, two hundred Guineas in a Purse ?

Flip. And thirty ; if the Man's in his Senses.

Mon. And thirty, 'tis true, I alway forget that thirty.

[Exit Mon.]

Flip. So, get thee gone, thou art a rare Fellow, i'faith.
Brass! ——— it's thee, is't not ?

Enter Brass.

Brass. It is, Hufwife. How go matters ? I staid till thy Gentleman was gone. Haft done any thing towards our common Purse ?

Flip. I think I have ; he's going to make us a Restitution of two or three hundred Pounds.

Brass. A Restitution ! ——— good.

Flip. A new way, Sirrah, to make a Lady take a Present without putting her to the Blush.

Brass. 'Tis very well, mighty well indeed. Prithee where's thy Master ? let me try if I can persuade him to be troubled in mind too.

Flip. Not so hasty ; he's gone into his Closet to prepare himself for a Quarrel. I have advis'd him to ——— with his Wife.

Brass. What to do ?

Flip. Why, to make her stay at home, now she has resolv'd to do it beforehand. You must know, Sirrah, we intend to make a Merit of our Basset-Table, and get a good Pretence for the merry Companions we intend to fill his House with.

Brass. Very nicely spun, truly, thy Husband will be a happy Man.

Flip. Hold your tongue, you Fool you. See here comes your Master.

Brass. He's welcome.

Enter Dick.

Dick. My dear *Flippanta* ! how many Thanks have I to pay thee ?

Flip. Do you like her Stile ?

C 3

Dick.

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Dick. The kindest little Rogue! there's nothing but she gives me leave to hope, I am the happiest Man the World has in its Care.

Flip. Not so happy as you think for neither, perhaps; you have a Rival, Sir, I can tell you that.

Dick. A Rival!

Flip. Yes, and a dangerous one too.

Dick. Who, in the name of Terror?

Flip. A devilish Fellow, one Mr. *Amlet*.

Dick. *Amlet*! I know no such Man.

Flip. You know the Man's Mother tho; you met her here, and are in her favour, I can tell you. If he worships you in your Mistress, you shall e'en marry her, and disinherit him.

Dick. If I have no other Rival but Mr. *Amlet*, I believe I shan't be much disturb'd in my Amour. But can't I see *Corinna*?

Flip. I don't know, she has always some of her Masters with her: But I'll go see if she can spare you a moment, and bring you word. [Exit Flippanta.]

Dick. I wish my old hobbling Mother han't been blabbing something here she shou'd not do.

Brass. Fear nothing, all's safe on that side yet. But how speaks young Mistress's Epistle? soft and tender?

Dick. As Pen can write.

Brass. So you think all goes well there?

Dick. As my Heart can wish.

Brass. You are sure on't?

Dick. Sure on't!

Brass. Why then Ceremony aside, [Putting on his Hat.] You and I must have a little Talk, Mr. *Amlet*.

Dick. Ah, *Brass*, what art thou going to do? Wou't ruin me?

Brass. Look you, *Dick*, few words; you are in a smooth way of making your Fortune, I hope all will roll on. But how do you intend matters shall pass 'twixt you and me in this Business?

Dick. Death and Furies! What a time dost take to talk on't?

Brass.

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Brass. Good words, or I betray you ; they have already heard of one Mr. *Amlet* in the House.

Dick. Here's a Son of a Whore ! [*Aside.*]

Brass. In short, look smooth, and be a good Prince, I am your Valet, 'tis true : Your Footman sometimes, which I'm enrag'd at ; but you have always had the Ascendant, I confess : when we were School-Fellows, you made me carry your Books, make your Exercise, own your Rogueries, and sometimes take a Whipping for you. When we were Fellow-Prentices, tho I was your Senior, you made me open the Shop, clean my Master's Shoes, cut last at Dinner, and eat all the Crust. In our Sins too, I must own you still kept me under ; you fear'd up to Adultery with our Mistress, while I was at humble Fornication with the Maid. Nay, in our Punishments you still made good your Post ; for when once upon a time I was sentenc'd but to be whipp'd, I cannot deny but you were condemn'd to be hang'd. So that in all times, I must confess, your Inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine ; however, I cannot consent that you shou'd at once ~~fix~~ Fortune for Life, and I dwell in my Humilities for the rest of my Days.

Dick. Hark thee, *Brass*, if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a Dog.

Brass. And when ?

Dick. As soon as ever I am married.

Brass. Ah, the Pox take thee.

Dick. Then you mistrust me ?

Brass. I do, by my Faith. Look you, Sir, some Folks we mistrust, because we don't know them ; others we mistrust, because we do know them : And for one of these Reasons I desire there may be a Bargain beforehand : If not [*Raising his Voice*] look ye, *Dick Amlet*——

Dick. Soft, my dear Friend and Companion. The Dog will ruin me. [*Aside.*] Say, what is't will content thee ?

Brass. O ho !

Dick. But how canst thou be such a Barbarian ?

Brass. I learnt it at *Algiers*.

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Dick. Come, make thy *Turkish* Demand then.

Brass. You know you gave me a Bank-Bill this Morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so, of fifty Pounds, 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfy'd, all's fix'd.

Brass. It is not indeed. There's a Diamond Necklace you robb'd your Mother of e'en now.

Dick. Ah you *Jew*.

Brass. No words.

Dick. My dear *Brass*!

Brass. I insist.

Dick. My old Friend.

Brass. *Dick Amlet* [*Raising his Voice*] I insist.

Dick. Ah the Cormorant——Well, 'tis thine : But thou'lt never thrive with it.

Brass. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a Wedding-Suit.

Dick. Well.

Brass. Some good Lace.

Dick. Thou sha't.

Brass. A Stock of Linen.

Dick. Enough.

Brass. Not yet——a Silver Sword.

Dick. Well, thou sha't have that too. Now thou hast every thing.

Brass. Gad forgive me, I forgot a Ring of Remembrance ; I wou'd not forget all these Favours for the World : A sparkling Diamond will be always playing in my Eye, and put me in mind of them.

Dick. This unconscionable Rôgue ! [*Aside.*] Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

Brass. Brilliant.

Dick. It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all ?——

Brass. I'm a Man of Honour, and restore : And so the Treaty being finish'd, I strike my Flag of Defiance, and fall into my Respects again. [*Taking off his Hat.*

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. I have made you wait a little, but I cou'd not help it, her Master is but just gone. He has been shewing

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shewing her Prince *Eugene's* March into *Italy*.

Dick. Prithce let me come to her, I'll shew her a part of the World he has never shewn her yet.

Flip. So I told her, you must know ; and she said, she cou'd like to travel in good Company : so if you'll slip up those Back-Stairs, you shall try if you can agree upon the Journey.

Dick. My dear *Flippanta* !

Flip. None of your dear Acknowledgments, I beseech you, but up Stairs as hard as you can drive.

Dick. I'm gone.

[Exit *Dick*.]

Flip. And do you follow him, *Jack-a-dandy*, and see he is not surpriz'd.

Brass. I thought that was your Post, *Mrs. Useful* : But if you'll come and keep me in Humour, I don't care if I share the Duty with you.

Flip. No words, Sirrah, but follow him, I have something else to do.

Brass. The Jade's so absolute there's no contesting with her. One Kiss tho, to keep the Centinel warm.

[Gives her a long Kiss.]——So. [Exit *Brass*.]

Flippanta sola.

——A nasty Rogue. [Wiping her Mouth.] But, let me see what have I to do now ? This *Restitution* will be here quickly, I suppose ; in the mean time I'll go know if my Lady's ready for the Quarrel yet. Master, yonder, is so full on't, he's ready to burst ; but we'll give him vent by and by with a witness. [Exit *Flip*.]



C 5

ACT



A C T IV.

SCENE, Gripe's House.

Enter Corinna, Dick, and Brass.

Brass. **D**ON'T fear, I'll give timely notice.

[Goes to the Door.]

Dick. Come, you must consent, you shall consent, How can you leave me thus upon the Wrack? A Man who loves you to that Excess that I do.

Cor. Nay, that you love me, Sir, that I'm satisfy'd in, for you have sworn you do: And I'm so pleas'd with it, I'd fain have you do so as long as you live, so we must never marry.

Dick. Not marry, my Dear! why, what's our Love good for if we don't marry?

Cor. Ah——— I'm afraid 'twill be good for little if we do.

Dick. Why do you think so?

Cor. Because I hear my Father and Mother, and my Uncle and Aunt, and *Araminta* and her Husband, and twenty other married Folks say so from Morning to Night.

Dick. O, that's because they are bad Husbands and bad Wives; but in our Case there will be a good Husband and a good Wife, and so we shall love for ever.

Cor. Why, there may be something in that truly; and I'm always willing to hear Reason, as a reasonable young Woman ought to do. But are you sure, Sir, tho we are very good now, we shall be so when we come to be better acquainted?

Dick. I can answer for my self at least.

Cor. I wish you cou'd answer for me too. You see I am a Plain-Dealer, Sir, I hope you don't like me the worse for it.

Dick.

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Dick. O by no means, 'tis a sign of admirable Morals; and I hope, since you practise it your self, you'll approve of it in your Lover. In one word therefore, (for 'tis in vain to mince the matter) my Resolution's fix'd, and the World can't stagger me, I marry—or I die.

Cor. Indeed, Sir, I have much ado to believe you; the Disease of Love is seldom so violent.

Dick. Madam, I have two Diseases to end my Miseries; if the first don't do't, the latter shall; [*Drawing his Sword*] one's in my Heart, t'other's in my Scabbard.

Cor. Not for a Diadem, (*Catching hold of him.*) Ah, put it up, put it up.

Dick. How absolute is your Command! (*Dropping his Sword.*) A word, you see, disarms me.

Cor. What a Power I have over him? (*Aside.*) The wondrous Deeds of Love! ——— Pray, Sir, let me have no more of these rash Doings tho; perhaps I mayn't be always in the saving Humour. ——— I'm sure if I had let him stick himself, I shou'd have been envy'd by all the great Ladies in the Town. (*Aside.*)

Dick. Well, Madam, have I then your Promise? You'll make me the happiest of Mankind.

Cor. I don't know what to say to you; but I believe I had as good promise, for I find I shall certainly do't.

Dick. Then let us seal the Contract thus. (*Kisses her.*)

Cor. Um ——— He has almost taken away my Breath: He kisses purely. (*Aside.*)

Dick. Hark! ——— some body comes.

(*Brass peeping in.*)
Brass. Gar there, the Enemy ——— no, hold y'are safe, 'tis Flippanta.

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. Come, have you agreed the Matter? If not, you must end it another time, for your Father's in motion, so pray kiss and part.

Cor. That's sweet and sour. (*They kiss.*) Adieu t'ye, Sir. (*Ex. Dick and Cor.*)

Enter

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Enter Clarissa.

Clar. Have you told him I'm at home, *Flippanta*?

Flip. Yes, Madam.

Clar. And that I'll see him?

Flip. Yes, that too: But here's News for you; I have just now receiv'd the Restitution.

Clar. That's killing Pleasure; and how much has he restor'd me?

Flip. Two hundred and thirty.

Clar. Wretched Rogue! but retreat, your Master's coming to quarrel.

Flip. I'll be within Call, if things run high. (*Ex. Flip.*
Enter Gripe.

Gripe. O ho! — are you there i'faith? Madam your humble Servant, I'm very glad to see you at home, I thought I shou'd never have had that Honour again.

Clar. Good-morrow, my Dear, how d' ye do? *Flippanta* says you are out of Humour, and that you have a mind to quarrel with me: Is it true? ha! — I have a terrible Pain in my Head, I give you notice on't beforehand.

Gripe. And how the Pox shou'd it be otherwise? It's a wonder you are not dead (as a' wou'd you were, *A-side.*) with the Life you lead. Are you not asham'd? and do you not blush to —

Clar. My dear Child, you crack my Brain; soften the Harshness of your Voice: Say what thou wou't, but let it be in an agreeable Tone —

Gripe. Tone, Madam, don't tell me of a Tone —

Clar. O — if you will quarrel, do it with Temperance; let it be all in cool Blood, even and smooth, as if you were not mov'd with what you said; and then I'll hear you, as if I were not mov'd with it neither.

Gripe. Had ever Man such need of Patience? Madam, Madam, I must tell you, Madam —

Clar. Another Key, or I walk off.

Gripe. Don't provoke me.

Clar. Shall you be long, my Dear, in your Remonstrances?

†

Gripe.

Gripe. Yes, Madam, and very long.

Clar. If you wou'd quarrel *in abreege*, I shou'd have a World of Obligation to you.

Gripe. What I have to say, forsooth, is not to be express'd *in abreege*, my Complaints are too numerous.

Clar. Complaints! of what, my Dear? Have I ever given you Subject of Complaint, my Life?

Gripe. O Pox! my Dear and my Life! I desire none of your Tendres.

Clar. How! find fault with my Kindness, and my Expressions of Affection and Respect? The World will guess by this what the rest of your Complaints may be. I must tell you, I'm scandaliz'd at your Procedure.

Gripe. I must tell you, I am running mad with yours.

Clar. Ah! how insupportable are the Humours of some Husbands, so full of Fancies, and so ungovernable: What have you in the World to disturb you?

Gripe. What have I to disturb me! I have you, Death and the Devil!

Clar. Ay, merciful Heaven! how he swears! You shou'd never accustom your self to such words as these; indeed, my Dear, you shou'd not; your Mouth's always full of them.

Gripe. Blood and Thunder! Madam——

Clar. Ah, he'll fetch the House down: Do you know you make me tremble for you? *Flippanta!* who's there? *Flippanta!*

Gripe. Here's a provoking Devil for you!

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. What, in the name of *Jove*, 's the matter? you raise the Neighbourhood.

Clar. Why, here's your Master in a most violent Fuss, and no mortal Soul can tell for what.

Gripe. Not tell for what!

Clar. No, my Life, I have begg'd him to tell me his Grievs, *Flippanta*; and then he swears, good Lord! how he does swear.

Gripe. Ah you wicked Jade! Ah you wicked Jade!

Clar. Do you hear him, *Flippanta!* do you hear him!

Flip.

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Flip. Pray, Sir, let's know a little what puts you in all this Fury?

Clar. Prithee stand near me, *Flippanta*, there's an odd Froth about his Mouth, looks as if his poor Head were going wrong, I'm afraid he'll bite.

Gripe. The wicked Woman, *Flippanta*, the wicked Woman.

Clar. Can any body wonder I shun my own House, when he treats me at this rate in it?

Gripe. At this rate! Why in the Devil's Name—

Clar. Do you hear him again?

Flip. Come, a little Moderation, Sir, and try what that will produce.

Gripe. Hang her, 'tis all a Pretence to justify her going abroad.

Clar. A Pretence! a Pretence! Do you hear how black a Charge he loads me with? Charges me with a Pretence? Is this the return for all my down-right open Actions? You know, my Dear, I scorn Pretences: Whene'er I go abroad, it is without Pretence.

Gripe. Give me Patience.

Flip. You have a great deal, Sir.

Clar. And yet he's never content, *Flippanta*.

Gripe. What shall I do?

Clar. What a reasonable Man wou'd do; own your self in the wrong, and be quiet. Here's *Flippanta* has Understanding, and I have Moderation; I'm willing to make her Judge of our Differences.

Flip. You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam: But I tell you before-hand, I shall be a little on Master's side.

Gripe. Right, *Flippanta* has Sense. Come, let her decide. Have I not reason to be in a Passion? tell me that.

Clar. You must tell her for what, my Life.

Gripe. Why, for the Trade you drive, my Soul.

Flip. Look you, Sir, pray take things right. I know Madam does fret you a little now and then, that's true; but in the Fund she is the softest, sweetest, gentlest Lady breathing: Let her but live entirely to her own Fancy,
and

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and she'll never say a word to you from Morning to Night.

Gripe. Oons, let her but stay at home, and she shall do what she will : In reason, that is.

Flip. D'ye hear that, Madam ? Nay, now I must be on Master's side ; you see how he loves you, he desires only your Company : Pray give him that Satisfaction, or I must pronounce against you.

Clar. Well, I agree. Thou know'st I don't love to grieve him : Let him be always in good humour, and I'll be always at home.

Flip. Look you there, Sir, what wou'd you have more ?

Gripe. Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

Clar. I must not, however, so far lose the Merit of my Consent, as to let you think I'm weary of going abroad, my Dear : what I do, is purely to oblige you ; which, that I may be able to perform, without a Relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my Prison supportable to me.

Flip. Her Prison ! pritty Bird ! her Prison ! don't that word melt you, Sir ?

Gripe. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

Flip. O, Sir, soon or late Wives come into good Humour : Husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

Clar. The innocent little Diversions, Dear, that I shall content my self with, will be chiefly Play and Company.

Gripe. O, I'll find you Employment, your Time shan't lie upon your Hands ; tho if you have a mind now for such a Companion as a — let me see — *Araminta*, for Example, why I shan't be against her being with you from Morning till Night.

Clar. You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best Woman in the World.

Gripe. Is not she ?

Flip. Ah, the old Satyr !

[*Aside.*
Gripe.

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Gripe. Then we'll have, besides her, may be sometimes—— her Husband; and we shall see my Niece that writes Verses, and my Sister *Fidget*: With her Husband's Brother that's always merry; and his little Cousin, that's to marry the fat Curate; and my Uncle the Apothecary, with his Wife and all his Children. O we shall divert our selves rarely.

Flip. Good.

[*Aside.*

Clar. O, for that, my dear Child, I must be plain with you, I'll see none of 'em but *Araminta*, who has the Manners of the Court; for I'll converse with none but Women of Quality.

Gripe. Ay, ay, they shall all have one Quality or other.

Clar. Then, my Dear, to make our Home pleasant, we'll have Consorts of Musick sometimes.

Gripe. Musick in my House!

Clar. Yes, my Child, we must have Musick, or the House will be so dull I shall get the Spleen, and be going abroad again.

Flip. Nay, she has so much Complaisance for you, Sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

Gripe. Ay, but if I have Musick——

Clar. Ay, but, Sir, I must have Musick——

Flip. Not every Day, Madam don't mean.

Clar. No, bless me, no; but three Consorts a Week, three Days more we'll play after Dinner, at *Ombre*, *Picquet*, *Basset*, and so forth, and close the Evening with a handsome Supper and a Ball.

Gripe. A Ball!

Clar. Then, my Love, you know there is but one Day more upon our hands, and that shall be the Day of Conversation, we'll read Verses, talk of Books, invent Modes, tell Lyes, scandalize our Friends, be pert upon Religion; and in short, employ every moment of it, in some pretty witty Exercise or other.

Flip. What order you see 'tis she proposes to live in! A most wonderful Regularity!

Gripe. Regularity with a Pox!——

[*Aside.*

Clar. And as this kind of Life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of Company

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pany to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the Decency of a Porter at our Door, you know.

Gripe. A Porter—— a Scrivener have a Porter, Madam!

Clar. Positively, a Porter.

Gripe. Why, no Scrivener since Adam ever had a Porter, Woman!

Clar. You will therefore be renown'd in Story, for having the first, my Life.

Gripe. Flippanta.]

Flip. Hang it, Sir, never dispute a Trifle, if you vex her, perhaps she'll insist upon a Swift. [*Aside to Gripe.*

Gripe. But, Madam——

Clar. But, Sir, a Porter, positively a Porter; without that Treary null; and I go abroad this Moment.

Flip. Come, Sir, never lose so advantageous a Peace for a pitiful Porter.

Gripe. Why, I shall be hooted at, the Boys will throw Stones at my Porter. Besides, where shall I have Money for all this Expence?

Clar. My Dear, who asks you for any? Don't be in a fright, Chicken.

Gripe. Don't be in a fright, Madam. But where, I say?——

Flip. Madam plays, Sir, think on that; Women that play have inexhaustible Mines, and Wives who receive least Money from their Husbands, are many times those who spend the most.

Clar. So, my Dear, let what Flippanta says content you. Go, my Life, trouble your self with nothing, but let me do just as I please, and all will be well. I'm going into my Closet, to consider of some more things to enable me to give you the Pleasure of my Company at home, without making it too great a Misery to a yielding Wife. [*Exit Clarissa.*

Flip. Mirror of Goodness! Pattern to all Wives! well sure, Sir, you are the happiest of all Husbands.

Gripe. Yes—— and a miserable Dog for all that too, perhaps.

Flip.

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Flip. Why what can you ask more, than this matchless Complaisance?

Gripe. I don't know what I can ask, and yet I'm not satisfy'd with what I have neither, the Devil mixes in it all, I think; Complaisant or Perverse, it feels just as't did.

Flip. Why, then your Uneasiness is only a Disease, Sir, perhaps a little Bleeding and Purging wou'd relieve you.

Clar. Flippanta!

[*Clarissa calls within.*]

Flip. Madam calls. I come, Madam. Come, be merry, be merry, Sir, you have cause, take my word for't.

Poor Devil. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit Flip.*]

Gripe. I don't know that, I don't know that: But this I do know, that an honest Man, who has marry'd a Jade, whether she's pleas'd to spend her time at home or abroad, had better have liv'd a Batchelor.

Enter Brass.

Brass. O, Sir, I'm mighty glad I have found you.

Gripe. Why, what's the matter, prithee?

Brass. Can no body hear us?

Gripe. No, no, speak quickly.

Brass. You han't seen *Araminta*, since the last Letter I carry'd her from you?

Gripe. Not I, I go prudently; I don't press things like your young Firebrand Lovers.

Brass. But seriously, Sir, are you very much in love with her?

Gripe. As mortal Man has been.

Brass. I'm sorry for't.

Gripe. Why so, dear *Brass*?

Brass. If you were never to see her more now? Suppose such a thing, d'you think 'twou'd break your Heart?

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Nay, now I see you love her; wou'd you did not.

Gripe. My dear Friend.

Brass. I'm in your Interest deep; you see it.

Gripe.

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Gripe. I do: but speak, what miserable Story haſt thou for me?

Brass. I had rather the Devil had, than you, flown away with you quick, than to see you so much in love, as I perceive you are, since——

Gripe. Since what? — ho.

Bräfs. Araminta, Sir—

Gripe. Dead?

Brass. No.

Gripe. How then?

Brass. Wörse.

Gripe. Out with't.

Brass. Broke.

Gripe. Broke!

Brass. She is, poor Lady, in the most unfortunate Situation of Affairs. But I have said too much.

Gripe. No, no, 'tis very fad, but let's hear it.

Brass. Sir, the charg'd me, on my Life, never to mention it to you, of all Men living.

Gripe. Why, who shoud'st thou tell it to, but to the best of her Friends?

Bras. Ay, why there's it now, it's going just as I fancy'd. Now will I be hang'd if you are not enough in love to be engaging in this matter. But I must tell you, Sir, That as much concern as I have for that most excellent, beautiful, agreeable, distress'd, unfortunate Lady, I'm too much your Friend and Servant, ever to let it be said, 'twas the means of your being ruin'd for a Woman—— by letting you know, she esteem'd you more than any other Man upon Earth.

Gripe. Ruin'd! what dost thou mean?

Brafs. Mean! Why I mean that Women always ruin those that love 'em, that's the Rule.

Gripe. The Rule!

Brass. Yes, the Rule; why, would you have 'em ruin those that don't? How shall they bring that about?

Gripe. But is there a necessity then, they shou'd ruin somebody?

Brass.

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Brass. Yes, marry is there ; how wou'd you have 'em support their Expencc else ? Why, Sir, you can't conceive now—— you can't conceive what *Araminta's* Privy-Purse requires. Only her Privy-Purse, Sir ! Why, what do you imagine now she gave me for the last Letter I carry'd her from you ? 'Tis true, 'twas from a Man she lik'd, else, perhaps, I had had my Bones broke. But what do you think she gave me ?

Gripe. Why, mayhap—— a Shilling.

Brass. A Guinea, Sir, a Guinea. You see by that how fond she was on't, by the by. But then, Sir, her Coach-hire, her Chair-hire, her Pin-Money, her Play-Money, her China, and her Charity—— wou'd consume Peers : A great Soul, a very great Soul ; but what's the end of all this ?

Gripe. Ha ?

Brass. Why, I'll tell you what the end is—— a Nunnery.

Gripe. A Nunnery !

Brass. A Nunnery—— In short, she is at last reduc'd to that Extremity, and attack'd with such a Battalion of Duns, that rather than tell her Husband (who you know is such a Dog, he'd let her go if she did) she has e'en determin'd to turn Papist, and bid the World adieu for Life.

Gripe. O terrible ! a Papist !

Brass. Yes, when a handsome Woman has brought her self into Difficulties, the Devil can't help her out of—— To a Nunnery, that's another Rule, Sir.

Gripe. But, but, but, prithee *Brass*, but——

Brass. But all the buts in the World, Sir, won't stop her ; she's a Woman of a noble Resolution. So, Sir, your humble Seryant ; I pity her, I pity you, Turtle and Mate ; but the Fates will have it so, all's packt up, and I am now going to call her a Coach, for she resolves to slip off without saying a word ; and the next Visit she receives from her Friends, will be through a melancholy Grate, with a Veil instead of a Top-knot.

[Going.

Gripe.

Gripe. It must not be, by the Powers it must not; she was made for the World, and the World was made for her.

Brass. And yet you see, Sir, how small a share she has on't.

Gripe. Poor Woman! Is there no way to save her?

Brass. Save her! No, how can she be sav'd? Why she owes above five hundred Pound.

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Five hundred Pound, Sir, she's like to be sav'd indeed. — Not but that I know them in this Town wou'd give me one of the five, if I wou'd persuade her to accept of t'other four: But she has forbid me mentioning it to any Soul living; and I have disobey'd her only to you; and so — I'll go and call a Coach.

Gripe. Hold — dost think, my poor *Brass*, one might not order it so, as to compound those Debts for — for — twelve Pence in the Pound?

Brass. Sir, d'ye hear? I have already try'd 'em with ten Shillings, and not a Rogue will prick up his Ear at it. Tho after all, for three hundred Pounds all in glittering Gold, I cou'd set their Chaps a watering. But where's that to be had with Honour? there's the thing, Sir — I'll go and call a Coach.

Gripe. Hold, once more: I have a Note in my Closet of two hundred, ay — and fifty, I'll go and give it her my self.

Brass. You will! very genteel truly. Go, slap dash, and offer a Woman of her Scruples, Money! bolt in her Face: why, you might as well offer her a Scorpion, and she'd as soon touch it.

Gripe. Shall I carry it to her Creditors then, and treat with them?

Brass. Ay, that's a rare Thought.

Gripe. Is not it, *Brass*?

Brass. Only one little Inconvenience by the way.

Gripe. As how?

Brass. That they are your Wife's Creditors as well as hers; and perhaps it might not be altogether so well to see

see you clearing the Debts of your Neighbour's Wife, and leaving those of your own unpaid.

Gripe. Why that's true now.

Brass. I'm wise you see, Sir.

Gripe. Thou art ; and I'm but a young Lover : But what shall we do then ?

Brass. Why I'm thinking, that if you give me the Note, do you see ; and that I promise to give you an account of it——

Gripe. Ay, but look you, *Brass*——

Brass. But look you !—— Why what, d'ye think I'm a Pick-pocket ? D'ye think I intend to run away with your Note ? your paltry Note.

Gripe. I don't say so—— I say only that in case——

Brass. Case, Sir ! there's no Case but the Case I have put you ; and since you heap Cases upon Cases, where there is but three hundred rascally Pounds in the Case—— I'll go and call a Coach.

Gripe. Prithee don't be so testy ; come, no more words, follow me to my Closet, and I'll give thee the Money.

Brass. A terrible Effort you make indeed ; you are so much in love, your Wits are all upon the wing, just a going ; and for three hundred Pounds you put a stop to their flight ; Sir, your Wits are worth that, or your Wits are worth nothing. Come away.

Gripe. Well, say no more, thou shalt be satisfy'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dick.

Dick. S't—— *Brass!* S't——

Re-enter Brass.

Brass. Well, Sir !

Dick. 'Tis not well, Sir, 'tis very ill, Sir ; we shall be all blown up.

Brass. What, with Pride and Plenty ?

Dick. No, Sir, with an officious Slut that will spoil all. In short, *Flippanta* has been telling her Mistress and *Araminta*, of my Passion for the young Gentlewoman ; and truly to oblige me (suppos'd no ill Match by the by they are resolv'd to propose it immediately to her Father.

Brass.

Brass. That's the Devil! We shall come to Papers and Parchments, Jointures and Settlements, Relations meet on both sides; that's the Devil.

Dick. I intended this very day to propose to *Flippanta*, the carrying her off: And I'm sure the young Housewife wou'd have tuck'd up her Coats and have march'd.

Brass. Ay, with the Body and the Soul of her.

Dick. Why then what damn'd Luck is this?

Brass. 'Tis your damn'd Luck, not mine: I have always seen it in your ugly Phiz, in spite of your powder'd Perriwig—— Pox take ye—— he'll be hang'd at last. Why don't you try to get her off yet?

Dick. I have no Money, you Dog; you know you have stript me of every Penny.

Brass. Come, damn it, I'll venture one Cargo more upon your rotten Bottom: But if ever I see one glance of your hempen Fortune again, I'm off of your Partnership for ever—— I shall never thrive with him.

Dick. An impudent Rogue, but he's in possession of my Estate, so I must bear with him. *[Aside.*

Brass. Well, come, I'll raise a hundred Pounds for your use, upon my Wife's Jewels here; *[Pulling out the Necklace]* her Necklace shall pawn for't.

Dick. Remember tho, that if things fail, I'm to have the Necklace again; you know you agreed to that.

Brass. Yes, and if I make it good, you'll be the better for't; if not, I shall: so you see where the Cause will pinch.

Dick. Why, you barbarous Dog, you won't offer to——

Brass. No words now; about your Business, march. Go stay for me at the next Tavern: I'll go to *Flippanta*, and try what I can do for you.

Dick. Well, I'll go, but don't think to—— O Pox, Sir—— *[Exit Dick.]*

Brass. solus.

Brass. Will you be gone? a pretty Title you'd have to sue me upon truly, if I shou'd have a mind to stand

stand upon the Defensive, as perhaps I may, I have done the Rascal Service enough to lull my Conscience upon't I'm sure : But 'tis time enough for that. Let me see—— First I'll go to *Flippanta*, and put a stop to this Family way of Match-making, then sell our Neck-lace for what ready Money 'twill produce, and by this time to-morrow I hope we shall be in possession of—— t'other Jewel here; a precious Jewel, as she's set in Gold : I believe for the Stone it sell we may part with't again to a Friend—— for a Tester. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Gripe's House.*

Enter Brass and Flippanta.

Brass. WELL you agree I'm in the right, don't you?

Flip. I don't know, if your Master has the Estate he talks of, why not do't all above-board? Well, tho I am not much of his mind, I'm much in his Interest, and will therefore endeavour to serve him in his own way.

Brass. That's kindly said, my Child, and I believe I shall reward thee one of these Days, with as pretty a Fellow to thy Husband for't, as——

Flip. Hold your prating, Jackadandy, and leave me to my Business.

Brass. I obey—— adieu. [Kisses her.] [Exit *Brass.*

Flip. Rascal!

Enter Corinna.

Cor. Ah, *Flippanta*, I'm ready to sink down, my Legs tremble under me, my dear *Flippy*.

Flip. And what's the Affair?

Cor. My Father's there within, with my Mother and *Araminta*; I never saw him in so good a Humour in my Life.

Flip.

Flip. And is that it that frightens you so?

Cor. Ah, *Flippanta*, they are just going to speak to him, about my marrying the Colonel.

Flip. Are they so? so much the worse; they're too hasty.

Cor. O no, not a bit, I slip out on purpose, you must know, to give 'em an opportunity; wou'd 'twere done already.

Flip. I tell you no; get you in again immediately, and prevent it.

Cor. My Dear, Dear, I am not able; I never was in such a way before.

Flip. Never in a way to be marry'd before, ha? is not that it?

Cor. Ah, Lord, if I'm thus before I come to't, *Flippanta*, what shall I be upon the very spot? Do but feel with what a thumpaty thump it goes.

[*Putting her Hand to her Heart.*]

Flip. Nay, it does make a filthy bustle, that's the truth on't, Child. But I believe I shall make it leap another way, when I tell you, I'm cruelly afraid your Father won't consent, after all.

Cor. Why, he won't be the Death o'me, will he?

Flip. I don't know, old Folks are cruel; but we'll have a Trick for him, *Brass* and I have been consulting upon the Matter, and agreed upon a surer way of doing it in spite of his Teeth.

Cor. Ay, marry, Sir, that were something.

Flip. But then he must not know a word of any thing towards it.

Cor. No, no.

Flip. So, get you in immediately.

Cor. One, two, three and away.

[*Running off.*]

Flip. And prevent your Mother's speaking on't.

Cor. But 'tis t'other way sure, *Flippanta*?

Flip. Fear nothing, 'twill only depend upon you.

Cor. Nay then—O ho, ho, ho, how pure that is.

[*Exit Corinna.*]

Flippatra sola.

Poor Child! we may do what we will with her, as far as marrying her goes: when that's over, 'tis possible she may not prove altogether so tractable. But who's here? my Sharper, I think: Yes.

Enter Moneytrap.

Mon. Well, my best Friend, how go matters? Has the Restitution been receiv'd, ha? Was she pleas'd with it?

Flip. Yes, truly, that is, she was pleas'd to see there was so honest a Man in this immoral Age.

Mon. Well, but a—— does she know that 'twas I that——

Flip. Why, you must know I begun to give her a little sort of a hint, and—— and so—— why, and so she begun to put on a sort of a severe, haughty, reserve'd, angry, forgiving Air, but soft. Here she comes: You'll see how you stand with her presently: But don't be afraid, Courage.

Mon. He, hem.

Enter Clarissa.

'Tis no small piece of good Fortune, Madam, to find you at home: I have often endeavour'd in vain.

Clar. 'Twas then unknown to me, for if I cou'd often receive the Visits of so good a Friend at home, I shou'd be more reasonably blam'd for being so much abroad.

Mon. Madam, you make me——

Clar. You are the Man of the World whose Company I think is most to be desir'd: I don't compliment you when I tell you so, I assure you.

Mon. Alas, Madam, your poor humble Servant——

Clar. My poor humble Servant however (with all the esteem I have for him) stands suspected with me for a vile Trick. I doubt he has play'd me, which if I could prove upon him, I'm afraid I shou'd punish him very severely.

Mon. I hope, Madam, you'll believe I am not capable of——

Clar. Look you, look you, you are capable of whatever you please, you have a great deal of Wit, and know how

how to give a nice and gallant turn to every thing ; but if you will have me continue your Friend, you must leave me in some uncertainty in this Matter.

Mon. Madam, I do then protest to you —

Clar. Come, protest nothing about it, I am but too penetrating, as you may perceive ; but we sometimes shut our Eyes, rather than break with our Friends : for a thorough knowledge of the truth of this Business, would make me very seriously angry.

Mon. 'Tis very certain, Madam, that —

Clar. Come, say no more on't, I beseech you, for I'm in a good deal of heat while I but think on't, if you'll walk in, I'll follow you presently.

Mon. Your Goodness, Madam, is —

Flip. War, Horse.

No fine Speeches, you'll spoil all.

Mon. Thou art a most incomparable Person.

Flip. Nay, it goes rarely, but get you in, and I'll say a little something to my Lady for you, while she's warm.

Mon. But S't, *Flippanta*, how long do'st think she may hold out ?

Flip. Phu, not a Twelvemonth.

Mon. Boo.

Flip. Away, I say.

Clar. Is he gone ? What a Wretch it is ? he never was quite such a Beast before.

Flip. Poor Moral, his Money's finely laid out truly.

Clar. I suppose there may have been much such another Scene within between *Araminta* and my Dear : But I left him so insupportably brisk, 'tis impossible he can have parted with any Money : I'm afraid *Brass* has not succeeded as thou hast done, *Flippanta*.

Flip. By my Faith but he has, and better too : he presents his humble Duty to *Araminta*, and has sent her — this.

Clar. A Bill from my Love for two hundred and fifty Pounds. The Monster ! he would not part with ten to save his lawful Wife from everlasting Torment.

Flip. Never complain of his Avarice, Madam, as long as you have his Money.

Clar. But is not he a Beast, *Flippanta*? methinks the Restitution look'd better by half.

Flip. Madam, the Man's Beast enough, that's certain; but which way will you go to receive his beastly Money, for I must not appear with his Note?

Clar. That's true; why send for Mrs. *Amlet*; that's a mighty useful Woman, that Mrs. *Amlet*.

Flip. Marry is she; we shou'd have been basely puzzled how to dispose of the Necklace without her, 'twou'd have been dangerous offering it to Sale.

Clar. It wou'd so, for I know your Master has been layin' out for't amongst the Goldsmiths. But I stay here too long, I must in and coquet it a little more to my Lover, *Araminta* will get Ground on me else.

[Exit Clarissa.

Flip. And I'll go send for Mrs. *Amlet*.

[Exit Flippanta.

SCENE opens.

Araminta, *Corinna*, *Gripe*, and *Moneytrap* at a Tea-Table, very gay and laughing. *Clarissa* comes in to 'em.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mon. Mighty well, O mighty well indeed!

Clar. Save you, save you good Folks, you are all in rare Humour methinks.

Gripe. Why, what shou'd we be otherwise for, Madam?

Clar. Nay. I don't know, not I, my Dear, but I han't had the happiness of seeing you so since our Honey-Moon was over, I think.

Gripe. Why to tell you the truth, my Dear, 'tis the Joy of seeing you at home; [Kisses her.] You see what Charms you have, when you are pleas'd to make use of 'em.

Araminta. Very gallant truly.

Clar.

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Clar. Nay, and what's more, you must know, he's never to be otherwise henceforwards; we have come to an agreement about it.

Mon. Why, here's my Love and I have been upon just such another Treaty too.

Aram. Well, sure there's some very peaceful Star rules at present. Pray Heaven continue its Reign.

Mon. Pray do you continue its Reign, you Ladies & for 'tis all in your power. [*Learning as Clarissa.*]

Gripe. My Neighbour *Moneytrap* says true, at least I'll confess frankly [*Ogling Araminta*] 'tis in one Lady's power to make me the best-humour'd Man on Earth.

Mon. And I'll answer for another, that has the same over me. [*Ogling Clarissa.*]

Clar. 'Tis mighty fine, Gentlemen, mighty civil Husbands indeed.

Gripe. Nay, what I say's true, and so true, that all Quarrels being now at an end, I am willing if you please, to dispense with all that fine Company we talk'd of to-day, be content with the friendly Conversation of our two good Neighbours here, and spend all my roying Hours alone with my sweet Wife.

Mon. Why, truly, I think now, if these good Women pleas'd, we might make up the prettiest little neighbourly Company, between our two Families, and set a defiance to all the impertinent People in the World.

Clar. The Rascals!

[*Aside.*]

Aram. Indeed I doubt you'd soon grow weary if we grew fond.

Gripe. Never, never, for our Wives have Wit, Neighbour, and that never palls.

Clar. And our Husbands have Generosity, *Araminta*, and that seldom palls.

Gripe. So, that's a wipe for me now, because I did not give her a New-year's-Gift last time; but be good, and I'll think of some Tea-Cups for you, next Year.

Mon. And perhaps I mayn't forget a Fan, or as good a thing——hum, Hussy?

Clar. Well, upon these Encouragements, *Araminta*, we'll try how good we can be.

Gripe. Well, this goes most rarely: Poor *Moneytrap*, he little thinks what makes his Wife so easy in his Company.

[*Aside.*

Mon. I can but pity poor Neighbour *Gripe*, Lard, Lard, what a Fool does his Wife and I make of him?

[*Aside.*

Clar. Are not these two wretched Rogues, *Araminta*?

[*Aside to Araminta.*

Aram. They are indeed.

[*Aside to Clarissa.*

Enter Jeffamin.

Jeff. Sir, Here's Mr. *Clip* the Goldsmith desires to speak with you.

Gripe. Cods so, perhaps some News of your Necklace, my Dear.

Clar. That wou'd be News indeed.

Gripe. Let him come in.

Enter Mr. Clip.

Gripe. Mr. *Clip* your Servant, I'm glad to see you: How do you do?

Clip. At your Service, Sir, very well. Your Servant, Madam *Gripe*.

Clar. Horrid Fellow!

[*Aside.*

Gripe. Well, Mr. *Clip*, no News yet of my Wife's Necklace?

Clip. If you please to let me speak with you in the next Room, I have something to say to you.

Gripe. Ay, with all my heart. Shut the Door after [They come forward, and the Scene shuts behind them.] Well, any News?

Clip. Look you, Sir, here's a Necklace brought me to sell, at least very like that you describ'd to me.

Gripe. Let's see't—*Victoria*, the very same. Ah my dear Mr. *Clip*— [Kisses him.] But who brought it you? you shou'd have seiz'd him.

Clip. 'Twas a young Fellow that I know: I can't tell whether he may be guilty, tho it's like enough. But he has only left it me now, to shew a Brother of our Trade, and will call upon me again presently.

Gripe. Wheedle him hither, dear Mr. *Clip*. Here's my Neighbour *Moneytrap* in the House; he's a Justice, and will commit him presently.

Clip.

Clip. 'Tis enough.

Enter Brass.

Gripe. O, my Friend *Brass*!

Brass. Hold, Sir, I think that's a Gentleman I'm looking for. *Mr. Clip*, O your Servant; What, are you acquainted here? I have just been at your Shop.

Clip. I only stept here to shew *Mr. Gripe* the Neck-lace you left.

Brass. Why, Sir, do you understand Jewels? [*To Gripe.*] I thought you had dealt only in Gold. But I smook the Matter, hark you—— a word in your Ear—— you are going to play the Gallant again, and make a Purchase on't for *Araminta*; ha, ha?

Gripe. Where had you the Necklace?

Brass. Look you, don't trouble your self about that; it's in Commission with me, and I can help you to a Pennyworth on't.

Gripe. A Pennyworth on't, Villain? [*Strikes at him.*]

Brass. Villain! a hey, a hey. Is't you or me, *Mr.*

Clip, he's pleas'd to compliment?

Clip. What do you think on't, Sir?

Brass. Think on't, now the Devil fetch me if I know what to think on't.

Gripe. You'll sell a Pennyworth, Rogue! of a thing you have stoln from me.

Brass. Stoln! pray, Sir—— what Wine have you drank to-day? It has a very merry effect upon you.

Gripe. You Villain; either give me an account how you stole it, or——

Brass. O ho, Sir, if you please, don't carry your Jest too far, I don't understand hard words, I give you warning on't: If you han't a mind to buy the Neck-lace, you may let it alone, I know how to dispose on't. What a Pox!——

Gripe. O, you shan't have that trouble, Sir. Dear *Mr. Clip*, you may leave the Necklace here. I'll call at your Shop, and thank you for your Care.

Clip. Sir, your humble Servant. [*Going.*]

Brass. O ho, *Mr. Clip*, if you please, Sir, this won't do, [*Stopping him.*] I don't understand Raillery in such Matters.

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Clip. I leave it with Mr. *Gripe*, do you and he dispute it. [Exit *Clip.*

Brass. Ay, but 'tis from you, by your leave, Sir, that I expect it. [Going after him.

Gripe. You expect, you Rogue, to make your escape, do you? But I have other Accounts besides this, to make up with you. To be sure the Dog has cheated me of two hundred and fifty Pound. Come, Villain, give me an Account of——

Brass. Account of!—— Sir, give me an Account of my Necklace, or I'll make such a Noise in your House, I'll raise the Devil in't.

Gripe. Well said, Courage.

Brass. Blood and Thunder, give it me, or——

Gripe. Come, hush, be wise, and I'll make no noise of this Affair.

Brass. You'll make no Noise! But I'll make a Noise, and a damn'd Noise too. O, don't think to——

Gripe. I tell thee I will not hang thee.

Brass. But I tell you I will hang you, if you don't give me my Necklace. I will, rot me.

Gripe. Speak softly, be wise; how came it thine? who gave it thee?

Brass. A Gentleman, a Friend of mine.

Gripe. What's his Name?

Brass. His Name!—— I'm in such a Passion I have forgot it.

Gripe. Ah, brazen Rogue—— thou hast stole it from my Wife; 'tis the same she lost six Weeks ago.

Brass. This has not been in England a Month.

Gripe. You are a Son of a Whore.

Brass. Give me my Necklace.

Gripe. Give me my two hundred and fifty Pound Note.

Brass. Yet I offer Peace: one word without Passion: The Case stands thus, Either I'm out of my Wits, or you are out of yours: Now 'tis plain I am not out of my Wits, Ergo——

Gripe. My Bill, Hang-Dog, or I'll strangle thee.

[They struggle.
Brass.

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Brass. Murder, Murder!

Enter Clarissa, Araminta, Corinna, Flippanta, and Moneytrap.

Flip. What's the matter? What's the matter here?

Gripe. I'll matter him.

Clar. Who makes thee cry out thus, poor *Brass*?

Brass. Why, your Husband, Madam, he's in his Attitudes here.

Gripe. Robber.

Brass. Here, he has cheated me of a Diamond Necklace.

Cor. Who, Papa? Ah dear me.

Clar. Prithee what's the meaning of this great Emotion, my Dear?

Gripe. The meaning is that—— I'm quite out of breath—— this Son of a Whore has got your Necklace, that's all.

Clar. My Necklace!

Gripe. That Birdlime there—— stole it.

Clar. Impossible!

Brass. Madam, you see Master's a little—— touch'd, that's all. Twenty Ounces of Blood let loose, wou'd set all right again.

Gripe. Here call a Constable presently. Neighbour *Moneytrap*, you'll commit him.

Brass. D'ye hear? d'ye hear? See how wild he looks; how his Eyes roll in his Head: tye him down, or he'll do some mischief or other.

Gripe. Let me come at him.

Clar. Hold—— prithee, my Dear, reduce things to a little Temperance, and let us coolly into the Secret of this disagreeable Rupture.

Gripe. Well then, without Passion: Why, you must know, (but I'll have him hang'd) you must know that he came to Mr. *Clip*, to Mr. *Clip* the Dog did—— with a Necklace to sell; so Mr. *Clip* having notice before that, (can you deny this, Sirrah?) that you had lost yours, brings it to me. Look at it here, do you know it again? Ah you Traytor. [To *Brass*.

Brass.

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Brafs. He makes me mad, here's an appearance of something now to the Company, and yet nothing in't in the bottom.

Enter Constable.

Clar. Flippanta! [*Aside to Flippanta, shewing the Necklace.*]

Flip. 'Tis it, Faith; here's some Mystery in this, we must look about us.

Clar. The safest way is point blank to disown the Necklace.

Flip. Right, stick to that.

Gripe. Well, Madam, do you know your old Acquaintance, ha?

Clar. Why, truly, my Dear, tho (as you may all imagine) I shoud be very glad to recover so valuable a thing as my Necklace, yet I must be just to all the World, this Necklace is not mine,

Brafs. Huzza—— here Constable, do your Duty; Mr. Justice, I demand my Necklace, and Satisfaction of him.

Gripe. I'll die before I part with it, I'll keep it, and have him hang'd.

Clar. But be a little calm, my Dear, do my Bird, and then thou'lt be able to judge rightly of things.

Gripe. O good lack, O good lack.

Clar. No, but don't give way to Fury and Interest both, either of 'em are Passions strong enough to lead a wise Man out of the way. The Necklace not being really mine, give it the Man again, and come drink a Dish of Tea.

Brafs. Ay, Madam says right.

Gripe. Oons, if you with your addle Head don't know your own Jewels, I with my solid one do. And if I part with it, may Famine be my Portion.

Clar. But don't swear and curse thy self at this fearful rate; don't, my Dove: Be temperate in your Words, and just in all your Actions, 'twill bring a Blessing upon you and your Family.

Gripe. Bring Thunder and Lightning upon me and my Family, if I part with my Necklace.

Clar.

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Clar. Why you'll have the Lightning burn your House about your ears, my Dear, if you go on in these Practices.

Mon. A most excellent Woman this! [*Aside.*]

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

Gripe. I'll keep my Necklace.

Brass. Will you so? Then here comes one has a Title to it if I han't; let *Dick* bring himself off with her as he can. *Mrs. Amlet*, you are come in a very good time; you lost a Necklace t'other day, and who do you think has got it?

Amlet. Marry that I know not, I wish I did.

Brass. Why then here's Mr. *Gripe* has it, and swears 'tis his Wife's.

Gripe. And so I do, Sirrah—— look here, Mistress, do you pretend this is yours?

Amlet. Not for the round World I wou'd not say it; I only kept it, to do Madam a small Courtesy, that's all.

Clar. Ah, Flippant; all will out now.

Gripe. Courtesy! what Courtesy? [*Aside to Flip.*]

Amlet. A little Money only that Madam had present need of, please to pay me that, and I demand no more.

Brass. So here's fresh Game, I have started a new Hare, I find. [*Aside.*]

Gripe. How, Forsooth, is this true? [*To Clarissa.*]

Clar. You are in a Humour at present, Love, to believe any thing, so I won't take the pains to contradict it.

Brass. This damn'd Necklace will spoil all our Affairs, this is *Dick's* luck again. [*Aside.*]

Gripe. Are you not ashamed of these ways? Do you see how you are expos'd before your best Friends here? don't you blush at it?

Clar. I do blush, my Dear, but 'tis for you, that here it shou'd appear to the World, you keep me so bare of Money, I am forc'd to pawn my Jewels.

Gripe. Impudent Housewife! [*Raising his Hand to strike her.*]

Clar.

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Clar. Softly, Chicken, you might have prevented all this, by giving me the two hundred and fifty Pound, you sent to *Araminta* e'en now.

Blafs. You see, Sir, I deliver'd your Note: How I have been abus'd to-day!

Gripe. I'm betray'd— Jades on both sides, I see that. [*Aside.*

Mon. But, Madam, Madam, is this true I hear? Have you taken a Present of two hundred and fifty Pound? Pray what were you to return for these Pounds Madam, ha?

Aram. Nothing, my Dear, I only took 'em to reimburse you of about the same Sum you sent to *Clarissa*.

Mon. Hum, hum, hum.

Gripe. How, Gentlewoman, did you receive Money from him?

Clar. O, my Dear, 'twas only in Jest, I knew you'd give it again to his Wife.

Aml. But amongst all this *Tinamar*, I don't hear a word of my hundred Pounds. Is it Madam will pay me, or Master?

Gripe. I pay? The Devil shall pay.

Clar. Look you, my Dear, Malice apart, pay Mrs. *Amlet* her Money, and I'll forgive you the Wrong, you intended my Bed with *Araminta*: Am not I a good Wife now?

Gripe. I burst with Rage, and will get rid of this Noose, tho I tuck my self up in another.

Mon. Nay, pray, e'en tuck me up with you. [*Exit Mon. and Gripe.*

Clar. & Aram. B'y, Dearies.

Enter Dick.

Cor. Look, look, *Flippanta*, here's the Colonel come at last.

Dick. Ladies, I ask your pardon, I have stay'd so long, but—

Aml. Ah Rogue's Face, have I got thee, old Good-for-nought? Sirrah, Sirrah, do you think to amuse me with your Marriages, and your great Fortunes? Thou hast

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hast play'd me a rare prank, by my Conscience. Why you ungracious Rascal, what do you think will be the end of all this? Now Heaven forgive me, but I have a great mind to hang thee for't.

Cor. She talks to him very familiarly, *Flippanta.*

Flip. So methinks, by my Faith.

Brass. Now the Rogue's Star is making an end of him. [*Aside.*

Dick. What shall I do with her? [*Aside.*

Aml. Do but look at him, my Dames, he has the Countenance of a Cherubim, but he's a Rogue in his Heart.

Clar. What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. *Amler*?

Aml. The meaning, good lack! Why this all-to-be-powder'd Rascal here, is my Son, an't please you; ha, Graceless? Now I'll make you own your Mother, Vermine.

Clar. What the Colonel your Son?

Aml. 'Tis *Dick*, Madam, that Rogue *Dick*. I have so often told you of, with Tears trickling down my old Cheeks.

Aram. The Woman's mad, it can never be.

Aml. Speak, Rogue, am I not thy Mother, ha? Did I not bring thee forth? say then.

Dick. What will you have me say? you had a mind to ruin me, and you have done't; wou'd you do any more?

Clar. Then, Sir, you are Son to good Mrs. *Amler*?

Aram. And have had the Assurance to put upon us all this while?

Flip. And the Confidence to think of marrying *Corinna*?

Brass. And the Impudence to hire me for your Servant, who am as well born as your Self.

Clar. Indeed I think he shou'd be corrected.

Aram. Indeed I think he deserves to be cudgell'd.

Flip. Indeed I think he might be pump'd.

Brass. Indeed I think he will be hang'd.

Aml. Good lack a day, Good lack a day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: If he is not

a Gentleman, he's a Gentleman's Fellow. Come hither, Dick, they shan't run thee down neither; Cock up thy Hat Dick, and tell 'em, tho' Mrs. *Amlet* is thy Mother, she can make thee amends, with 10000 good Pounds to buy thee some Lands, and build thee a House in the midst on't.

Omnes. How!

Clar. Ten thousand Pounds, Mrs. *Amlet*?

Aml. Yes forsooth; tho' I shou'd lose the hundred, you pawn'd your Necklace for. Tell 'em of that, Dick.

Cor. Look you, *Flippanta*, I can hold no longer, and I hate to see the young Man abus'd. And so, Sir, if you please, I'm your Friend and Servant, And what's mine is yours; and when our Estates are put together, I don't doubt but we shall do as well as the best of 'em.

Dick. Say'st thou so, my little Queen? Why then if dear Mother will give us her Blessing, the Parson shall give us a Tack. We'll get her a score of Grand-children, and a merry House we'll make her.

[*They kneel to Mrs. Amlet.*]

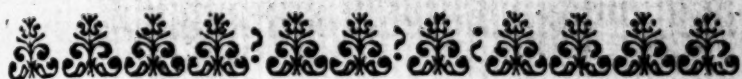
Aml. Ah—— ha, ha, ha, ha, the pretty Pair, the pretty Pair, rise my Chickens, rise, rise and face the proudest of them. And if Madam does not deign to give her Consent, a Fig for her, Dick—— Why how now?

Clar. Pray, Mrs. *Amlet*, don't be in a Passion, the Girl is my Husband's Girl, and if you can have his Consent, upon my word you shall have mine, for any thing belongs to him.

Flip. Then all's Peace again, but we have been more lucky than wise.

Aram. And I suppose, for us, *Clarissa*, we are to go on with our Dears, as we us'd to do.

Clar. Just in the same Tract, for this late Treaty of Agreement with 'em, was so unnatural, you see it cou'd not hold. But 'tis just as well with us, as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange Fate, good Folks. But while you live, every thing gets well out of a Broil, but a Husband.



THE
FALSE FRIEND:
A
COMEDY;

As it is Acted at the
Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.





THE
FALSE FRIEND:

A
COMEDY:

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Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.



P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Capt. Griffin.



O U dread Reformers of an impious Age,
You awful Cat-a-nine-Tails to the Stage,
This once be just, and in our Cause engage.
To gain your Favour, we your Rules obey;

And treat you with a moral Piece to-day;
So moral, we're afraid 'twill damn the Play.

For tho y've long been leagu'd (as People tell)
T'reduce the Power exorbitant of Hell;
No Troops you send, t'abate it in this Field,
But leave us still expos'd, to starve or yield.
Your Scouts indeed sometimes come stealing in,
T'observe this formidable Camp of Sin,
And whisper, if we'll piously declare,
What Aids you then will send to help us thro the War.

To this we answer, We're a feeble State,
And cannot well afford to love or hate,
So shou'd not meddle much in your Debate.
But since your Cause is good, thus far we'll go,
When Portugal declares, we'll do so too.
Our Cases, as we think, are much alike,
And on the same Conditions we shou'd strike;
Send to their Aid a hundred Men of War,
To ours a hundred Squadrons of the Fair;
Rig out your Wives and Daughters all around,
(I mean wh'are fit for Service, tight and sound)

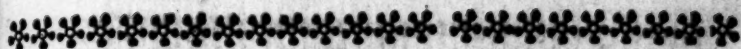
And

And for a Proof our Meaning is sincere,
See but the Ships are good, and if you fear
A Want of Equipage, we'll man them here.

These are the Terms, on which you may engage
The Poet's Fire, to batter from the Stage.
Useful Ally! whose Friendship lets you in
Upon the weak and naked Side of Sin;
Against your old Attack, the Foe's prepar'd,
Well fortify'd, and always on his Guard;
The sacred Shot you send are slung in vain;
By impious Hands, with insolent Disdain,
They're gather'd up, and fir'd at you again.
Thro baffled Toils, and unsuccessful Cares,
In Slaughter, Blood, and Wounds, and pious Snare;
I've made a Flanders War these fifteen hundred Years.
Change then your Scheme, if you'll your Foe annoy,
And the infernal Bajazet destroy:
Our Aid accept,
We've gentler Stratagems which may succeed;
We'll tickle 'em, where you wou'd make 'em bleed:
In Sounds less harsh we'll teach 'em to obey;
In softer Strains the evil Spirit lay,
And steal their Immorality away.



EPI.



E P I L O G U E;

Spoke by Mrs. Oldfield.



HAT say you, Sirs, d'ye think my Lady'll
 'scape,
 'Tis dev'lish hard to stand a Fav'rite's Rape?
 Shou'd Guzman, like Don John, break in upon
 her,

For all her Virtus, Heaven! have mercy on her:
 Her Strength, I doubt, 's in his Irresolution,
 There's wondrous Charms in vig'rous Execution.
 Indeed you Men are Fools, you won't believe
 What dreadful things we Women can forgive:
 I know but one we never do pass by,
 And that you plague us with eternally;
 When in your courtly Fears, to disoblige,
 You won't attack the Town which you besiege:
 Your Guns are light, and planted out of reach,
 D' ye think with Billetdoux to make a Breach?
 'Tis Small-Shot all, and not a Stone will fly,
 Walls fall by Cannon, and by firing nigh:
 In sluggish dull Blockades you keep the Field,
 And starve us e'er we can with Honour yield.
 In short——
 We can't receive those Terms you gently tender,
 But storm, and we can answer our Surrender.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don Felix, a Gentleman of Valencia. Capt. Griffin.
 Don Pedro, }
 Don Guzman, } Lovers of Leonora, { Mr. Wilks.
 Don John, } { Mr. Mills.
 Lopez, Servant to Don John. Mr. Pinkethman.
 Galindo, Servant to Don Guzman. Mr. Bullock.

W O M E N.

Leonora, Daughter to Don Felix. Mrs. Rogers.
 Isabella, her Friend, and Sister to { Mrs. Kent.
 Guzman. {
 Jacinta, Woman to Leonora. Mrs. Oldfield.

SCENE at Valencia.



THE FALSE FRIEND.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Don John's Lodgings.*

Enter Don John beating Lopez.

Lop.



OLD, Sir, hold ; there's enough in all Conscience ; I'm reasonable, I ask no more ; I'm content.

Don John. Then there's double Content, you Dog, and a Brace of Contents more into the Bargain. Now is't well ? *[Striking again and again.]*

Lop. O mighty well, Sir, you'll never mend it ; pray leave it as 'tis.

Don John. Look you, you Jackanapes, if ever I hear an Offer at your impertinent Advice again—

Lop. And why, Sir, will you stifle the most useful of my Qualifications ?

Don

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Don John. Either, Sirrah, I pass for a very great Blockhead with you, or you are pleas'd to reckon much upon my Patience.

Lop. Your Patience, Sir, indeed is great; I feel at this time forty Proofs on't upon my Shoulders: But really, Sir, I wou'd advise you to——

Don John. Again! I can bear thee no longer. Here, Pen and Ink, I'll give thee thy Discharge. Did I take you for a Valet, or a Privy-Counsellor, Sir?

Lop. 'Tis confess'd, Sir, you took me but for humble Employment; but my Intention was agreeably to surprize you with some superiour Gifts of Nature, to your faithful Slave. I profess, my noble Master, a most perfect Knowledge of Men and Manners. Yours, gracious Sir, (with all respect I speak it) are not irreprehensible. And I'm afraid in time, Sir, I am indeed, they'll riggle you into some ill-favour'd Affair, whence with all my Understanding I shall be puzzled to bring you off.

Don John. Very well, Sir.

Lop. And therefore, Sir, it is, that I (poor *Lopez* as I am) sometimes take leave to moralize.

Don John. Go, go, moralize in the Market-Place: I'm quite worn out. Once more, march.

Lop. Is the Sentence definitive?

Don John. Positive.

Lop. Then pray let us come to account, and see what Wages are due.

Don John. Wages! Refund what you have had, you Rascal you, for the plague you have given me.

Lop. Nay, if I must lose my Money, then let me claim another Right; Losers have leave to speak. Therefore advance my Tongue, and say thy Pleasure; tell this Master of mine, he shou'd die with shame at the Life he leads: so much unworthy of a Man of Honour. Tell him——

Don John. I'll bear no more.

Lop. You shall indeed, Sir.

Don John. Here, take thy Money, and be gone.

Lop. Counters all; adieu you glittering Spangles of the World; farewell ye Tempters of the Great; not me. Tell him——

Don

Don John. Stay.

Lop. Go on; tell him he's worse among the Women than a Ferrer among the Rabbits; at one and all, from the Princess to the Tripe-Woman; handsome, ugly, old Women and Children, all go down.

Don John. Very well.

Lop. It is indeed, Sir, and so are the Stories you tell them to bring them to your matters. The Handsome, she's all Divinity to be sure; the Ugly, she's so agreeable, were it not for her Virtue, she'd be over-run with Lovers; the light airy Flipflap, she kills him with her Motions; the dull heavy-tail'd Maikin melts him down with her Modesty; the scragged Jean pale Face has a Shape for Destruction; the fat over-grown Sow has an Air of Importance; the tall aukward Trapes with her Majesty wounds; the little short Trundle-tail shoots a Je-ne-say-quoy: In a word, they have all something for him—and he has something for them all.

Don John. And thus, your Fool, by a general Attack, I keep my Heart my own; lie with them that like me, and care not six Pence for them that don't.

Lop. Well said, well said, a very pretty Amusement truly! But pray, Sir, by your leave (Ceremony aside) since you are pleas'd to clear up into Conversation, what mighty matters do you expect from boarding a Woman you know is already Heart and Soul engag'd to another?

Don John. Why I expect her Heart and Soul shou'd disengage in a Week. If you live a little longer with me, Sirrah, you'll know how to instruct your next Master to the purpose; And therefore that I may charitably equip you for a new Service, now I'm turning you out of my own, I'll let you know, that when a Woman loves a Man best, she's in the most hopeful way of betraying him; for Love, like Fortune, turns upon a Wheel, and is very much given to rising and falling.

Lop. Like enough. But as much upon the Weather-cock as the Ladies are, there are some the Wind must blow hard to fetch them about. When such a sturdy

Huffy

Hussy falls in your Honour's way, what account may things turn to then, an't please ye?

Don John. They turn to a Bottle, you Puppy.

Lop. I find they'll always turn to something; but when you pursue a poor Woman only to make her Lover jealous, what pleasure can you take in that?

Don John. That Pleasure.

Lop. Look you there again.

Don John. Why, Sirrah, d'you think there's no Pleasure in spoiling their Sport, when I can't make my own.

Lop. O! to a good-natur'd Man, besure there must; but suppose, instead of sending and proving with his Mistress, he shou'd come to——a——parrying and thrusting with you; what becomes of your Joy then, my noble Master?

Don John. Why do you think I'm afraid to fight, you Rascal?

Lop. I thought we were talking of what we lov'd, not what we fear'd, Sir.

Don John. Sir, I love every thing that leads to what I love most.

Lop. I know, Sir, you have often fought upon these Occasions.

Don John. Therefore that has been no stop to my Pleasures.

Lop. But you have never been kill'd once, Sir; and when that happens, you will for ever lose the pleasure of——

Don John. *[Striking him.]* Breaking your Head, you Rascal, which will afflict me heartily. See who knocks so hard.

Lop. Somebody that thinks I can hear no better, than you think I can feel.

Enter Don Guzman.

Don Guz. Don John de Alvarada, is he here?

Lop. There's the Man. Shew me such another if you can find him. *[Aside.]*

Don Guz. Do I John, I desire to speak with you alone.

Don John. You may speak before this Fellow, Sir, he's trusty.

Don Guz. 'Tis an Affair of Honour, Sir.

Don John. Withdraw, Lopez.

Lop. Behind the Door I will, and no farther. [Aside.] This Fellow looks as if he came to save me a broken Head. [Lop. retires.]

Don Guz. I call my self Don Guzman de Torrellas, you know what Blood I spring from; I am a Cadet, and by consequence not rich; but I am esteem'd by Men of Honour: I have been forward to expose my self in Battels abroad, and I have met with Applause in our Feasts at home.

Lop. So much by way of Introduction. [Aside.]

Don John. I understand your Merit, Sir, and thou'd be glad to do as much by your Business.

Don Guz. Give attention, and you'll be instructed. I love Leonora, and from my Youth have done so. Long she rejected my Sighs, and despised my Tears, but my Constancy at last has vanquish'd. I have found the way to her Heart, and nothing is wanting to compleat my Joy, but the Consent of her Father, whom I cannot yet convince, that the Wants in my Fortune are recompens'd by the Merits of my Person.

Lop. He's a very dull Fellow indeed. [Aside.]

Don Guz. In the mean while the Object of my Vows is a Sharer in my Grief, and the only Cordial we have is the pleasure of a secret Conversation, thro a small Breach I have made in a thin Partition that divides our Lodgings. I trust you, Don John, with this important Secret; Friend or Enemy, you are noble, therefore keep it, I charge your Honour with it.

Lop. You cou'd not put it in better hands. [Aside.]

Don Guz. But more, my Passion for this Lady is not hid; all Valencia is acquainted with my Wilbes, and approves my Choice. You alone, Don John de Alvarada, seeming ignorant of my Vows, dare traverse my Amour.

Don John. Go on.

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Lop. These words import War; lie close, *Lopez.*
[*Aside.*

Don Guz. You are the *Argus* of our Street, and the Spy of *Leonora*; whether *Diana*, by her borrow'd Light, supplies the absence of the *Astre* of Day, or that the Shades of Night cover the Earth with impenetrable Darkness; you still attend till *Aurora's* Return, under the Balcony of that adorable Beauty.

Don John. So.

Don Guz. Wherever she moves, you still follow as her shadow, at Church, at Plays: be her business with Heaven or Earth, your Importunity is such, you'll share it.

Lop. He is a forward Fellow, that's the truth on't.
[*Aside.*

Don Guz. But what's still farther, you take the liberty to copy me; my Words, my Actions, every Motion is no sooner mine, but yours. In short, you ape me, Don; and to that point, I once design'd to stab my self, and try if you wou'd follow me in that too.

Lop. No, there the Monkey wou'd have left you. [*Aside.*

Don Guz. But to conclude.

Don John. 'Tis time.

Don Guz. My Patience, Don, is now no more; and I pronounce, that if henceforth, I find you under *Leonora's* Window, who never wish'd, fond Man, to see you there, I by the ways of Honour, shall fix you in another station. I leave you to consider on't. Farewel.

[*Exit Don Guz.*

Don John. Hold, Sir, we had e'en as good do this honourable Deed now.

Re-enter Lopez.

Lop. No, pray Sir, let him go, and may be you mayn't have occasion to do it at all.

Don John. I thought at first the Coxcomb came upon another Subject, which wou'd have embaras'd me much more.

Lop. Now this was a Subject wou'd have embaras'd me enough in all conscience.

Don John. I was afraid he came to forbid me seeing his Sister *Isabella*, with whom I'm upon very good Terms.

Lop.

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Lop. Why now that's a hard Case, when you have got a Man's Sister, you can't leave him his Mistress.

Don John. No Changeling, I hate him enough, to love every Woman that belongs to him: and the Fool has so provok'd me by his threatening, that I beleive I shall have a Stroke at his Mother, before I think my self even with him.

Lop. A most admirable way to make up Accounts truly!

Don John. A Son of a Whore! s'dearth, I did not care sixpence for the Slut before, but now I'll have her Maidenhead in a Week, for fear the Rogue shou'd marry her in ten Days.

Lop. Mum; here's her Father: I'll warrant this old Spark comes to correct our way of living too.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Fel. Don *John*!

Don John. Don *Felix*, do I see you in my poor Dwelling? Pray, to what lucky Accident do I owe this Honour?

Don Fel. That I may speak to you without constraint, pray send away your Servant.

Lop. What the Pox have I done to 'em, they are all so uneasy at my Company? *(Aside.)*

Don John. Give us Chairs, and leave the Room.

Lop. If this old Fellow comes to quarrel with us too, he'll at least do us less harm. *[Aside.]*

Don Fel. Won't you retire, Friend? *[Looking behind.]*

Don John. Be gone, Sirrah.

Lop. *[Aside]* Pox take ye—— you old Prig you: But I shall be even with you. *[Lopez hides himself.]*

Don Fel. You know me, Sir?

Don John. I do, Sir.

Don Fel. That I call my self——

Don John. Don *Felix*.

Don Fel. That I am of the House of——

Don John. *Cabrera*, one of the first of *Valencia*.

Don Fel. That my Estate is——

Don John. Great.

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Don Fel. You know that I have some Reputation in the World.

Don John. I know your Reputation equals your Birth.

Don Fel. And you are not ignorant, that Heav'n for the Consolation of my gray Hairs has given me an only Daughter, who is not deform'd.

Don John. Beauteous as Light.

Don Fel. Well shap'd, witty, and endow'd with——

Don John. All the good Qualities of Mind and Body.

Don Fel. Since you are satisfy'd with all this, hearken, I pray, with attention, to the Business that brings me hither.

Don John. I shall.

Don Fel. We all know, *Don John*, some by their own experience, some by that of others, how nice a Gentleman's Honour is, and how easily tarnish'd; an Eclaircissement manag'd with prudence, often prevents Misfortunes that perhaps might be upon the point of attending us. I have thought it my Duty to acquaint you, that I have seen your Designs upon my Daughter: You pass Nights entire under her Window, as if you were searching an opportunity to get into my House; there is no body in the Town but has taken notice of your proceedings; you give the Publick a Subject for disadvantageous Discourse; and tho in reality *Leonora's* Virtue receives no prejudice by it, her Reputation daily runs some risque. My Years have taught me to judge right of Things: and yet I have not been able to decide what your end can be; you can't regard my Daughter on a foot of Gallantry, you know her Virtue, and my Birth too well; and for a Wife you seem to have no thought, since you have yet made no demand to me: what then is your Intention? You have heard perhaps, I have hearken'd to a Gentleman of *Toledo*, a Man of Merit. I own I have, and I expect him daily here; but, *Don John*, if 'tis that which hinders you from declaring in form, I'll ease you of a great deal of trouble, which the Customs of the world impose upon these occasions, and, in a word, I'll break with him, and give you *Leonora*.

Lop. Good.

[*Aside.*
Don

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Don Fel. You don't answer me! what is't that troubles you?

Don John. That I have been such a Sot, old Gentleman, to hear you with so much Patience. [Rising.

Don Fel. How, Don! I'm more astonish'd at your Answer, than I was with your Silence.

Don John. Astonish'd! Why han't you talk'd to me of Marriage? He asks me to marry, and wonders what I complain of!

Don Fel. 'Tis well——'tis well, Don John, the Outrage is violent! You insult me in your own House. But know, Sir—— [Rising.

Don John. But know, Sir, there needs no Quarrel, if you please, Sir; I like your Daughter very well; but for marrying her——*Serviteur*.

Don Fel. Don *Guzman de Torrellas* has not less Merit than you, Don.

Don John. Agreed; what then?

Don Fel. And yet I have refus'd him my Daughter.

Don John. Why then you have us'd him better than you have done me, which I take very unkindly.

Don Fel. I have us'd you Sir——

Don John. Us'd me, Sir, you have us'd me very ill, to come into my own House to seduce me,

Don Fel. What Extravagance!

Don John. What Persecution!

Don Fel. Am I then to have no other Answer?

Don John. Methinks you have enough in all Conscience.

Don Fel. Promise me at least, you'll cease to love my Daughter,

Don John. I won't affront your Family so far neither.

Lop. I'gad my Master shines to-day. [Aside.

Don Fel. Know, Don, that I can bear no more.

Lop. If he cou'd, I think there's no more to lay upon him. [Aside.

Don Fel. If I find you continue to importune *Leonora*, I shall find a way to satisfy my offended Honour, and punish your Presumption.

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Don John. You shall do what you please to me, provided you don't marry me.

Don Fel. Know, *Alvarada*, there are ways to revenge such outrageous Affronts as these.

Don John. I won't marry.

Don Fel. 'Tis enough.

[*Exit Don Fel.*

Re-enter Lopez.

Lop. So ; the old Fellow's gone at last, and has carry'd great content along with him.

[*Aside.*

Don John. *Lopez* !

Lop. Sir——

Don John. What dost think ? he would have marry'd me !

Lop. Yes, he had found his Man. But have you been even with him.

Don John. What, thou hast heard us then ?

Lop. Or I were no Valet : But pray what does your Honour intend to do now ? Will you continue the Siege of a Place, where 'tis probable they will daily augment the Fortifications, when there are so many open Towns you may march into without the trouble of opening the Trenches ?

Don John. I am going, *Lopez*, to double my Attacks : I'll beat up her Quarters six times a Night, I am now down-right in love ; the Difficulties pique me to the Attempt, and I'll conquer or I'll die.

Lop. Why to confess the Truth, Sir, I find you much upon my taste in this matter ; Difficulties are the Rocombolle of Love, I never valu'd an easy Conquest in my life. To rouse my Fire, the Lady must cry out (as softly as ever she can) Have a care my Dear, my Mother has seen us ; my Brothers suspect me ; my Husband may surprize us : O, dear Heart, have a care, I pray ! Then I play the Devil : But when I come to a Fair-one, where I may hang up my Cloke upon a Peg, get into my Gown and Slippers——

Don John. Impudent Rogue.

[*Aside.*

Lop. See her stretch'd upon the Couch in great security, with —— My Dear, come kiss me, we have nothing to fear ; I droop, I yawn, I sleep.

Don

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Don John. Well, Sir, whatever you do with your Fair-one, I am going to be very busy with mine; I was e'en almost weary of her, but *Guzman* and this old Fellow have reviv'd my dying Fire; and so, have at her.

Lop. 'Tis all mighty well, Sir, mighty well, Sir, as can be in the world. But if you wou'd have the Goodness to consider *en passant*, or so a little now and then, about Swords and Daggers, and Rivals, and old Fellows, and Pistols and great Guns, and such like Baubles, only now and then at leisure, Sir, not to interrupt things of more Consequence.

Don John. Thou art a cowardly Rascal, I have often consider'd that.

Lop. Ay, that's true, Sir, and yet a Blunderbuss is presently discharg'd out of a Garret-Window.

Don John. Come, no more words; but follow me. How now! what Impertinence have we here now to stop me?

Enter Don Pedro.

Lop. 'Tis Don Pedro, or I'm a Dog.

Don John. Impossible! Don Pedro return'd!

Don Ped. 'Tis I, my dearest Friend; I'm come to forget all the Miseries of a long Absence, in one happy Embrace. (They embrace.)

Don John. I'm over-joy'd to see you.

Don Ped. Mine's not to be exprest. What, Friend *Lopez* here still! How dost do, *Lopez*? What dost not know me?

Lop. As well as my Father's Seal, Sir, when he sends me a Bill of Exchange.

Don Ped. Just as he was, I find, Galliard still.

Lop. I find it very unwholesome to be otherwise, Sir.

Don John. You have then quitted the Service in *Flanders*, I suppose.

Don Ped. I have so, Friend; I have left the Ensigns of *Mars*, and am lifting my self in a softer Militia.

Don John. Explain, pray.

Don Ped. Why, when your Father's Death oblig'd you to leave *Brussels*, and return hither to the plentiful Fortune he left you; I staid in *Flanders*, very trist for

your loss, and past three years in the Trade of War. About two Months since, my Father writ to me from *Toledo*, that he was going to marry me very advantageously at *Valencia*: He sent me the Picture of the Lady, and I was so well pleased with it, that I immediately got my Conge, and embark'd at *Dunkirk*; I had a quick Passage to the *Groynes*, from whence, by the way of *Madrid*, I am come hither with all the speed I cou'd.

I have, you must know, been two days in Town, but I have lain *Incognito*, that I might inform my self of the Lady's Conduct I'm to marry; and I have discover'd, that she's serv'd by two Cavaliers of Birth and Merit. But tho they have both given many proofs of a most violent Passion, I have found for the quiet of my Honour, that this virtuous Lady, out of modesty or prudence, has shewn a perfect Indifference to them and their Gallantries; her Fortune is considerable, her Birth is high, her Manners irreproachable, and her Beauty so great, that nothing but my Love can equal it.

Don *John*. I have hearken'd to you, Don *Pedro*, with a great deal of attention, and Heaven's my Witness, I have a mighty Joy in seeing you; but the Devil fetch me, it makes my Heart bleed to hear you are going to be married.

Don *Ped*. Say no more of that, I desire you; we have always been Friends, and I earnestly beg we ever may be so; but I am not come to ask Counsel about my Marriage, my Party is taken, and my Inquiries have so much heightened my Desire, that nothing can henceforth abate it. I must therefore expect from you, dear Friend, that you won't oppose it, but that you'll aid me in hastning the moment of my Happiness.

Don *John*. Since 'tis so impossible for you to resolve for your own good, I must submit to what you'll have me: But are not we to know the Name of this piece of Rarity, that is to do you this good Turn?

Don *Ped*. You'll know it presently; for I'm going to carry you to her House.

Don *John*. You shall tell me at least who are her two Gallants.

Don

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Don Ped. One, they could not tell me his Name; the other is—— But before we talk any more of these Affairs, can you let me dispose of *Lopez*, till the return of a Servant I sent three days ago to——

Don John. Carry News of you to *Papa*, I suppose.

Don Ped. You are right; the good Man is thirty Leagues off, and I have not seen him this six Years.

Don John. *Lopez*, do you wait upon *Don Pedro*.

Lop. With all my Heart. It's at least a suspension of Boxes oth' Ear, and Kicks o'the Backside. [*Aside.*]

Don Ped. Then, honest *Lopez*, with your Master's leave, go to the New-Inn, the King of *France* on horseback, and see if my Servant's return'd; I'll be there immediately, to charge thee with a Commission of more Importance.

Lop. I shall perform your Orders, Sir, both to your Satisfaction, and my own Reputation. [*Exit Lopez.*]

Don John. Very quaint. Well, old Acquaintance, we are going to be married then? 'Tis resolv'd: Ha!

Don Ped. So says my Star.

Don John. The foolishhest Star that has said any thing a great while.

Don Ped. Still the same, I see! Or, more than ever, resolv'd to love nothing.

Don John. Love nothing! Why, I'm in love at this very time.

Don Ped. With what?

Don John. A Woman.

Don Ped. Impossible!

Don John. True.

Don Ped. And how came you in love with her?

Don John. Why I was order'd not to be in love with her.

Don Ped. Then there's more Humour than Love in't.

Don John. There shall be what you please in't: But I shan't quit the Gentlewoman, till I have convinc'd her there's something in't.

Don Ped. Mayn't I know her Name?

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Don John. When you have let me into your conjugal Affection.

Don Ped. Pray stay here, but till I have sent *Lopez* to my Father-in-Law: I'll come back and carry you with me in a moment.

Don John. I'll expect you.

Don Ped. Adieu, dear Friend; may I in earnest see you quickly in love. [Exit Don Pedro.]

Don John. May I, without a Jest, see you quickly a Widower.

Solus.

He comes, he says, to marry a Woman of Quality that has two Lovers—— If it should be *Leonora*—— But why she? There are many, I hope, in that condition in *Valencia*—— I'm a little embarass'd about it however,——

*Friendship take heed, if Woman interfere;
Besure the Hour of thy Destruction's near.*



A C T II.

SCENE, *Leonora's Apartment.*

Enter Leonora, Isabella, and Jacinta.

Leon. **D**EAR *Isabella*, come in: How I am plagu'd with this troublesome Wretch. *Jacinta*, have you shut the outward Gates?

Jacin. I have, Madam.

Leo. Shur the Window too; we shall have him get in there, by and by.

Isab. What's this you are in such apprehensions of, pray?

Leo. Nothing worth naming.

Isab.

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Isab. You dissemble : something of Love in the case,
I'll warrant you.

Leo. The Reverse on't ; 'tis Aversion. My impertinent Star has furnish'd me with a Lover for my Guard, who is never from my Window ; he persecutes me to Distraction ; I affront him fifty times a day ; which he receives with a Bow down to the Ground : In short, all I can do, is doing nothing at all ; he still persists in loving me, as much as I hate him.

Isab. Have a care he don't get the better on't, for all that ; for when a Man loves a Woman well enough to persevere, 'tis odds but she at last loves him well enough to make him give it over. But I think I had as good take off my Scarf ; for since my Brother Don *Guzman* knows I'm with you, he won't quarrel at my return for the Length of my Visit.

Leo. If he shou'd, I shou'd quarrel with him, which few things else would make me do. But methinks, *Isabella*, you are a little melancholy.

Isab. And you a little thoughtful.

Leo. Pray tell me your Affliction.

Isab. Pray don't conceal yours.

Leo. Why truly, my Heart is not at ease.

Isab. Mine, I fear, never will.

Leo. My Father's marrying me against my Inclination.

Isab. My Brother is hindring me from marrying with mine.

Leo. You know I love your Brother, Don *Guzman*.

Isab. And you shall know, I'm uneasy for Don *John de Alvarada*.

Leo. Don *John* !

Isab. The same.

Leo. Have you any reason to hope for a Return ?

Isab. I think so.

Leo. I'm afraid, my Dear, you abuse your self.

Isab. Why ?

Leo. Because he is already in love with ———

Isab. Who ?

Leo. Me.

Isab.

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Ifab. I wou'd not have you too positive in that, Madam, for I am very sure that——

Leo. Madam, I am very sure that he's the troublesome Guest I just now complain'd of; And you may believe——

Ifab. Madam, I can never believe he's troublesome to any body.

Leo. O dear Madam : But I'm sure I'm forc'd to keep my Windows shut, till I'm almost dead with Heat, and that I think is troublesome.

Ifab. This mistake is easily set right, *Leonora*; our Houses join, and when he looks at my Window, you fancy 'tis at yours.

Leo. But when he attacks my Door, Madam, and almost breaks it down, I don't know how in the World to fancy 'tis yours.

Ifab. A Man may do that to disguise his real Inclination.

Leo. Nay, if you please, believe he's dying for you. I wish he were; then I shou'd be troubled no more with him. Be sure, *Jacinta*, you don't open a Window to-night.

Ifab. Not while I'm here at least; for if he knows that, he may chance to press in.

Leo. Look you, *Isabella*, 'tis entirely alike to me, who he's fond of; but I'm so much your Friend, I can't endure to see you deceiv'd.

Ifab. And since I have the same Kindness for you, *Leonora*, know in short, that my Brother is so alarm'd at his Passion for me, that he has forbid him the Street.

Leo. Bless my Soul! and don't you plainly see by that, he's jealous of him upon my account?

Ifab. *smiling*] He's jealous of his Honour, Madam, least he shou'd debauch his Sister.

Leo. I say, he's jealous of his Love, lest he shou'd corrupt his Mistress.

Ifab. But why all this Heat? If you love my Brother, why are you concern'd Don *John* shou'd love me?

Leo. I'm not concern'd; I have no Designs upon him, I care not who he loves.

Ifab.

Isab. Why then are you angry ?

Leo. Why do you say he does not care for me?

Isab. Well, to content you then; I know nothing certain but that I love him.

Leo. And to content you; I know nothing so certain, as that I neither love him, nor never can love him: And so I hope we are Friends again.

Isab. Kifs me then, and let us never be otherwise.

Leo. Agreed: [*They kiss.*] And now my Dear, as my Misfortune's nearest, I am first to be pity'd. I am the most wretched Woman living. My Father every moment expects a Gentleman from *Flanders*, to whom he has resolv'd to marry me. But neither Duty, nor Prudence, nor Danger, nor Resolution, nor all I can summon to my Aid, can drive your Brother from my Heart; but there he's fixt to ruin me.

Jacin. Madam, here's Don *Guzman* at the Chamber-Door; he begs so passionately to come in, sure you can't refuse him.

Leo. Heav'ns; but does he consider to what he exposes me?

Jacin. Madam, he considers nothing; if he did, I'd say he were an impudent Fellow to pretend to be in love with you.

Leo. Shall I venture, *Isabella*?

Isab. You know best.

Enter Don Guzman.

Jacin. Marry, methinks he knows best of us all, for here he comes.

Don *Guz.* Forgive me, lovely *Leonora*; 'tis the last time perhaps that I may beg your Pity. My Rival is not far; Excess of Modesty is now our Ruin. Break through it, for this moment you have left, and own to your old Father how you love. He once did so himself; our Scene of Sorrow may perhaps recall some small remembrance of his tender Years, and melt him into Mercy.

Leo. Alas, Don *Guzman* —

Jacin. O Heav'ns, Madam —

Leo. What's the matter?

Jacin. Y'are undone, here's your Father.

Isab.

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Ifab. What an unlucky Accident !

Leo. Has he seen Don *Guzman* ?

Jacin. Nay the *Deux* knows.

Ifab. Where shall he hide himself ?

Jacin. In the Moon, if he can get thither.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Guz. I must e'en stand it now.

Don Fel. Good News, my Daughter, good News ;
I come to acquaint you, that——— How now ? What's
the meaning of this ? Don *Guzman* in my Daughter's
Chamber !

Don Guz. I see your Surprize, Sir, but you need not
be disturb'd ; 'twas some sudden Business with my Sister,
brought me here.

Don Fel. 'Tis enough, Sir : I'm glad to find you
here ; you shall be a Witness, that I know how to pre-
serve the Honour of my Family.

Don Guz. What mean you, Sir ?

Don Fel. To marry *Leonora* this moment.

Don Guz. How say you ?

Don Fel. I say you shall have nothing left to ask of
me.

Don Guz. Is't possible ? O Heavens ! what Joy I
feel ?

Don Fel. *Leonora*, prepare your Hand and Heart.

Leo. They both are ready, Sir ; and in giving me the
Man I love, you charge me with a Debt of Gratitude,
can never be repay'd.

Don Guz. [*Kneeling.*] Upon my Knees, I thank the
best of Men, for blessing me with all that's blest in
Woman.

Ifab. How well that kind, that gentle Look becomes
him !

Jacin. Now methinks he looks like an old Rogue.
I don't like his Looks. [*Aside.*

Enter Lopez.

Lop. To all whom it may concern, greeting. Don
Pedro Oserio acknowledging himself most unworthy of
the Honour intended him, in the Person of the fair
Leonora, addresses himself (by me his small Ambassador)

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to the Generosity of Don *Felix*, for leave to walk in and take possession.

Don *Fel.* I had already given order for his entrance.

Don *Guz.* What is't I hear!

Leo. Support me.

Isab. She faints.

Don *Guz.* Look Tyrant here, and if thou can'st be cruel!
[Holding her.]

Don *Fel.* Bring in Don *Pedro*.

Don *Guz.* Barbarian!

Facin. Look up, Madam, for Heaven's sake; since you must marry the Fellow, e'en make the most on't.

Leo. Hoh——

Enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Facin. So—— How d'ye do now? Come, cheat up. See, here he comes. By my Troth, and a pretty turn'd Fellow. *[Aside.]* He'll set all to rights by to-morrow Morning, I'll answer for him.

Don *Fel.* Don *Pedro*, you are welcome; let me embrace you.

Don *Ped.* In what Terms, Sir, shall I express what I owe you for the Honour you do me? And with what prospect of Return can I receive this inestimable Present? Your Picture, Madam, made what Impression Art cou'd stamp, but Nature has done more. What Wounds your Sex can give, or ours receive, I feel.

Don *Fel.* Come Son, (for I'm in haste to call you so)——But what's this I see? *Alvarada* here! Whence, Sir, this Insolence; to come within my Doors after you know what has past? Who brought you here?

Don *Ped.* 'Twas I, Sir.

Don *Fel.* But do you know that he——

Don *Ped.* Sir, he's the best of my Friends.

Don *Fel.* But do you know, I say, that he wou'd——

Don *Ped.* Hinder this Marriage, 'tis true.

Don *Fel.* Yes, because he design'd——

Don *Ped.* I know his Design, Sir, 'tis to hinder all his Friends from marrying. Pray forgive him.

Don *Fel.* Then to prevent for ever, his Designs here, come hither, *Leonora*, and give Don *Pedro* your hand.

Don

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Don John. Keep down, my kindling Jealousy: I've something tortures me I never felt but now. [*Aside.*

Don Ped. to Leo.] Why this backwardness, Madam? Where a Father chuses, a Daughter may with modesty approve. Pray give me your Hand.

Don Guz. I cannot see it. (*Turning from 'em.*

Don Fel. to Leo. *aside.*) Are you distracted? Will you let him know your Folly? Give him your Hand, for shame.

Leo. Hoh! Don Guzman, I am yours.

(*Sighing, and giving carelessly her Hand.*

Don Guz. Madam! (*Turning.*

Don Fel. What a fatal slip! (*Aside.*

Leo. 'Twas not to you I spoke, Sir.

Don Ped. But him it was she nam'd, and thought on too, I fear. I'm much alarm'd.

Don Fel. to Leo.) Repair what you have done, and look more chearful on him.

Leo. Repair what you have done, and kill me.

Don Fel. Fool.

Leo. Tyrant.

Jacin. A very hum-drum Marriage this. (*Aside.*

Don Guz. Pray, Sister, let's retire; for I can bear this sight no longer.

Isab. My Dear, farewell, I pity you indeed.

Leo. I am indeed an Object of your Pity.

(*Exit Don Guz, and Isab.*

Don Fel. Come Daughter, come my Son, let's to the Church and tie this happy Knot.

Don Ped. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

(*Exit Don Fel. leading Leo.*

Don John. I love her, and I'll love her still. Fate, do thy worst, I'll on. (*Aside.*

Don Ped. To name another Man, in giving me her Hand!

Don John *aside.*) How am I wrackt and torn with Jealousy?

Don Ped. 'Tis doubtless so, Don Guzman has her Heart. (*Aside.*

Don

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Don John aside.) The Bridegroom's thoughtful. The Ladies Trip has furnish'd him with some Matrimonial Reflections: They'll agree with him at this time perhaps, better than my Company. I'll leave him. *Don Pedro*, adieu, we shall meet again at Night.

Don Ped. Pray stay: I have need of a Friend's Counsel.

Don John. What already?

Don Ped. Already.

Don John. That's to say, you have already enough of Matrimony.

Don Ped. I scarce know what I have, nor am I sure of what I am.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. An't please your Honour, yonder's your Man *Bertrand* just arriv'd; his Horse and he so tired of one another, that they both came down upon the Pavement at the Stable-Door.

Don Ped. to Don John.) He brings News from my Father.

Lop. I believe he does, and hasty News too; but if you stay till he brings it hither, I believe it will come but slowly. But here's his Packet; I suppose that will do as well as his Company. *(Gives a Letter.)*

Don Ped. reads to himself.) My dear Friend, here's ill News.

Don John. What's the matter?

Don Ped. My poor old Father's dying.

Don John. I'm mighty sorry for't; 'tis a weighty Stroke I must confess; the burden of his Estate will almost bear you down. But we must submit to Heaven's Good-will.

Don Ped. You talk, *Alvarada*, like a perfect Stranger to that Tendernefs methinks every Son shou'd feel for a good Father: For my part, I've receiv'd such repeated Proofs of an uncommon Affection from mine, that the Loss of a Mistress cou'd scarce touch me nearer. You'll believe me, when you see me leave *Leonora* a Virgin, till I have seen the good old Man.

Don

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Don John. That will be a proof indeed; Heaven's Blessing must needs fall upon so dutiful a Son; but I don't know how its Judgments may deal with so indifferent a Lover.

Don Ped. O! I shall have time enough to repair this seeming small Neglect: But before I go, pray a word or two with you alone. *Lopez*, wait without.

[*Exit Lopez.*

You see, my dearest Friend, I am engag'd with *Leonora*; perhaps I have done wrong; but 'tis gone too far, to talk or think of a Retreat; I shall go directly from this place to the Altar, and there seal the eternal Contract. That done, I'll take Post to see my Father, if I can, before he dies. I leave then here a young and beauteous Bride; but that which touches every string of Thought, I fear, I leave her wishing I were *Guzman*. If it be so, no doubt he knows it well; and he that knows he's lov'd by *Leonora*, can let no fair occasion pass to gain her; my Absence is his Friend, but you are mine, and so the danger's balanc'd.

Into your hands, my dear, my faithful *Alvarado*, [*Embracing him*] I put my Honour, I put my Life; for both depend on *Leonora's* Truth. Observe her Lover, and ——— neglect not her. You are wise, you are active, you are brave and true. You have all the Qualities that Man shou'd have for such a Trust; and I by consequence have all the Assurance Man can have; you'll, as you ought, discharge it.

Don John. A very hopeful Business you wou'd have me undertake, keep a Woman honest; Udsdeath, I'd as soon undertake to keep *Portocarero* honest. Look you, we are Friends, intimate Friends; you must not be angry if I talk freely. Women are naturally bent to Mischief, and their Actions run in one continued Torrent till they die. But the less a Torrent's check, the less Mischief it does; let it alone, perhaps 'twill only kiss the Banks and pass; but stop it, 'tis insatiable.

Don

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Don *Ped.* I wou'd not stop it; but cou'd I gently turn its Course where it might run, and vent it self with Innocence, I wou'd. *Leonora* of her self is virtuous; her Birth, Religion, Modesty and Sense, will guide her Wishes where they ought to point. But yet, let Guards be what they will, that Place is safest that is ne'er attack'd.

Don *John.* As far as I can serve you, in hindring *Guzman's* Approaches, you may command me.

Don *Ped.* That's all I ask.

Don *John.* Then all you ask is granted.

Don *Ped.* I am at ease, farewell.

Don *John.* Heaven bring you safe to us again.

[Exit Don *Ped.*]

Don *John* solus.

Yes, I shall observe her, doubt it not. I wish no body may observe me, for I find I'm no more Master of my self. Don *Guzman's* Passion for her, adds to mine; but when I think on what Don *Pedro*'ll reap, I'm Fire and Flame. Something must be done: What, let Love direct, for I have nothing else to guide me.

Enter *Lopez.*

Lop. aside.] Don *Pedro* is mounting for his Journey, and leaves a young, warm, liquorish Hussy with a watry Mouth, behind him——Hum—— If she falls handsomely in my Master's way, let her look to her—— It—— there he is. Doing what? Thinking? That's new: And if any Good comes on't, that will be newer still.

Don *John aside.*) How! Abuse the Trust a Friend reposes in me? And while he thinks me waking for his Peace, employ the stretch of Thought to make him wretched?

Lop. Not to interrupt your pious Meditations, Sir, pray have you seen—— Seen what, Fool? Why he can't see thee. I'gad, I believe the little blind Bastard has whipt him through the Heart in earnest.

Don *John aside.*) *Pedro* wou'd never have done this by me—— How do I know that?—— Why—— he swore he was my Friend—— Well; and I swore

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swore I was his—— Why then if I find I can break my Oath, why should not I conclude he would do as much by his?

Lop. aside.) His Countenance begins to clear up; I suppose Things may be drawing to a Conclusion.

Don John aside.) Ay, 'tis just so: And I don't believe he wou'd have debated the Matter half so long as I have done: I'gad I think I have put my self to a great Expence of Morality about it. I'm sure at least, my Stock's out. But I have a Fund of Love, I hope may last a little longer.

O, are you there, Sir!

(Seeing Lop.

Lop. I think so, Sir. I won't be positive in any thing.

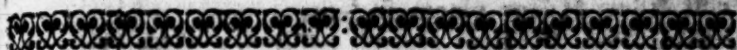
Don John. Follow me; I have some Business to employ you in, you'll like. *(Exit Don John.*

Lop. I won't be positive in that neither. I guess what you are going about—— There's Roguery a-foot: This is at *Leonora*, who I know hates him; nothing under a Rape will do't —— He'll be hang'd —— And then, what becomes of thee, my little *Lopez*?

Why, the Honour to a—— dingle dangle by him, Which he'll have the Good-nature to be mighty sorry for. But I may chance to be before-hand with him: If we are not taken in the Fact, they'll perhaps do him the Honour to set a Reward upon his Head. Which if they do, Don, I shall go near to follow your moral Example, secure my Pardon, make my Fortune, and hang you up for the Good of your Country.



ACT



ACT III.

SCENE, *Don Felix's House.*

Enter Don Felix, Don Pedro, Leonora, and Jacinta.

Don Fel. **H**OW Son! oblig'd to leave us immediately, say you?

Don Ped. My ill Fortune, Sir, will have it so.

Leo. *aside.*) What can this be?

Don Fel. Pray what's the matter? You surprize me.

Don Ped. This Letter, Sir, will inform you.

Don. Fel. (*Reads.*) *My Dear Son, Bertrand has brought me the welcome News of your Return, and has given me your Letter; which has in some sort reviv'd my Spirits in the Extremity I am in. I daily expect my Exit from this World: 'Tis now six Years since I have seen you; I shou'd be glad to do it once again before I die: If you will give me that Satisfaction, you must be speedy. Heaven preserve you.*

(*To Don Ped.*) 'Tis enough: The Occasion I'm sorry for, but since the Ties of Blood and Gratitude oblige you, far be it from me to hinder you. Farewel my Son, may you have a happy Journey, and if it be Heaven's Will, may the sight of so good a Son revive so kind a Father. I leave you to bid your Wife adieu.

(*Exit Don. Fel.*

Don Ped. I must leave you, my lovely Bride; but 'tis with bitter pangs of Separation. Had I your Heart to chear me on my way, I might with such a Cordial run my Course: But that Support you want the power to give me.

Leo. Who tells you so?

Don Ped. My Eyes and Ears, and all the Pains I bear.

Leo.

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Leo. When Eyes and Ears are much indulg'd, like Favourite Servants they are apt to abuse the too much Trust, their Master places in 'em.

Don. Ped. If I'm abus'd, assist me with some fair Interpretation of all that present Trouble and Disquiet, which is not in my power to overlook, nor yours to hide.

Leo. You might methinks have spar'd my Modesty; and without forcing me to name your Absence, have laid my trouble there.

Don. Ped. No, no, my fair deluder, that's a Veil too thin to cover what's so hard to hide, my Presence not my Absence is the Cause: your cold Reception at my first approach, prepar'd me for the Stroke; and 'twas not long before your Mouth confirm'd my doom, *Don Guzman*, I am yours.

Leo. Is't then possible the Mouth shou'd utter one Name for another?

Don. Ped. Not at all, when it follows the Dictates of the Heart.

Leo. Were it even so, what wrong is from that Heart receiv'd, where Duty and where Virtue are its Rulers?

Don. Ped. Where they preside, our Honour may be safe, yet our Minds be on the Wreck.

Leo. This Discourse will scarce produce a Remedy; we'll end it therefore if you please, and leave the rest to time. Besides, the Occasion of your Journey presses you.

Don. Ped. The Occasion of my Delay presses you, I fear, much more; you count the tedious Minutes I am with you, and are reduc'd to mind me of my Duty, to free your self from my fight.

Leo. You urge this thing too far, and do me wrong. The Sentiments I have for you are much more favourable than your Jealousy suffers 'em to appear. But if my Heart has seem'd to lean another way, before you had a Title to it, you ought not to conclude I shall suffer it to do so long.

Don. Ped. I know you have Virtue, Gratitude and Truth; and therefore 'tis, I love you to my Ruin.
Cou'd

Could I believe you false, Contempt wou'd 'soon' release me from my Chains, which yet I can't but wish to wear for ever ; therefore indulge at least your Pity to your Slave, 'tis the soft Path in which we tread to love. I leave behind a tortur'd Heart to move you :

*Weigh well its Pains, think on its Passion too,
Remember all its Torments spring from you,
And if you cannot love, at least be true.*

[Exit Don Pedro.

Jac. Now by my troth, Madam, I'm ready to cry. He's a pretty Fellow, and deserves better Luck.

Leo. I own he does : And his Behaviour wou'd engage any thing that were unengag'd. But, alas ! I want his Pity more than he does mine.

Jac. You do ! Now I'm of another mind. The moment he sees your Picture, he's in love with you ; the moment he's in love with you, he imbars ; and, like Lightning, in a moment more he's here : where you are pleas'd to receive him with a Don Guzman, *I am yours.* Ah——poor Man !

Leo. I own, *Facinta*, he's unfortunate, but still I say my Fate is harder yet. The irresistible Passion I have for *Guzman*, renders Don *Pedro*, with all his Merit, odious to me ; yet I must in his favour make eternal War, against the Strength of Inclination and the Man I love.

Jac. [*Aside.*] Um——If I were in her case, I cou'd find an Expedient for all this Matter. But she makes such a bustle with her Virtue, I dare not propose it to her.

Leo. Besides, Don *Pedro* possesses what he loves, but I must never think on poor Don *Guzman* more. [*Weeping.*

Jac. Poor Don *Guzman* indeed ! We han't said a word of the pickle he's in yet. Hark ! somebody knocks——at the old Rendezvous. It's he, on my Conscience.

Leo. Let's be gone ; I must think of him no more.

Jac. Yes, let's be gone ; but let's know whether 'tis he or not first.

Leo. No, *Facinta* ; I must not speak with him any more. [*Sighing.*] I'm married to another.

Jac.

Jac. Married to another ! well, married to another, why, if one were married to twenty others, one may give a civil Gentleman an Answer.

Leo. Alas ! what would'st thou have me say to him ?

Jac. Say to him ! Why, one may find twenty things to say to a Man : Say, that 'tis true you are married to another, and that a——'twou'd be a Sin to think of any body but your Husband, and that——you are of a timorous Nature, and afraid of being damn'd ; and that a—— You wou'd not have him die neither ; That a——Folks are mortal, and things sometimes come strangely about, and a Widow's a Widow, and—

Leo. Peace, Levity. (*Sighing.*) But see who 'tis knocks.

Jac. Who's there ?

Isa. (*Behind the Scenes.*) 'Tis I, *Isabella*.

Leo. *Isabella* ! What do you want, my Dear ?

Isa. Your Succour, for Heaven's sake, *Leonora*. My Brother will destroy himself.

Leo. Alas ! it is not in my power to save him.

Isa. Permit him but to speak to you, that possibly may do.

Leo. Why, have not I the Force to refuse him ?

[*Don Guz.* *behind the Scenes.*] Is it you, I hear, my poor lost Mistress ? Am I so happy once more to meet you, where I so often have been blest ?

Jac. Courage, Madam, say a little something to him.

Don Guz. Not one kind word to a distracted Lover ? No pity for a Wretch you have made so miserable ?

Leo. The only way to end that Misery, is to forget we ever thought of Happiness.

Don Guz. And is that in your power ? Ah, *Leonora*, you ne'er lov'd lik'd me.

Leo. How I have lov'd, to Heaven I appeal ! But Heaven does now permit that Love no more.

Don Guz. Why does it then permit us Life and Thought ? Are we deceiv'd in its Omnipotence ? Is it reduc'd to find its Pleasures in its Creatures Pain ?

Leo. In what, or where, the Joys of Heaven consist, lies deeper than a Woman's Line can fathom ; but this we know, a Wife must in her Husband seek for her, and

and therefore I must think of you no more. Farewel.

[Exit Leo.]

Don Guz. Yet hear me, cruel *Leonora*.

Jac. It must be another time then, for she's whipt off now. All the Comfort I can give you is, that I see she durst not trust her self any longer in your Company. But hush, I hear a Noise, get you gone, we shall be catch'd.

Leo. *within.*] *Jacinta!*

Jac. I come, I come, Madam. [Exit *Jac.*]

Enter *Lopez*.

Lop. If I mistake not, there are a Brace of Lovers intend to take some pains about Madam, in her Husband's Absence. Poor Don *Pedro*! Well; methinks a Man's in a very merry mood that marries a handsome Wife; When I dispose of my Person, it shall be to an ugly one. They take it so kindly, and are so full of Acknowledgment; watch you, wait upon you, nurse you, humour you, are so fond, and so chaste. Or if the Hussey has Presumption enough to think of being otherwise, away with her into the Mountains fifty Leagues off; no body opposes. If she's mutinous, give her Discipline; every body approves on't. Hang her, says one, he's kinder than she deserves; Damn her, says another, why does not he starve her? But if she's handsome, Ah the Brute, cries one; Ah the *Turk*, cries t'other: Why don't she cuckold him, says this Fellow? Why does not she poison him, says that? and away comes a Pacquet of Epistles to advise her to't. Ah poor Don *Pedro*! But enough: 'Tis now Night, all's hush and still: every body's a-bed, and what am I to do? Why as other trusty Domesticks, sit up to let the Thief in, But I suppose he won't be here yet; with the help of a small Nap beforehand, I shall be in a better Condition to perform the duty of a Centinel when I go to my Post. This corner will just fit me: Come *Lopez*, lie thee down, short Prayers, and to sleep.

[He lies down.]

Enter *Jacinta*, with a Candle in her hand.

Ja. So, I have put my poor Lady to bed with nothing but Sobs, Tears, Sighs, Wishes, and a Pillow to mumble,

instead of a Bridegroom, poor Heart. I pity her; but every body has their Afflictions, and by the Beads of my Grandmother, I have mine.

Tell me, kind Gentlemen, if I have not something to excite you? Methinks I have a roguish Eye, I'm sure I have a mettled Heart. I'm soft and warm, and sound, may it please ye,

Whence comes it then, this Rascal *Lopez*, who now has been two Hours in the Family, has not yet thought it worth his while to make one Motion towards me? Not that the Blockhead's Charms have mov'd me; but I'm angry mine han't been able to move him. I doubt I must begin with the Lubber; my Reputation's at stake upon't, and I must rouse the Drone somehow.

Lopez, rubbing his Eyes, and coming on.

Lop. What a damn'd Condition is that of a Valet? No sooner do I, in comfortable Slumber, close my Eyes, but methinks my Master's upon me, with fifty Slaps o'th'Back, for making him wait in the Street. I have his Orders to let him in here to-night, and so I had e'en——Who's that?——*Jacinta!*——Yes,——a Catterwauling!——like enough.

Jac. The Fellow's there; I had best not lose the Occasion. *(Aside.*

Lop. The Slut's handsome, I begin to kindle: But if my Master shou'd be at the Door——Why there let him be, till the Matter's over. *(Aside.*

Jac. Shall I advance? *(Aside.*

Lop. Shall I venture? *(Aside.*

Jac. How severe a Look he has. *(Aside.*

Lop. She seems very reserv'd. *(Aside.*

Jac. If he shou'd put the Negative upon me. *(Aside.*

Lop. She seems a Woman of great Discretion; I tremble. *(Aside.*

Jac. Hang it, I must venture. *(Aside.*

Lop. Faint Heart never won fair Lady. *(Aside.*

Jac. *Lopez?*

Lop. *Jacinta!*

Jac. O dear heart! is't you?

Lop. Charming *Jacinta!* fear me not.

Jac.

Jac. O ho! he begins to talk soft——then let us take upon us again. (*Aside.*

Lop. Cruel *Facinta*, whose Mouth (small as it is) has made but one Morfel of my Heart.

Jac. It's well he prevents me, I was going to leap about the Rascal's Neck. (*Aside.*

Lop. Barbare *Facinta*, cast your Eyes On your poor *Lopez*, e'er he dies.

Jac. Poetry too! Nay then I have done his Business. (*Aside.*

Lop. Feel how I burn with hot Desire,
Ah! pity me, and quench my Fire;
Deaf my fair Tyrant, deaf to my Woes,
Nay then, Barbarian, in it goes. (*Drawing a Knife.*

Jac. Why how now Jack-Sauce? why how now Presumption? what Encouragement have I given you Jack-a-lent, to attack me with your Tenders? I could tear your Eyes out, Sirrah, for thinking I am such a one. What Indecency have you seen in my Behaviour, Impudence, that you shou'd think me for your beastly Turn, you Goat you.

Lop. Patience, my much offended Goddess, 'tis honourably I wou'd share your Bed.

Jac. Peace, I say——Mr. *Liquorish*. I, for whom the most successful Cavaliers imploy their Sighs in vain, shall I look down upon a crawling Worm? Pha—— See that crop Ear there, that Vermin, that wants to eat at a Table would set his Master's mouth a watering.

Lop. May I presume to make an humble Meal upon what savoury Remnants he may leave?

Jac. No.

Lop. 'Tis hard! 'tis wondrous hard!

Jac. Leave me.

Lop. 'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful!

Jac. Be gone, I say.

Thus Ladies 'tis, perhaps sometimes with you,
With Scorn you fly the thing which you pursue.

(*Exit Jac.*

Lop. *solus*. 'Tis very well, Mrs. Flipflap, 'tis very well; but do you hear——Tawdery, you are not so al-

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During as you think you are——Comb-brush, nor I so much in love——your Maidenhead may chance to grow mouldy with your Airs——the Pox be your Bed-fellow, there's that for you. Come, let's think no more on't, Sailors must meet with Storms; my Master's going to Sea too. He may chance to fair no better with the Lady, than I have done with her *Abigail*; There may be foul Weather there too. I reckon at present he may be lying by under a Mizen at the Street-Door, I think it rains too for his Comfort. What if I shou'd leave him there an hour or two in fresco, and try to work off the Amour that way? No; People will be physick'd their own way. But perhaps I might save his Life by't,——yes, and have my Bones broke for being so officious; therefore if you are at the Door, Don *John* walk in, and take your Fortune. (*Opens the Door.*)

Enter Don John.

Don John. Hift! hift!

Lop. Hift! hift!

Don John. *Lopez!*

Lop. [*Aside.*] The Devil——Tread softly.

Don John. Are they all asleep?

Lop. Dead.

Don John. Enough, shut the Door.

Lop. 'Tis done.

Don John. Now be gone.

Lop. What! Shut the Door first, and then be gone? Now, methinks, I might as well have gone first, and then shut the Door.

Don John. I bid you be gone, you Dog you, do you find the way.

Lop. [*Aside.*] Stark mad, and always so when a Woman's in chafe. But, Sir, will you keep your chief Minister out of the Secrets of your State? Pray let me know what this night's Work is to be.

Don John. No Questions, but march.

(*Lop. goes to the Door, and returns.*)

Lop. Very well——

But, Sir, shall I stay for you in the Street?

Don John. No, nor stir out of the House.

Lop.

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Lop. So : Well, Sir, I'll do just as you have order'd me ; I'll be gone, and I'll stay ; and I'll march, and I won't stir, and——just as you say, Sir.

Don John. I see you are afraid, you Rascal you.

Lop. Passably.

Don John. Well, be it so ; but you shan't leave the House, Sir ; therefore be gone to your Hog-stye, and wait further Orders.

Lop. [*Aside.*] But first I'll know how you intend to dispose of your self. (*Lop. hides behind the Door.*)

Don John solus.

Don John. All's hush and still ; and I am at the point of being a happy——Villain. That Thought comes uninvited——Then like an uninvited Guest let it be treated : Be gone, Intruder. *Leonora's* Charms turn Vice to Virtue, Treason into Truth ; Nature, who has made her the supreme Object of our Desires, must needs have design'd her the Regulator of our Morals. Whatever points at her, is pointed right. We are all her Due, Mankind's the Dower which Heaven has settled on her ; and he's the Villain that wou'd rob her of her Tribute. I therefore, as in Duty bound, will in, and pay her mine.

Lop. aside.] There he goes, i'faith ; he seem'd as if he had a Qualm just now ; but he never goes without a Dram of Conscience-Water about him, to set Matters right again.

Don John. [*Aside.*] This is her Door, 'tis lock'd ; but I have a Smith about me will make her Staple fly.

[*Pulls out some Irons, and forces the Lock.*]

Lop. [*Aside.*] Hark ! hark ! if he is not equipt for a Housebreaker too. Very well, he has provided two Strings to his Bow ; if he 'scapes the Rape, he may be hang'd upon the Burglary.

Don John [*Aside.*] There, 'tis done. So : No Watch-Light burning. [*Peeping into her Chamber.*] All in darkness ? so much the better, 'twill save a great deal of Blushing on both sides. Methinks I feel my self mighty modest, I tremble too ; that's not proper at this time. Be firm, my Courage, I have Business for thee——So——How am I now ?——pretty well.

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Then by your leave, *Don Pedro*, I must supply your Neglect. You shou'd not have married till you were ready for Consummation ; a Maidenhead ought no more to lie upon a handsome Bride, than an Impeachment upon an innocent Minister.

[*Don John enters the Chamber.*

Lop. [*Coming forwards.*] Well done, well done ; Gad-a-mercy, my little *Judas*. Unfortunate *Don Pedro* ! thou hast left thy Purse in the hands of a Robber ; and while thou art gallopping to pay the last Duty to thy Father, he's at least upon the Trot to pay the first to thy Wife. Ah the Traitor ! What a Capilotade of Damnation will there be cook'd up for him. But softly : Let's lay our Ear to the Door, and pick up some Curiosities.——I hear no Noise——There's no Light ; we shall have him blunder where he shou'd not do by and by.——Commit a Rape upon her Tea-Table perhaps, break all her China, and then she'll be sure to hang him. But hark —— now I hear——nothing ; she does not say a word ; she sleeps curiously. ——How if she shou'd take it all for a Dream now ? Or her Virtue shou'd be fallen into an Apoplex ? Where the Pox will all this end ?

[*Leo. within.*] *Facinta ! Beatrix ! Fernandes !* Murder ! Murder ! help ! help ! help !

Lop. Now the Play begins, it opens finely.

[*Leo. within.*] Father ! *Alphonso !* Save me ! O save me !

Lop. Comedy or Tragedy for a Ducate ? for fear of the latter, decamp *Lopez*. (*Exit Lopez.*

SCENE changes to *Leonora's Bed-Chamber*, discovers *Leonora* in a Gown, holding *Don John* by the Sleeve.

Leo. Whoever you are, Villain, you shan't escape me and tho your Efforts have been in vain, you shan't fail

to receive the Recompence of your Attempt: Help, ho, help there! help!

(Don John breaks from her, but can't find the Door.)

Don John. *(Aside.)* 'Sdeath, I shall be undone! where is this damn'd Door?

Leo. He'll get away: a Light there, quickly.

Enter Don Guzman with his Sword drawn.

Don Guz. Where are you, fair Angel? I come to lose my Life in your Defence.

Don John. *(Aside.)* That's Guzman's Voice; the Devil has sent him: But we are still in the dark; I have one Tour yet, Impudence be my Aid. Lights there, ho! Where is the Villain that durst attempt the virtuous Leonora?

Don Guz. His Life shall make her Satisfaction.

Don John. Or mine shall fall in his Pursuit.

Don Guz. 'Tis by my hands that she shall see him die.

Don John. My Sword shall lay him bleeding at her Feet.

Leo. *(Aside.)* What can this mean? But here's Lights at last, thank the just bounteous Heaven.

Don John. Enter with the Light there; but secure the Door, lest the Traitor 'scape my Vengeance.

Enter Don Pedro with a Light, he finds Leonora between them; both their Swords drawn.

Leo. O Heavens! what is't I see?

Don John. Don Pedro here?

Don Ped. What monstrous Scene is this? *(Aside.)*

Don Guz. What Accident has brought him here? *(Aside.)*

Don John. Now I'm intrigu'd indeed. *(Aside.)*
(Don Pedro steps back, and shuts the Door.)

Don Ped. *(Aside.)* This Mystery must unfold before we part. What Torments has my Fate provided me? Is this the Comfort I'm to reap, to dry my Tears for my poor Father's Death? *(To Leo.)* Ah Leonora!

Leo. *(Aside.)* Alas! where will this end?

(Falling into a Chair.)

Don Ped. *(Aside.)* Naked; and thus attended at the dead of Night, my Soul is froze at what I see. Confu-

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sion sits in all their Faces, and in large Characters I read the Ruin of my Honour and my Love.

(*To the Men.*) Speak, Statues, if you yet have power to speak, why at this time of Night you are found with *Leonora*? — None speak! — *Don John*, it is from you I ought to know.

Don John. My Silence may inform you.

Don Ped. Your Silence does inform me of my Shame, but I must have some Information more; explain the whole.

Don John. I shall. You remember, *Don Pedro* —

Don Ped. Be quick.

Don John. You remember you charg'd me before you went. —

Don Ped. I remember well, go on.

Don John. With the Care of your Honour.

Don Ped. I did; dispart.

Don John. Very well; you see *Don Guzman* in this Apartment, you see your Wife naked, and you see me, my Sword in my hand; that's all.

Don Ped. (*Drawing upon Don Guz.*) 'Tis here then I am to revenge my Wrongs.

Don Guz. Hold.

Don Ped. Villain, defend thy self.

Leo. O Heaven!

Don Guz. Yet hear me.

Don Ped. What can't thou say?

Don Guz. The Truth, as holy Heaven it self is Truth. I heard the Shrieks and Cries of *Leonora*; what the Occasion was I knew not, but she repeated them with so much Vehemence, I found, whatever her Distress might be, her Succour must be sudden; so leapt the Wall that parts our Houses, and flew to her Assistance. *Don John* can, if he please, inform you more.

Don Ped. (*Aside.*) Mankind's a Villain, and this may be true; yet 'tis too monstrous for a quick Conception. I shou'd be cautious how I wrong *Don John*. Sure 'tis not right to ballance. I yet have but their Words against their Words; I know *Don John* for my Friend, and
Guzman

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Guzman for my Rival. What can be clearer? Yet hold: If *Leonora's* innocent, she may untangle all.

Madam, I shou'd be glad to know (if I have so much Interest left) which way your Evidence will point my Sword?

Leo. My Lord, I'm in the same perplexity with you: All I can say is this; one of them came to force me; t'other to save me: but the Night confounding the Villany of the Guilty with the Generosity of the Innocent, I still am ignorant to which I owe my Gratitude or my Resentment.

Don Guz. But, Madam, did you not hear me cry I came to help you?

Leo. I own it.

Don John. And did you not hear me threaten to destroy the Author of your Fears?

Leo. I can't deny it.

Don Guz. What can there be more clear to me?

Don John. Or me?

Don Ped. Yet one's a Villain still.

(*Aside.*) My Confusion but increases; yet why confus'd? It is, it must be *Guzman*. But how came *Don John* here? Right. *Guzman* has said how he came to her Aid, but *Alvarada* cou'd not enter but by Treason: Then perish——

Don Guz. Who?

Don John. Who?

Don Ped. Just Gods! instruct me who.

Don Felix knocks.

(*Don Fel. within.*) Let me in, open the Door.

Leo. 'Tis my Father.

Don Ped. No matter, keep the Door fast.

(*Aside.*) I'll have this matter go no further, still I can reach the depth on't. *Don Guzman*, leave the House; I must suspend my Vengeance for a time.

Don Guz. I obey you; but I'll lose my Life, or shew my Innocence. (*Exit Don Guz.*)

Don Fel. within.) Open the Door, why am I kept out?

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Don Ped. Don John, follow me by this back way :
And you, *Leonora*, retire. (Exit *Leonora*.)

(Don John aside, following Don Ped.) If Don *Guzman's* Throat were cut, wou'd not this Bustle end ?

Yes—— Why then if his Throat be not cut, may this Bustle end me.



ACT IV.

SCENE, Don Guzman's House.

Enter Don Guzman, and Galindo.

Don Guz. *musings*.) G Alindo !
Gal. Sir.

Don Guz. Try if you can see *Jacinta*, let her privately know I wou'd fain speak with her.

Gal. It shall be done, Sir. (Exit Gal.

Don Guzman solus.

Sure Villany and Impudence were never on the stretch before ! This Traitor has wreckt them till they crack. To what a Plunge the Villain's Tour has brought me. *Pedro's* Resentment must at last be pointed here : But that's a Trifle, had he not ruin'd me with *Leonora*, I easily had pass'd him by the rest.—— What's to be done ? Which way shall I convince her of my Innocence ? The Blood of him, who has dar'd declare me guilty, may satisfy my Vengeance, but not aid my Love. No, I'm lost with her for ever——

Enter *Jacinta*.

Speak ; is't not so, *Jacinta* ? Am I not ruin'd with the virtuous *Leonora* ?

Jac. One of you, I suppose, is.

Don Guz. Which dost thou think ?

Jac. Why he that came to spoil all, who shou'd it be ?

Don

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Don Guz. Prithee be serious with me if thou can'st for one small Moment, and advise me which way I shall take to convince her of my Innocence, That it was I that came to do her Service?

Jacin. Why you both came to do her Service, did not you?

Don Guz. Still trifling?

Jacin. No by my Troth, not I.

Don Guz. Then turn thy Thoughts to ease me in my Torment, and be my faithful Witness to her, That Heaven and Hell and all their Wrath I imprecate, if ever once I knew one fleeting Thought, that durst propose to me so impious an Attempt. No, *Jacinta*, I love her well; but love with that humility, whatever Misery I feel, my Torture ne'er shall urge me on to seize, more than her Bounty gives me leave to take.

Jacin. And the Murrain take such a Lover, and his Humility both, say I. Why sure, Sir, you are not in earnest in this Story, are you?

Don Guz. Why do'st thou question it?

Jacin. Because I really and seriously thought you innocent.

Don Guz. Innocent! What dost thou mean?

Jacin. Mean! Why what shou'd I mean? I mean that I concluded you lov'd my Lady to that degree, you cou'd not live without her: And that the thought of her being given up to another, made your Passion flame our like Mount *Etna*: That upon this your Love got the Bridle in his Teeth, and ran away with you into her Chamber, where that impertinent Spy upon her and you, *Don John*, follow'd and prevented farther proofs of your Affection.

Don Guz. Why sure.—

Jacin. Why sure, thus I thought it was, and thus she thinks it is. If you have a mind in the depth of your Discretion to convince her of your Innocence—May your Innocence be your Reward. I'm sure were I in her place, you shou'd never have any other from me.

Don Guz. Was there then no Merit, in flying to her Assistance when I heard her Cries?

Jacin.

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Jacin. As much as the Constable and the Watch might have pretended to, something to drink.

Don Guz. This is all Raillery, 'tis impossible she can be pleas'd with such an Attempt.

Jacin. 'Tis impossible she can be pleas'd with being reduc'd to make the Attempt upon you.

Don Guz. But was this a proper way to save her Blushes?

Jacin. 'Twas in the dark, that's one way.

Don Guz. But it must look like downright Violation.

Jacin. If it did not feel like it, what did that signify? Come, Sir, Waggersy apart: You know I'm your Servant, I have given you proofs on't. Therefore don't distrust me now if I tell you, this Quarrel may be made up with the Wife, tho perhaps not with the Husband. In short, she thinks you were first in her Chamber, and has not the worse Opinion of you for it; she makes allowance for your Sufferings, and has still love enough for you, not to be displeas'd with the utmost Proofs you can give, that you have still a warm remain for her.

Don Guz. If this be true, and that she thought 'twas me, why did she cry out to expose me?

Jacin. Because at that time she did not think 'twas you. Will that content you? And now she does think 'twas you, your Business is to let her think so on; for in a word, I can see she's concern'd at the Danger she has brought you into, and I believe wou'd be heartily glad, to see you well out on't.

Don Guz. ——— 'Tis impossible she can forgive me.

Jacin. Oons ——— Now Heaven forgive me, for I had a great Oath upon the very tip of my Tongue; you'd make one mad with your Impossibles and your Innocence, and your Humilities. 'Sdeath Sir, d'you think a Woman makes no distinction between the Assaults of a Man she likes and one she don't? My Lady hates *Don John*, and if she thought 'twas he had done this Job, she'd hang him for't in her own Garters; she likes you, and if you shou'd do such another, you might still die in your Bed like a Bishop for her.

Don Guz. Well, I'll dispute no farther. I put my self into thy hands. What am I to do next?

Jacin.

Jacin. Why, do as she bids you; be in the way at the old Rendezvous, she'll take the first Occasion she can to speak to you; and when you meet, do as I bid you, and instead of your Innocent and Humble, be Guilty and Resolute. Your Mistress is now marry'd, Sir, consider that. She has chang'd her Situation, and so must you your Battery. Attack a Maid gently, a Wife warmly, and be as rugged with a Widow as you can. Good buy t'ye Sir. [Exeunt several ways.]

SCENE, *Don Felix's House.*

Enter Don Pedro solus.

In what distraction have I pass'd this Night? Sure I shall never close my Eyes again. No Rack can equal what I feel. Wounded in both my Honour and my Love; they have pierc'd me in two tender parts. Yet cou'd I take my just Revenge, it wou'd in some degree assuage my Smart. O guide me Heaven to that Cordial-drop ——— Hold! A Glance of Light I think begins to ——— Yes. ——— Right. When yesterday I brought Don *John* hither, was not Don *Felix* much disturb'd? ——— He was; and why? ——— That may be worth enquiring. But something more occurs. At my arrival in this City, was I not told two Cavaliers were warm in the pursuit of *Leonora*? One I remember well they nam'd; 'twas *Guzman*: The other, I am yet a stranger to. I fear I shall not be so long. 'Tis *Alvarada*; O the Traytor! yet I may wrong him much. I have *Guzman's* own Confession that he pass'd the Wall to come to *Leonora* ——— O, but 'twas to her Assistance ——— And so it might, and he a Villain still. There are Assistances of various sorts. ——— What were her Wants? ——— That's dark ——— But whatsoe'er they were, he came to her Assistance. Death be his Portion for his ready Service.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Fel. You avoid me, *Don Pedro*; 'Tis not well. Am I not your Father, have you not reason to believe I am your Friend? Don

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Don Ped. I have.

Don Fel. Why do you not then treat me like a Father and a Friend? The Mystery you make to me of last Night's disturbance, I take unkindly from you. Come tell me your Grief, that if I can I may alluage it.

Don Ped. Nothing but Vengeance can give me ease.

Don Fel. If I desire to know your Wrongs, 'tis to assist you in revenging 'em.

Don Ped. Know then, that last Night in this Apartment I found *Don Guzman* and *Don John*.

Don Fel. *Guzman* and *Alvarada*?

Don Ped. Yes; and *Leonora* almost naked between them, crying out for Aid.

Don Fel. Were they both guilty?

Don Ped. One was come to force her, t'other to rescue her.

Don Fel. Which was the Criminal?

Don Ped. Of that I yet am ignorant. They accuse each other.

Don Fel. Can't your Wife determine it?

Don Ped. The Darkness of the Night put it out of her power.

Don Fel. But I perhaps may bring some Light to aid you: I have part in the Affront: And tho my Arm's too old and weak to serve you, my Counsel may be useful to your Vengeance. Know then, that *Don Guzman* has a long time pursu'd my Daughter; and I as resolutely refus'd his Suit: Which however has not hindered him from searching all Occasions to see and speak to her.

Don John, on his side——

Don Ped. *Don John's* my Friend, and I am confident——

Don Fel. That Confidence destroys you. Hear my Charge, and be your self his Judge. He too has been a pressing Suitor to my Daughter.

Don Ped. Impossible.

Don Fel. To me my self, he has own'd his Love to her.

Don

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Don *Ped.* Good Gods! Yet still this leaves the Mystery where it was; this Charge is equal.

Don *Fel.* 'Tis true; but yonder's one (if you can make her speak) I have reason to believe can tell us more. Ho, *Jacinta*!

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. Do you call me, Sir?

Don *Fel.* Yes; Don *Pedro* wou'd speak with you.

[*To Don Pedro aside.*] I'll leave you with her; press her both by Threats and Promises, and if you find your Wife in fault, old as I am, her Father too, I'll raise my Arm to plunge this Dagger in her Breast; and by that Firmety convince the World, my Honour's dearer to me than my Child.

[*Ex. Don Fel.*]

Don *Ped. aside.* Heaven grant me power to stifle my Rage, till 'tis time to let my Vengeance fly.

Jacinta come near: I have some Business with you.

Jacin. aside. His Business with me at this time can be good for nothing, I doubt.

[*Jacin. to Don Ped.*] What Commands have you, Sir, for me? for I'm not very well.

Don *Ped.* What's your disorder?

Jacin. A little sort of a something towards an Ague, I think.

Don *Ped.* You don't seem so ill, but you may tell me ———

Jacin. O, I can tell you nothing, Sir, I assure you.

Don *Ped.* You answer me before you hear my Question. That looks as if you knew ———

Jacin. I know that what you are a going to ask me, is a Secret I'm out at.

Don *Ped. offering her a Purse.* Then this shall let thee into it.

Jacin. I know nothing of the matter.

Don *Ped.* Come, tell me all, and take thy Reward.

Jacin. I know nothing of the matter, I say.

Don *Ped. drawing his Sword.* Speak; or by all the Flame and Fire of Hell Eternal ———

Jacin. O Lard, O Lard, O Lard!

Don *Ped.* Speak; or th'art dead.

Jacin.

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Jacin. But if I do speak, shan't I be dead for all that?

Don Ped. Speak, and thou art safe.

Jacin. Well—— O Lord—— I'm so frighted—— But if I must speak then—— O dear heart—— give me the Purse.

Don Ped. There.

Jacin. Why truly, between a Purse in one's hand—— and—— a Sword in one's Guts, I think there's little room left for debate.

Don Ped. Come, begin, I'm impatient.

Jacin. Begin! let me see; where shall I begin? as *Don Guzman*, I think.

Don Ped. What of him?

Jacin. Why he has been in love with my Lady these six Years.

Don Ped. I know it; but how has she receiv'd him?

Jacin. Receiv'd him! Why—— as young Maids use to receive handsome Fellows; at first ill, afterwards better.

Don Ped. aside.] Furies! Did they ever meet?

Jacin. A little.

Don Ped. By Day or Night?

Jacin. Both.

Don Ped. Distraction! Where was their Rendezvous?

Jacin. Where they cou'd not do one another much good.

Don Ped. As how?

Jacin. As through a Hole in a Wall.

Don Ped. The Strumpet banters me: Be serious, Insolence, or I shall spoil your Gaiety; I'm not dispos'd to Mirth.

Jacin. Why I am serious, if you like my Story the better for't.

Don Ped. aside.] How miserable a Wretch am I!

Jacin. I tell you there's a Wall parts their two Houses, and in that Wall there's a Hole. How the Wall came

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came by the Hole, I can't tell; may hap by chance,
may hap by no chance; but there 'tis, and there they use
to prattle.

Don Ped. And this is Truth?

Jacin. I can't bate you a word on't, Sir.

Don Ped. When did they meet there last?

Jacin. Yesterday; I suppose 'twas only to bid one
another Adieu.

Don Ped. Ah, *Jacinta*, thou hast pierc'd my Soul.

Jacin. aside.] And yet I han't told you half I cou'd
tell you, my Don.

Don Ped. Where is this place you speak of?

Jacin. There 'tis, if you are curious.

Don Ped. When they wou'd speak with one another,
what's the Call?

Jacin. Tinkle, Tinkle.

Don Ped. A Bell?

Jacin. It is.

Don Ped. Ring.

Jacin. What do you mean, Sir?

Don Ped. hastily.] Ring.

Jacin. 'Tis done.

Don Ped. aside.] I'll make use of her to examine
him.

Does he come?

Jacin. Not yet.

Don Ped. Pull again.

Jacin. You must give him time, Sir: My Lady al-
ways does so.

Don Ped. I hear something.

Jacin. 'Tis he.

(*Don Guz. within.*) Who's there?

(*Don Ped. softly.*) Say you are *Leonora*.

[*Dumb show of her unwillingness, and his threatening.*]

(*Jacin. softly.*) 'Tis *Leonora*.

Don Guz. What are your Commands, Madam? Is
it possible so unfortunate a Wretch as I, can be capable
of serving you?

[*Don Ped. whispers Jacinta, who seems backwards to
speak.*]

Jacin.

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Facin. I come to ask you, how you cou'd so far forget that infinite Regard you have profess'd, to make an attempt so dangerous both to your self and me; and which, with all the Esteem and Love I have ever borne you, you scarce cou'd hope I ever shou'd forgive you.

Don Guz. Alas! my Hopes and Fears were vanish'd too. My Counsel, was my Love and my Despair. If they advis'd me wrong, of them complain, for it was you who made 'em my Directors.

Don Ped. aside.) The Villain owns the Fact. It seems he thinks he has not much to fear, from her Resentment. O Torture!

Enter Leonora.

Facin. aside.) So, She's here; that's as I expected: now we are blown up.

(Leo. aside, not seeing them.) If I don't mistake, I heard *Don Guzman's* call. I can't refuse to answer it; forgive me, Gods, and let my Woman's Weakness plead my Cause—— How! My Husband here! Nay then——

Don Ped. You seem disorder'd, Madam; pray what may be the Cause?

(Leo. confus'd.) I don't know really; I'm not—— I don't know that——

Don Ped. You did not know that I was here, I guess.

Leo. Yes I did, and—— came to speak with you.

Don Ped. I'm not at present in a talking Humour, but if your Tongue is set to Conversation, there's one behind the Wall will entertain you.

Don Guz. But is it possible, fair *Leonora*, that you can pardon my Attempt?

[*Don Ped. to Leo.*] You hear him, Madam, he dares own it to you.

Leo. aside.] *Facinta* winks; I guess what Scene they have been acting here. My Part is now to play.

[*To Don Ped.*] I see, Sir, he dares own it; Nor is he the first Lover has presum'd beyond the Countenance he ever has receiv'd. Pray draw near, and hear what he has more to say: It is my Interest you shou'd know the Depth of all has ever past between us.

[*Leo.*

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[*Leo. to Don Guz.*] I fain wou'd know, Don *Guzman*, whether in the whole Conduct of my Life, you have known one step, that cou'd encourage you to hope I ever cou'd be yours, but on the terms of Honour which you fought me?

Don *Guz.* Not one.

Leo. Why then shou'd you believe I cou'd forgive the taking that by force, which you already were convinc'd I valu'd more the keeping, than my Life?

Don *Guz.* Had my Love been as temperate as yours, I with your Reason had perhaps debated. But not in Reason, but in Flames, I flew to *Leonora*.

Leo. If strong Temptation be allow'd a Plea, Vice, in the worst of shapes, has much to urge: No, cou'd any thing have shaken me in Virtue, it must have been the strength of it in you. Had you shone bright enough to dazzle me, I blindly might have mist the Path I meant to tread: But now you have clear'd my sight for ever. If therefore from this moment more, you dare to let me know one Thought of Love, tho in the humblest Stile, expect to be a Sacrifice to him you attempt to wrong. Farewel. [*She retires from him.*]

Don *Guz.* O stay and hear me, I have wrong'd my self, I'm innocent; by all that's Sacred, Just and Good, I'm innocent.

Don *Ped. aside.* What does he mean?

Don *Guz.* I have own'd a Fact I am not guilty of; *Jacinta* can inform you, she knows I never——

Jacin. I know! The Man's mad; Pray be gone, Sir, my Lady will hear no more. I'll shut him out, Madam, shan't I? [*She shuts the Hole.*]

Leo. I have no farther Business with him.

Enter Isabella hastily.

Isab. O Heavens, *Leonora*, where are you? Don *Pedro*, you can assist me better.

Leo. What's the matter?

Don *Ped.* What is it, Madam, I can serve you in?

Isab. In what the Peace of, my whole Life consists, the Safety of my Brother; Don *John's* Servant has this moment left me a Letter for him, which I have open'd, knowing

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knowing there is an Animosity of some time between 'em.

Don Ped. Well, Madam !

Ifab. O dear, it is a Challenge, and what to do I know not ; if I shew it my Brother, he'll immediately fly to the place appointed : and if I don't, he'll be accus'd of Cowardice. One way I risque his Life, t'other I ruin his Honour.

Don Ped. What wou'd you have me do, Madam ?

Ifab. I'll tell you, Sir : I only beg you'll go to the place where *Don John* expects him ; tell him I have inter-cepted his Letter, and make him promise you he'll send no more : By this generous Charity you may hinder two Men (whose Piques are on a frivolous occasion) from murdering one another ; and by this good Office, you'll repay the small Debt you owe my Brother, for flying last Night to *Leonora's* Succour ; and doubly pay the Obligation you have to me upon the same occasion.

Don Ped. What Obligation, Madam ? I am ignorant, pray inform me.

Ifab. 'Twas I, Sir, that first heard *Leonora's* Cries, and rais'd my Brother to her Aid. Pray let me receive the same assistance from your Prudence, which you have had from my Care, and my Brother's Generosity. But pray lose no time, *Don John* is perhaps already on the spot, and not meeting my Brother, may send a second Message, which may be fatal.

Don Ped. Madam, be at rest ; you shall be satisfy'd, I'll go this moment. I'll only ask you first whether you are sure you heard my Wife call out for Succour, before your Brother pass'd the Wall ?

Ifab. I did ; why do you ask that Question ?

Don Ped. I have a reason, you may be sure.

(*Aside.*) Just Heaven I adore thee, the Truth at last shines clear, and by that Villain *Alvarada* I'm betray'd. But enough, I'll make use of this Occasion for my Vengeance. (*To Ifab.*) Where, Madam, is it, *Don John* tis waiting ?

Ifab. But here, in a small Field behind the Garden.

Don

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Don Ped. aside.) His Blood shall do me Reason for his Treachery.

Ifab. Will you go there directly?

Don Ped. I will. Be satisfy'd. (*Ex. Don Ped.*)

Leo. You weep, *Ifabella*.

Ifab. You see my trouble for a Brother, for whom I wou'd die, and a Lover for whom I wou'd live. They both are Authors of my Grief.

Leo. They both are Instruments of my Misfortune.



A C T V.

Enter Lopez.

O H O, my good Sgnior *Don John*, you are mistaken in your Man; I am your humble Valet, 'tis true, and I am to obey you: but when you have got the Devil in your Body, and are upon your Rantipole Adventures, you shall *Quixot* it by your self for *Lopez*. Yonder he is, waiting for poor *Guzman*, with a Sword of a Fathom and a half, a Dagger for close Engagement; and (if I don't mistake) a Pocket Pistol for extraordinary Occasions. I think I am not in the wrong to keep a little out of the way: These matters will end in a Court of Justice, or I'm wrong in my foresight: Now that being a place where I am pretty well known, and not over-much reputed, I believe 'tis best, neither to come in for Prisoner nor Evidence. But hold; yonder comes another *Toledo*. *Don Guzman* I presume, but I presume wrong, 'tis—— who is't? *Don Pedro*, by all the Powers. What the Pox does he here, or what the Pox do I here? I'm sure as matters stand, I ought to fly him like a Creditor; but he sees me, 'tis too late to slip him.

Enter Don Pedro.

Don Ped. How now, *Lopez*, where are you going?

Lop.

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Lop. I'm going, Sir, I—— I'm going—— if you please I'm going about my Business.

Don Ped. From whence do you come?

Lop. Only, only Sir, from—— taking the Air a little, I'm mightily muddled with a Whur—— round about in my Head for this day or two, I'm going home to be let Blood, as fast as I can, Sir,

Don Ped. Hold, Sir, I'll let you blood here.

This Rascal may have borne some part in this late Adventure: He's a Coward, I'll try to frighten it out of him.

[*Seizing him by the Collar, and drawing his Poignard.*]

You Traytor you, y'are dead.

Lop. Mercy, *Don Pedro.*

Don Ped. Are you not a Villain? (*Lo. Kneeling.*

Lop. Yes if you please.

Don Ped. Is there so great a one upon Earth?

Lop. With respect to my Master; No.

Don Ped. Prepare then to die.

Lop. Give me but time, and I will. But noble *Don Pedro*, just *Don Pedro*, generous *Don Pedro*, what is it I have done?

Don Ped. What if thou dar'st deny, I'll plunge this Dagger deep into thy Throat, and drive the falsehood to thy Heart again. Therefore take heed, and on thy Life declare; did'st thou not this last Night open my doors to let *Don Guzman* in?

Lop. *Don Guzman!*

Don Ped. *Don Guzman?* Yes, *Don Guzman*, Traytor, him.

Lop. Now may the Sky crush me, if I let in *Don Guzman*.

Don Ped. Who did you let in then? It wan't your Master sure! if it was him, you did your Duty, I have no more to say.

Lop. Why then if I let in any body else, I'm a Son of a Whore. (*Rising.*

Don Ped. Did he order you before-hand, or did you do't upon his knocking?

+

Lop.

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Lop. Why he ; I'll tell you Sir, he—— pray put up that Brilliant ; it sparkles so in my Eyes, it almost blinds me—— thank you, Sir, (*Don Ped. puts it up.*)

Why, Sir, I'll tell you just how the matter was, but I hope you won't consider me as a Party.

Don Ped. Go on, thou art safe.

Lop. Why then, Sir, when (for our Sins) you had left us, says my Master to me, *Lopez*, says he, go and stay at old *Don Felix's* House, till *Don Pedro* returns, they'll pass thee for his Servant, and think he has order'd thee to stay there. And then, says he, dost hear, open me the Door by *Leonora's* Apartment to-night, for I have a little business, says he, to do there.

Don Ped. aside.) Perfidious Wretch !

Lop. Indeed, I was at first, a little wresty, and stood off ; being suspicious (for I knew the Man) that there might be some ill Intentions. But he knew me too, takes me upon the weak side, whips out a long Sword, and by the same Means makes me do the thing, as you have made me discover it. (*Aside.*) There's neither Liberty nor Property in this Land, since the Blood of the *Bourbon's* came amongst us.

Don Ped. Then you let him in, as he bid you ?

Lop. I did : If I had not, I had never liv'd to tell you the Story. Yes, I let him in.

Don Ped. And what follow'd ?

Lop. Why he follow'd.

Don Ped. What ?

Lop. His Inclinations.

Don Ped. Which way ?

Lop. The old Way ; To a Woman.

Don Ped. Confound him !

Lop. In short, he got to Madam's Chamber, and before he had been there long, (tho you know, Sir, a little time goes a great way in some matters) I heard such a clutter of small Shor, Murder, Murder, Murder, Rape, Fire, Help, and so forth—— But hold, here he comes himself, and can give you a more circumstantial account of the Skirmish.

Don

Don Ped. I thank thee Heaven at last, for having pointed me to the Victim I am to sacrifice. (*Ex. Lop.*)

Enter Don John.

Drawing.) Villain, defend thy self.

Don John. What do you mean?

Don Ped. To punish a Traytor.

Don John. Where is he?

Don Pen. In the Heart of a sworn Friend.

Don John aside.) I saw *Lopez* go from him; without doubt he has told him all. (*To Don Ped.*) Of what am I suspected?

Don Ped. Of betraying the greatest Trust that Man cou'd place in Man.

Don John. And by whom am I accus'd?

Don Ped. By me: Have at thy Traytor's Heart.

Don John. Hold! And be not quite a Madman!

Pedro, you know me well: You know I am not backward upon these Occasions, nor shall I refuse you any Satisfaction you'll demand; but first, I will be heard, and tell you, That for a Man of Sense, you are pleas'd to make very odd Conclusions.

Don Ped. Why, what is't possible thou canst invent to clear thy self?

Don John. To clear my self! Of what? I'm to be thank'd for what I have done, and not reproach'd. I find I have been an Ass, and push'd my Friendship to that Point, you find not Virtue in your self enough to conceive it in another. But henceforward, I shall be a better Husband on't.

Don Ped. I shou'd be loth to find Ingratitude cou'd e'er be justly charg'd upon me: But after what your Servant has confess'd—

Don John. My Servant! right, my Servant! The very thing I guess'd. Fie, fie, *Don Pedro*; Is't from a Servant's Mouth a Friend condemns a Friend? or can Servants always judge at what their Masters outward Actions point? But some Allowances I shou'd make for the wild Agitation you must needs be in. I'm therefore calm, and thus far pass all by.

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Don Ped. If you are innocent, Heaven be my Aid, that I may find you so. But still——

Don John. But still you wrong me, if you still suspect. Hear then, in short, my part of this Adventure. In order to acquit my self of the Charge you laid upon me in your Absence, I went last Night, just as 'twas dark, to view the several Approaches to the House where you had left your Wife; and I observ'd not far from one of the back Doors, two Persons in close eager Conference: I was disguis'd, so ventur'd to pass near 'em, and by a word or two I heard, I found 'twas *Guzman* talking to *Jacinta*. My Concern for your Honour, made me at first resolve to call him to an immediate account. But then reflecting that I might possibly o'er-hear some part of their Discourse, and by that judge of *Leonora's* Thoughts, I rein'd my Passion in; and by the help of an advancing Buttress, which kept me from their sight, I learnt the black Conspiracy. *Don Guzman* said, he had great Complaint to make; and since his honourable Love had been so ill return'd, he could with ease forgive himself, if by some rougher means he should procure, what Prayers and Tears, and Sighs, had urg'd in vain.

Don Ped. Go on,

Don John. His kind Assistant clos'd smoothly with him, and inform'd him with what ease that very Night she'd introduce him to her Chamber. At last, they parted, with this agreement, That at some Overture in a Wall, he should expect her to inform him when *Leonora* was in Bed, and all the Coast was clear.

Don Ped. Dispatch the rest—— Is't possible after all he should be innocent!

Don John. I must confess the Resolution taken, made me tremble for you: How to prevent it now and for ever, was my next care. I immediately order'd *Lopez* to go lie at *Don Felix's*, and to open me the door when all the Family were in Bed. He did as I directed him. I enter'd, and in the dark found my way to *Leonora's* Apartment; I found the Door open, at which I was surpriz'd. I thought I heard some stirring in her Cham-

Chamber, and in an instant heard her cry for Aid. At this I drew, and rush'd into the Room; which *Guzman* alarm'd at, cry'd out to her assistance. His ready Impudence, I must confess, at first quite struck me speechless; but in a moment I regain'd my Tongue, and loud proclaim'd the Traytor.

Don Ped. Is't possible!

Don John. Yet more: your arrival hindring me at that time from taking vengeance for your Wrong, I at this instant expect him here, to punish him (with Heaven's righteous Aid) for daring to attempt my Ruin with the Man, whose Friendship I prefer to all the Blessings Heaven and Earth dispense.

And now, *Don Pedro*, I have told you this, if still you have a mind to take my Life, I shall defend it with the self-same warmth, I intended to expose it in your Service.

[*Draws.*

Don Ped. aside.] If I did not know he was in love with *Leonora*, I could be easily surpriz'd with what he has told me. But—— But yet 'tis certain he has destroyed the Proofs against him; and if I only hold him guilty as a Lover, why must *Don Guzman* pass for innocent? Good Gods, I am again returning to my Doubts!

Don John aside.] I have at last reduc'd him to a Ballance, but one Lye more tost in, will turn the Scale.

To Don Ped.] One Obligation more, my Friend, you owe me; I thought to have let it pass, but it shall out. Know then, I lov'd, like you, the beauteous *Leonora*; but from the moment, I observ'd how deep her Dart had pierc'd you, I tore my Passion from my bleeding Heart, and sacrific'd my Happiness to yours. Now, I have no more to plead; if still you think your Vengeance is my due, come pay it me.

Don Ped. Rather ten thousand Ponyards strike me dead. O *Alvarada*! Can you forgive a wild distracted Friend? Gods! Whither was my jealous Frenzy leading me? Can you forget this barbarous Injury?

Don John. I can: No more. But for the future, think me what I am, a faithful and a zealous Friend. Retire, and leave me here. In a few moments I hope

to bring you farther Proofs on't. *Guzman* I instantly expect, leave me to do you Justice on him.

Don Ped. That must not be. My Revenge can ne'er be satisfy'd by any other hand but this.

Don John. Then let that do't. You'll in a moment have an opportunity.

Don Ped. You mistake, he won't be here.

Don John. How so?

Don Ped. He has not had your Challenge. His Sister intercepted it, and desir'd I would come to prevent the Quarrel.

Don John. What then is to be done?

Don Ped. I'll go and find him out immediately.

Don John. Very well: Or hold—— [*Aside*] I must hinder 'em from talking, Gossiping may discover me.

Yes: Let's go and find him: Or, let me see——
Ay—— 'twill do better.

Don Ped. What?

Don John. Why—— That the Punishment should suit the Crime.

Don Ped. Explain.

Don John. Attack him by his own Laws of War——
'Twas in the Night he would have had your Honour, and in the Night you ought to have his Life.

Don Ped. His Treason cannot take the Guilt from mine.

Don John. There is no Guilt in fair Retaliation. When 'tis a point of Honour founds the Quarrel, the Laws of Sword-Men must be kept, 'tis true: But if a Thief glides in to seize my Treasure, methinks I may return the Favour on my Dagger's Point, as well as with my Sword of Ceremony six times as long.

Don Ped. Yet still the nobler Method I wou'd chuse; it better satisfies the Vengeance of a Man of Honour.

Don John. I own it, were you sure you shou'd succeed: But the Events of Combats are uncertain. Your Enemy may 'scape you: You perhaps may only wound him; you may be parted. Believe me, *Pedro*, the Injury's too great for a Punctilio Satisfaction.

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Don Ped. Well, guide me as you please, so you direct me quickly to my Vengeance. What do you propose?

Don John. That which is easy, as 'tis just to execute. The Wall he pass, to attempt your Wife, let us get over to prevent his doing so any more. 'Twill let us into a private Apartment by his Garden, where every Evening in his amorous Solitudes, he spends some time alone, and where I guess his late fair Scheme was drawn. The deed done, we can retreat the way we enter'd; let me be your Pilot, 'tis now e'en dark, and the most proper time.

Don Ped. Lead on; I'll follow you.

Don John aside.] How many Villanies I'm forc'd to act, to keep one secret! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *Don Guzman's Apartments.*

Don-Guzman, sitting, solus.

With what Rigour does this unfaithful Woman treat me? Is't possible it can be she, who appear'd to love me with so much tenderness? How little stress is to be laid upon a Woman's Heart? Sure they're not worth those anxious Cares they give. *[Rising.]* Then burst my Chains, and give me room to search for nobler Pleasures. I feel my Heart begin to mutiny for Liberty; there is a Spirit in it yet, will struggle hard for Freedom: but Solitude's the worst of Seconds. Ho, *Sancho, Galinda*, who waits there? Bring some Lights. Where are you?

Enter Galinda, rubbing his Eyes, and drunk.

Galin. I can't well tell. Do you want me, Sir?

Don Guz. Yes, Sir, I want you. Why am I left in the dark? what were you doing?

Galin. Doing, Sir! I was doing—— what one does when one sleeps, Sir.

Don Guz. Have you no Light without?

Galin. Yawning.] Light!—— No, Sir,—— I have no Light. I am us'd to Hardship. I can sleep in the dark.

Don

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Don Guz. You have been drinking, you Rascal, you are drunk.

Galin. I have been drinking, Sir, 'tis true, but I am not drunk. Every Man that is drunk, has been drinking; confess'd. But every Man that has been drinking, is not drunk. Confess that too.

Don Guz. Who is't has put you in this Condition, you Sot?

Galin. A very honest Fellow: Madam Leonora's Coachman, no body else. I have been making a little debauch with Madam Leonora's Coachman; yes.

Don Guz. How came you to drink with him, Beast?

Galin. Only *par* Complaisance, Sir. The Coachman was to be drunk upon Madam's Wedding; and I being a Friend, was desir'd to take part.

Don Guz. And so, you Villain, you can make your self merry, with what renders me miserable.

Galin. No, Sir, no; 'twas the Coachman was merry: I drank with Tears in my Eyes. The remembrance of your Misfortunes, made me so sad, so sad, that every Cup I swallow'd, was like a Cup of Poison to me.

Don Guz. Without doubt.

Galin. Yes; and to mortify my self upon melancholy Matters, I believe I took down fifty. Yes.

Don Guz. Go fetch some Lights, you drunken Sot you.

Galin. I will. If I can find the { *Feeling for the Door,*
Door, that's to say—— The { *and running a-*
Devil's in the Door; I think 'tis { *gainst it.*
grown too little for me—— Shrunk this wet Weather,
I presume. [Ex. Galin.

Don Guzman alone.

Absence, the old Remedy for Love, must e'en be mine; to stay and brave the Danger, were Presumption: Farewel *Valencia* then, and farewel *Leonora*. And if thou can'st, my Heart, redeem thy Liberty; secure it by a Farewel eternal to her Sex.

150 *The FALSE FRIEND.*

Re-enter Galindo with a Candle, he falls, and puts it out.

Galín. Here's light, Sir—— So.

Don Guz. Well done. You foolish Rascal, come no more in my sight. *Passing angrily in to another Chamber.*

Ex. Don Guz.

Galín. These Boards are so uneven—— You shall see now I shall neither find the Candle—— nor the Candle-stick; it shan't be for want of searching however. *Rising and feeling about for the Candle.*

—— O ho, have I got you? enough, I'll look for your Companion to-morrow.

Enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Don Ped. Where are we now?

Don John. We are in the Apartment I told you of—— Softly—— I hear something stir—— Ten to one but 'tis he.

Galín. Don't I hear somewhat?—— No—— when one has Wine in one's Head, one has such a bustle in one's Ears.

Don Ped. to *Don John.* Who is that talking to himself?

Don John. 'Tis his Servant, I know his Voice, keep still.

Galín. Well; since my Master has banish'd me his sight, I'll redeem by my Obedience, what I have lost by my Debauch. I'll go sleep twelve Hours in some melancholy Hole where the Devil shan't find me. Yes.

[Ex. Galín.]

Don John. He's gone; but hush, I hear somebody coming.

Don Guz. Ho there, will no body bring light?

[Behind the Scene.]

Don Ped. 'Tis *Guzman.*

Don John. 'Tis so, prepare.

Don Ped. Shall I own my Weakness, I feel an inward Check; I wish this could be done some other way.

Don

The FALSE FRIEND. 151

Don John. Distraction all ! is this a time to balance ? Think on the Injury he would have done you, 'twill fortify your Arm, and guide your Dagger to his Heart.

Don Ped. Enough, I'll hesitate no more ; be satisfy'd, hark, he's coming.

Don Guzman passes the Stage.

Don Guz. I think these Rogues are resolv'd to leave me in the dark all Night. [Ex. Don Guz.]

Don John. Now's your time, follow him, and strike home.

Don Ped. To his Heart, if my Dagger will reach it. [Don Pedro follows him.]

Don John *aside.*] If one be kill'd, I'm satisfy'd ; 'tis no great matter which.

Re-enter Don Guzman, Don Pedro following him, with his Dagger ready to strike.

Don Guz. *aside.*] My Chamber-Door's lock'd, and I think I hear somebody tread — Who's there ? — No body answers. But still I hear something stir. Hold there ! Sancho, are you all drunk ? some Lights here quickly. [Exit.]

Don Guzman passes by the Corner where Don John stands, and goes off the Stage ; Don Pedro following him, stabs Don John.

Don Ped. *aside.*] I think I'm near him now : — Traitor, take that, my Wife has sent it thee.

Don John. Ah, I'm dead.

Don Ped. Then thou hast thy due.

Don John. I have indeed, 'tis I that have betray'd thee.

Don Ped. And 'tis I that am reveng'd on thee for doing it.

Don John. I wou'd have forc'd thy Wife.

Don Ped. Die then with the Regret, to have fail'd in thy Attempt.

Don John. Farewel, if thou can'st forgive me — [dies.]

Don Ped. I have done the deed, there's nothing left, but to make our escape. Don John, where are you ? let's be gone, I hear the Servants coming.

Lopez knocks hard at the Door.

Lop. Open there quickly, open the Door.

Don Ped. That's *Lopez*, we shall be discover'd. But 'tis no great matter, the Crime will justify the Execution; but where's *Don John*? *Don John*, where are you?

Lopez knocks again.

Lop. Open the Door there, quickly. Madam, I saw 'em both pass the Wall, the Devil's in't if any good comes on't.

Leo. I am frightned out of my Senses: ho, *Isabella*!

Don Ped. 'Tis *Leonora*. She's welcome. With her own Eyes let her see her *Guzman* dead.

Enter Don Guzman, Leonora, Isabella, Jacinta and Lopez, with Lights.

Don Ped. Ha, What is't I see? *Guzman* alive? Then who art thou? [*Looking on Don John.*]

Don Guz. *Guzman* alive! Yes, *Pedro*, *Guzman* is alive.

Don Ped. Then Heaven is just, and there's a Traytor dead.

Isabella weeps.] Alas, *Don John*?

Lop. looking upon Don John.] *Bonus Notius.*

Don Guz. What has produc'd this bloody Scene?

Don Ped. 'Tis I, have been the Actor in't, my Poi-nyard, *Guzman*, I intended in your Heart; I thought your Crime deserv'd it: but I did you wrong, and my hand in searching the Innocent, has by Heaven's Justice been directed to the Guilty. *Don John* with his last breath, confess'd himself the Offender. Thus my Revenge's satisfied, and you are clear'd.

Don Guz. Good Heaven, how equitable are thy Judgments!

Don Ped. to Leo. Come, Madam, my Honour now is satisfied, and if you please my Love may be so too.

Leo. If it is nor,

You to your self alone shall owe your smart,
For where I've given my Hand, I'll give my Heart.

SSO

THE



THE
MISTAKE:
A
COMEDY;

As it is Acted at the
Queen's Theatre in the *Hay*
Market.



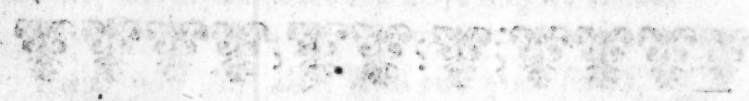


THE
MISTAKE

COMEDY

As it is Acted at the

Queen's Theatre in the Hay-
Market





PROLOGUE;

Written by Mr. Steele.

Spoken by Mr. Booth.



OUR Author's Wit and Raillery to-night
Perhaps might please, but that your Stage-
(delight
No more is in your Minds, but Ears and
Sight.

With Audiences compos'd of Belles and Beaux,
The first Dramatick Rule is, have good Clothes.
To charm the gay Spectator's gentle Breast,
In Lace and Feather Tragedy's express'd,
And Heroes die unpity'd, if ill-dress'd.

The other Style you full as well advance;
If 'tis a Comedy, you ask—— Who dance?
For oh! what dire Convulsions have of late
Torn and distracted each Dramatick State,
On this great Question, which House first should sell
The New French Steps, imported by Ruel?
Desbarques can't rise so high, we must agree,
They've half a Foot in Height more Wit than we.
But tho' the Genius of our Learned Age
Thinks fit to Dance and Sing quite off the Stage,
True Action, Comick Mirth, and Tragick Rage;
Yet as your Taste now stands, our Author draws
Some Hopes of your Indulgence and Applause.

For

For that great End this Edifice he made,
 Where humble Swain at Lady's Feet is laid;
 Where the pleas'd Nymph her conquer'd Lover spies,
 Then to Glass Pillars turns her conscious Eyes,
 And points a-new each Charm, for which he dies.

The Muse, before nor Terrible nor Great,
 Enjoys by him this awful gilded Seat:
 By him Theatrick Angels mount more high,
 And Mimick Thunders shake a broader Sky.

Thus all must own, our Author has done more
 For your Delight, than ever Bard before.
 His Thoughts are still to raise your Pleasures fill'd;
 To Write, Translate, to Blazon, or to Build.
 Then take him in the Lump, nor nicely pry
 Into small Faults, that 'scape a busy Eye;
 But kindly, Sirs, consider, he to-day
 Finds you the House, the Actors, and the Play:
 So, tho' we Stage-Mechanick Rules omit,
 You must allow it in a Whole-Sale Wit.



EPILOGUE;

Written by Mr. Motteux.



'M thinking, now good Husbands are so few,
 To get one like my Friend, what I must do.
 Camillo ventur'd hard; yet at the worst,
 She stole Love's Honey-Moon, and try'd her
 (Lover first.
 Many poor Damsels, if they dar'd to tell,
 Have done as much, but have not escap'd so well.

'Tis well the Scene's in Spain; thus in the dark,
 I shou'd be loth to trust a London Spark.
 Some Accident might, for a private Reason,
 Silence a Female, all this acting Season.
 Hard Fate of Woman! Any one wou'd vex,
 To think what odds, you Men have, of our Sex.
 Restraint and Customs share our Inclination,
 You Men can try, and run o'er half the Nation.
 We dare not, even to avoid Reproach,
 When you're at White's, peep out of Hackney-Coach;
 Nor with a Friend at Night, our Fame regarding,
 With Glass drawn up, drive about Covent-Garden.
 If poor Town-Ladies steal in here, you rail,
 Tho like chaste Nuns, their modest Looks they veil;
 With this Decorum, they can hardly gain
 To be thought Virtuous, even in Drury-Lane.
 Tho this you'll not allow, yet sure you may
 A Plot to snap you, in an honest Way.
 In Love-Affairs, one scarce would spare a Brother:
 All cheat; and married Folks may keep a pother,
 But look as if they cheated one another.
 You may pretend, our Sex dissembles most,
 But of your Truth none have much cause to boast:
 You promise bravely; but for all your Storming,
 We find you're not so valiant at performing.
 Then sure Camillo's Conduct you'll approve:
 Wou'd you not do as much for one you love?
 Wedlock's but a blind Bargain at the best,
 You venture more, sometimes, to be not half so blest.
 All, soon or late, that dang'rous Venture make,
 And some of you may make a worse Mistake.



Dramatis Personæ.

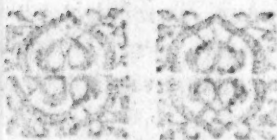
M E N.

Don <i>Alvarez</i> , Father to <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
Don <i>Felix</i> , Father to <i>Lorenzo</i> .	Mr. <i>Bright</i> .
Don <i>Carlos</i> , in love with <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
Don <i>Lorenzo</i> , in love with <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Husbands</i> .
<i>Metaphrastus</i> , Tutor to <i>Camillo</i> .	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Sancho</i> , Servant to <i>Carlos</i> .	Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
<i>Lopez</i> , Servant to <i>Lorenzo</i> .	Mr. <i>Pack</i> .
A <i>Bravo</i> .	

W O M E N.

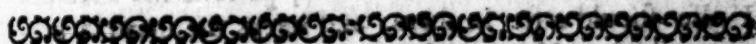
<i>Leonora</i> , Daughter to <i>Alvarez</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Camillo</i> , suppos'd Son to <i>Alvarez</i> .	Mrs. <i>Harcourt</i> .
<i>Isabella</i> , her Friend.	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
<i>Facinta</i> , Servant to <i>Leonora</i> .	Mrs. <i>Baker</i> .

THE





THE MISTAKE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Carlos and Sancho.

Car. Tell thee, I am satisfy'd, I'm in love
enough to be suspicious of every
body.



San. And yet methinks, Sir, you
should leave me out.

Car. It may be so; I can't tell: but I'm not at ease.
If they don't make a Knave, at least they'll make a Fool
of thee.

San. I don't believe a word on't: But good faith,
Master, your Love makes somewhat of you; I don't
know what 'tis; but methinks when you suspect me,
you don't seem a Man of half those Parts I us'd to take
you for. Look in my Face, 'tis round and comely,
not

not one hollow Line of a Villain in it : Men of my Fabrick don't use to be suspected for Knaves ; and when you take us for Fools, we never take you for wise Men. For my part, in this present Case, I take my self to be mighty deep. A Stander-by, Sir, sees more than a Gamester. You are pleas'd to be jealous of your poor Mistress without a Cause, she uses you but too well, in my humble Opinion ; she sees you, and talks with you, till I am quite tired on't sometimes ; and your Rival that you are so scar'd about, forces a Visit upon her, about once in a Fortnight.

Car. Alas, thou art ignorant in these Affairs, he that's the civilly'tt receiv'd is often the least car'd for : Women appear warm to one, to hide a Flame for another. *Lorenzo* in short appears too compos'd of late to be a rejected Lover, and the Indifference he shews upon the Favours I seem to receive from her, poisons the Pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me upon a perpetual Rack. No—— I would fain see some of his jealous Transports, have him fire at the sight o'me, contradict me whenever I speak, affront me wherever he meets me, challenge me, fight me——

San. ——Run you through the Guts.

Car. But he's too calm, his Heart's too much at ease, to leave me mine at Rest.

San. But, Sir, you forget that there are two ways for our Hearts to get at ease ; when our Mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we—— not to care a Fig for them. Now suppose, upon the Rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

Car. Again thy Ignorance appears : Alas, a Lover who has broke his Chain will shun the Tyrant that enslav'd him, Indifference never is his Lot, he loves or hates for ever ; and if his Mistress prove another's Prize, he cannot calmly see her in his Arms.

San. For my part, Master, I'm not so great a Philosopher as you be, nor (thank my Stars) so bitter a Lover, but what I see—— that I generally believe ; and when *Jacinta* tells me she loves me dearly, I have good Thoughts enough of my Person never to doubt the Truth on't. See, here the Baggage comes. *En-*

Enter Jacinta with a Letter.

Hist ! *Jacinta* ! my Dear.

Jacin. Who's that ? Blunderbuss ! Where's your Master ?

San. Hard by. [*Shewing him.*]

Jacin. O, Sir, I'm glad I have found you at last ; I believe I have travell'd five Miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the Walks, nor at Church, nor at the Opera, nor——

San. Nor any where else, where he was not to be found ; if you had look'd for him where he was, 'twas ten to one but you had met with him.

Jacin. I had, Jack-a-dandy !

Car. But, prithee, what's the matter ? Who sent you after me ?

Jacin. One who's never well but when she sees you, I think ; 'twas my Lady.

Car. Dear *Jacinta*, I fain would flatter my self, but am not able ; the Blessing's too great to be my Lot : Yet 'tis not well to trifle with me ; how short foe'er I am in other Merit, the Tenderness I have for *Leonora* claims something from her Generosity, I should not be deluded.

Jacin. And why do you think you are ? methinks she's pretty well above board with you, what must be done more to satisfy you ?

San. Why, *Lorenzo* must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jacin. How ! *Lorenzo* !

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jacin. Why, you are not mad, Sir, are you ? Jealous of him ! Pray which way may this have got into your Head ? I took you for a Man of Sense before.—— Is this your Doings, Log ? [*To Sancho.*]

San. No, Forsooth *Pert*, I'm not much given to Suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward—— If I were, I might find more cause, I guess, than your Mistress has given our Master here. But I have so many pretty Thoughts of my own Person, Housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no Man.

Jacin.

Jacin. That's the way to prosper; however, so far I'll confess the Truth to thee; as least if that don't do, nothing else will. Men are mighty simple in Love-matters, Sir: When you suspect a Woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with Reason, and a sour Face: Uddlife, Sir, attack her with a Fiddle, double your good Humour——give her a Ball——powder your Perriwig at her,——let her cheat you at Cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor Woman with the gloomy Face of Jealousy, before she gives the least Occasion for't, is to set a complaisant Rival in too favourable a Light. Sir, Sir, I must tell you, I have seen those have ow'd their Success to nothing else.

Car. Say no more; I have been to blame, but there shall be no more on't.

Jacin. I should punish you but justly however for what's past, if I carry'd back what I have brought you; but I'm good-natur'd, so here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you tim'd your Jealousy.

Car. reads.] If you love me with that Tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this Letter will be welcome; 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a Daughter's Weakness to a Father's Indulgence: And if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my Obedience to them can make you.

Leonora.

Then I shall be what Man was never yet; [*Kissing the Letter.*] Ten thousand Blessings on thee for thy News, I could adore thee as a Deity. (*Embracing Jacin.*)

Sen. True Flesh and Blood, every Inch of her, for all that.

Car. reads again.] And if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my Obedience to them can make you.

O happy, happy Carlos! But what shall I say to thee for this welcome Message? (*To Jacinra.*) Alas! I want

Words.

Words. — But let this speak for me, and this, and this, and — [Giving her his Ring, Watch, and Purse.

San. Hold, Sir; pray leave a little something for our Board-Wages. You can't carry 'em all, I believe: (To Jacinta.) Shall I ease thee of this?

[Offering to take the Purse.

Jacin. No; but you may carry — That, Sirrah.

[Giving him a Box o' th' Ear.

San. The Jade's grown Purse-proud already.

Car. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming Mistress, that I am not able to say my self: But, above all, excuse my late unpardonable Folly, and offer her my Life to expiate my Crime.

Jacin. The best Plea for Pardon will be never to repeat the Fault.

Car. If that will do, 'tis seal'd for ever.

Jacin. Enough; but I must be gone; Success attend you with the old Gentleman. Good-by t'ye, Sir.

[Exit Jacin.

Car. Eternal Blessings follow thee.

San. I think she has taken them all with her; the Jade has got her Apron full.

Car. Is not that Lorenzo coming this way?

San. Yes, 'tis he; for my part now I pity the poor Gentleman.

Enter Lorenzo.

Car. I'll let him see at last I can be chearful too. Your Servant, Don Lorenzo; how do you do this Morning?

Lor. I thank you, Don Carlos, perfectly well, both in Body and in Mind.

Car. What! Cur'd of your Love then?

Lor. No, nor I hope I never shall. May I ask you how 'tis with yours?

Car. Encreasing every hour; we are very constant both.

Lor. I find so much Delight in being so, I hope I never shall be otherwise.

Car. Those Joys I am well acquainted with, but should lose them soon, were I to meet a cool Reception.

Lor.

Lor. That's every generous Lover's Case, no doubt; an Angel could not fire my Heart but with an equal Flame.

Car. And yet you said you still lov'd *Leonora*.

Lor. And yet I said I loved her.

Car. Does she then return you——

Lor. Every thing my Passion can require.

Car. Its Wants are small, I find.

Lor. Extended as the Heavens.

Car. I pity you.

Lor. He must be a Deity that does so.

Car. Yet I'm a Mortal, and once more can pity you; Alas, *Lorenzo*, 'tis a poor Cordial to an aching Heart, to have the Tongue alone announce it happy; besides 'tis mean, you should be more a Man.

Lor. I find I have made you an unhappy one, so can forgive the Boilings of your Spleen.

Car. This seeming Calmness might have the Effect your Vanity proposes by it; had I not a Testimony of her Love would (should I shew it) sink you to the Center.

Lor. Yet still I'm calm as ever.

Car. Nay, then have at your Peace. Read that, and end the Farce. *(Gives him Leonora's Letter.)*

Lor. reads.) I have read it.

Car. And know the Hand?

Lor. 'Tis *Leonora's*; I have often seen it.

Car. I hope you then at last are satisfy'd.

Lor. I am, *(smiling.)* Good-morrow *Carlos*.

(Exit Lor.)

San. Sure he's mad, Master.

Car. Mad! say'st thou?

San. And yet, By'r Lady, that was a sort of a dry sober Smile at going off.

Car. A very sober one! Had he shewn me such a Letter, I had put on another Countenance.

San. Ay, o' my Conscience had you.

Car. Here's Mystery in this——I like it not.

San. I see his Man and Confident there, *Lopez*. Shall I draw him on a Scotch Pair of Boots, Master, and make him tell all?

Car.

Car. Some Questions I must ask him ; call him hither.

San. Hem, *Lopez*, hem !

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Who calls ?

San. I, and my Master.

Lop. I can't stay.

San. You can indeed, Sir. (*Laying hold on him.*)

Car. Whither in such haste, honest *Lopez* ? What ! upon some Love-Errend ?

Lop. Sir, your Servant ; I ask your pardon, but I was going——

Car. I guess where ; but you need not be shy of me any more, thy Master and I are no longer Rivals, I have yielded up the Cause ; the Lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, Sir ? Shall I then live to see my Master and you Friends again ?

San. Yes ; and what's better, thou and I shall be Friends too. There will be no more fear of Christian Bloodshed, I give thee up *Jacinta* ; she's a slippery Housewife, so Master and I are going to match our selves elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, Sir, your Honour should be in earnest ? I'm afraid you are pleas'd to be merry with your poor humble Servant.

Car. I'm not at present much dispos'd to Mirth, my Indifference in this Matter is not so thorowly form'd ; but my Reason has so far master'd my Passion, to shew me 'tis in vain to pursue a Woman whose Heart already is another's. 'Tis what I have so plainly seen of late, I have rouz'd my Resolution to my Aid, and broke my Chains for ever.

Lop. Well, Sir, to be plain with you, this is the joy-fullest News I have heard this long time ; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest Gentleman, and good Faith it often went to the Heart o'me to see you so abused. Dear, dear, have I often said to my self (when they have had a private Meeting just after you have been gone)——

Car.

Car. Ha!

San. Hold, Master, don't kill him yet.

(*To Car. aside.*)

Lop. I say I have said to my self, what wicked things are Women, and what pity it is they should be suffer'd in a Christian Country; what a Shame they should be allow'd to play Will-in-the-Whisp with Men of Honour, and lead them thro Thorns and Briars, and Rocks, and rugged ways, till their Hearts are torn in pieces, like an old Coat in a Fox-Chace? I say, I have said to my self —

Car. Thou hast said enough to thy self, but say a little more to me: Where were these secret Meetings thou talk'dst of?

Lop. In sundry Places, and by divers Ways; sometimes in the Cellar, sometimes in the Garret, sometimes in the Court, sometimes in the Gutter; but the Place where the Kifs of Kisses was given was —

Car. In Hell.

Lop. Sir!

Car. Speak, Fury, what dost thou mean by the Kifs of Kisses?

Lop. The Kifs of Peace, Sir; the Kifs of Union; the Kifs of Consummation.

Car. Thou ly'st, Villain.

Lop. I don't know but I may, Sir. — What the Devil's the matter now? (*Aside.*)

Car. There's not one word of Truth in all thy cursed Tongue has utter'd.

Lop. No, Sir, I — I — believe there is not.

Car. Why then didst thou say it, Wretch?

Lop. O — only in jest, Sir.

Car. I am not in a jesting Condition.

Lop. Nor I — at present, Sir.

Car. Speak then the Truth, as thou wouldst do it at the Hour of Death.

Lop. Yes, at the Gallows, and be turn'd off as soon as I've done. (*Aside.*)

Car. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short Prayer.

†

Car.

Car. I am distracted, and fright the Wretch from telling me what I am upon the Rack to know. (*Aside.*) Forgive me, *Lopez*, I am to blame to speak thus harshly to thee: Let this obtain thy Pardon. (*Gives him Money.*) Thou see'st I am disturb'd.

Lop. Yes, Sir, I see I have been led into a Snare; I have said too much.

Car. And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my Torment; but a farther Knowledge of what causes my Misery. Speak then! Have I any thing to hope?

Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier Batchelour, than my Master may probably be a married Man.

Car. Married, sayst thou?

Lop. I did, Sir, and I believe he'll say so too in a Twelvemonth.

Car. O Torment! — But give me more on't: when, how, to who, where?

Lop. Yesterday, to *Leonora*, by the Parson in the Pantry.

Car. Look to't, if this be false, thy Life shall pay the Torment thou hast given me: Be gone.

Lop. With the Body and the Soul o'me. (*Exit Lopez.*)
San. Base News, Master.

Car. Now my insulting Rival's Smile speaks out: O cursed, cursed Woman!

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. I'm come in haste to tell you, Sir, that as soon as the Moon's up, my Lady'll give you a Meeting in the Close-Walk by the Back-Door of the Garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her Father's Consent to marry you.

Car. Past Sufferance! this Aggravation is not to be borne: go, thank her — with my Curses: Fly — and let them blast her, while their Venom's strong.

(*Exit Car.*)

Jacin. — Won't thou explain? What's this Storm for?

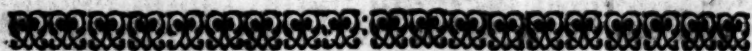
San. And dar'st thou ask me Questions, smooth-fac'd Iniquity, Crocodile of Nile, Syren of the Rocks? Go, carry

carry back the too gentle Answer thou hast receiv'd ; only let me add with the Poet :

*We are no Fools, Trollop, my Master, nor me ;
And thy Mistress may go — to the Devil with thee.*
(Exit Sancho.

Jacinta sola.

Am I awake ! — I fancy not ; a very idle Dream this. Well : I'll go talk in my Sleep to my Lady about it ; and when I awake, we'll try what Interpretation we can make on't. (Exit.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo and Isabella.

Isab. **H**OW can you doubt my Secrecy ? Have you not Proofs of it ?

Cam. Nay, I am determin'd to trust you ; but are we safe here ? Can no body overhear us ?

Isab. Safer much than in a Room. No body can come within hearing, before we see them.

Cam. And yet how hard 'tis for me to break Silence ?

Isab. Your Secret sure must be of great Importance.

Cam. You may be sure it is, when I confess 'tis with Regret I own it e'en to you ; and were it possible, you shou'd not know it.

Isab. 'Tis frankly own'd indeed ; but 'tis not kind, perhaps not prudent, after what you know I already am acquainted with. Have not I been bred up with you ? And am I ignorant of a Secret, which were it known —

Cam. Wou'd be my Ruin, I confess it wou'd. I own you know why both my Birth and Sex are thus disguis'd ; you know how I was taken from my Cradle to secure the Estate, which had else been lost by young Camillo's Death ; but which is now safe in my suppos'd Father's hands,

hand, by my passing for his Son; and 'tis because you know all this, I have resolv'd to open farther Wonders to you. But before I say any more, you must resolve one Doubt, which often gives me great Disturbance; whether Don *Alvarez* ever was himself privy to the Mystery which has disguis'd my Sex, and made me pass for his Son?

Isab. What you ask me, is a thing has often perplex'd my Thoughts, as well as yours, nor cou'd my Mother ever resolve the Doubt. You know when that young Child *Camilla* dy'd, in whom was wrapp'd up so much Expectation, from the great Estate his Uncle's Will (even before he came into the World) had left him; his Mother made a Secret of his Death to her Husband *Alvarez*, and readily fell in with a Proposal made her to take you (who then were just *Camilla's* Age) and bring you up in his room. You have heard how you were then at Nurse with my Mother, and how your own was privy and consenting to the Plot; but Don *Alvarez* was never let into it by 'em.

Cam. Don't you then think it probable his Wife might after tell him?

Isab. 'Twas ever thought, nothing but a Death-bed Repentance cou'd draw it from her to any one; and that was prevented by the Suddenness of her Exit to 'other World, which did not give her even Time to call Heaven's Mercy on her. And yet, now I have said all this, I own the Correspondence and Friendship I observe he holds with your real Mother, gives me some Suspicion, and the Presents he often makes her (which People seldom do for nothing) confirm it. But since this is all I can say to you on that Point, pray let us come to the Secret, which you have made me impatient to hear.

Cam. Know then, that tho *Cupid* is blind, he is not to be deceiv'd; I can hide my Sex from the World, but not from him; his Dart has found the way thro the manly Garb I wear, to pierce a Virgin's tender Heart. I love—

Isab. How!

Cam. Nay, ben't surpriz'd at that, I have other Wonders for you.

Isab. Quick, let me hear 'em.

Cam. I love Lorenzo.

Isab. Lorenzo! Most nicely hit. The very Man from whom your Imposture keeps this vast Estate; and who on the first Knowledge of your being a Woman wou'd enter into Possession of it. This is indeed a Wonder.

Cam. Then wonder farther still, I am his Wife.

Isab. Ha! his Wife!

Cam. His Wife, *Isabella*; and yet thou hast not all my Wonders, I am his Wife without his Knowledge: he does not even know I am a Woman.

Isab. Madam, your humble Servant, if you please to go on, I won't interrupt you, indeed I won't.

Cam. Then hear how these strange things have past: *Lorenzo*, bound unregarded in my Sister's Chains, seem'd in my Eyes a Conquest worth her Care. Nor cou'd I see him treated with Contempt, without growing warm in his Interest: I blam'd *Leonora* for not being touch'd with his Merit; I blam'd her so long, till I grew touch'd with it my self: And the Reasons I urg'd to vanquish her Heart, insensibly made a Conquest of my own: 'Twas thus, my Friend, I fell. What was next to be done, my Passion pointed out; my Heart I felt was warm'd to a noble Enterprize, I gave it way, and boldly on it led me. *Leonora's* Name and Voice, in the dark Shades of Night, I borrow'd, to engage the Object of my Wishes. I met him, *Isabella*, and so deceiv'd him; he cannot blame me sure, for much I blest him. But to finish this strange Story: In short I own, I long had lov'd, but finding my Father most averse to my Desires, I at last had forc'd my self to this secret Correspondence; I urg'd the Mischiefs wou'd attend the Knowledge on't, I urg'd them so, he thought them full of weight, so yielded to observe what Rules I gave him: they were, to pass the Day with cold Indifference, to avoid even Signs or Looks of Intimacy, but gather for the still, the secret Night, a Flood of Love to recompense the Losses of the Day. I will not trouble you with Lovers Cares,

II. 10 nor

nor what Contrivances we form'd to bring this Toying to a solid Bliss. Know only, when three Nights we thus had pass'd, the fourth it was agreed shou'd make us one for ever ; each kept their Promise, and last Night has join'd us.

Isab. Indeed your Talents pass my poor Extent ; you serious Ladies are well form'd for Business : What wretched Work a poor Coquet had made on't ? But still there's that remains will try your Skill, you have your Man, but——

Cam. Lovers think no farther, the Object of that Passion possesses all Desire ; however, I have open'd to you my wondrous Situation, if you can advise me in my Difficulties to come, you will. But see —— my Husband !

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. You look as if you were busy, pray tell me if I interrupt you, I'll retire.

Cam. No, no, you have a Right to interrupt us, since you were the Subject of our Discourse.

Lor. Was I ?

Cam. You were ; nay, I'll tell you how you entertain'd us too.

Lor. Perhaps I had as good avoid hearing that.

Cam. You need not fear, it was not to your disadvantage ; I was commending you, and saying, if I had been a Woman, I had been in danger ; nay I think I said I shou'd infallibly have been in love with you.

Lor. While such an If is in the way, you run no great risque in declaring ; but you'd be finely catch'd now, shou'd some wonderful Transformation give me a Claim to your Heart.

Cam. Not sorry for't at all, for I ne'er expect to find a Mistress please me half so well as you wou'd do, if I were yours.

Lor. Since you are so well inclin'd to me in your Wishes, Sir, I suppose (as the Fates have ordain'd it) you wou'd have some pleasure in helping me to a Mistress, since you can't be mine your self.

Cam. Indeed I shou'd not.

Lor. Then my Obligation is but small to you.

Cam. Why, wou'd you have a Woman, that is in love with you her self, imploy her Interest to help you as another?

Lor. No, but you being no Woman might.

Cam. Sir, 'tis as a Woman I say what I do, and I suppose my self a Woman when I design all these Favours to you: Therefore out of that Supposition, I have no other good Intemions to you than you may expect from any one that says, he's—Sir, your humble Servant.

Lor. So unless Heav'n is pleas'd to work a Miracle, and from a sturdy young Fellow, make you a kind-hearted young Lady, I'm to get little by your good Opinion of me.

Cam. Yes; there is one means yet left (on this side a Miracle) that wou'd perhaps engage me, if with an honest Oath you cou'd declare. Were I Woman, I might dispute your Heart, even with the first of my pre-tending Sex.

Lor. Then solemnly and honestly I swear, that had you been a Woman, and I the Master of the World, I think I shou'd have laid it at your Feet.

Cam. Then honestly and solemnly I swear, henceforwards all your Interest shall be mine.

Lor. I have a Secret to impart to you will quickly try your Friendship.

Cam. I have a Secret to unfold to you, will put you even to a fiery Trial.

Lor. What do you mean, *Camillo*?

Cam. I mean that I love, where I never durst yet own it, yet where 'tis in your power to make me the happiest of—

Lor. Explain, *Camillo*; and be assur'd, if your Happiness is in my power, 'tis in your own.

Cam. Alas! you promise me you know not what.

Lor. I promise nothing but what I will perform; name the Person.

Cam. 'Tis one who's very near to you.

Lor.

Lor. If 'tis my Sister, why all this Pain in bringing forth the Secret?

Cam. Alas! It is your——

Lor. Speak!

Cam. I cannot yet; Farewel.

Lor. Hold! Pray speak it now.

Cam. I must not: But when you tell me your Secret, you shall know mine.

Lor. Mine is not in my power, without the Consent of another.

Cam. Get that Consent, and then we'll try who best will keep their Oaths.

Lor. I am content.

Cam. And I. Adieu.

Lor. Farewel.

(Exit Lorenzo.)

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Leo. 'Tis enough: I will revenge my self this way; if it does but torment him, I shall be content to find no other pleasure in it. Brother, you'll wonder at my Change; after all my ill Usage of Lorenzo, I am determin'd to be his Wife.

Cam. How, Sister! so sudden a Turn? This Inequality of Temper indeed is not commendable.

Leo. Your Change, Brother, is much more justly surprising; you hitherto have pleaded for him strongly, accus'd me of Blindness, Cruelty, and Pride; and now I yield to your Reasons, and resolve in his Favour, you blame my Compliance, and appear against his Interest.

Cam. I quit his Service for what's dearer to me, yours I have learn'd from sure Intelligence, the Attack he made on you was but a Feint, and that his Heart is in another's Chain; I would not therefore see you so expos'd, to offer up your self to one who must refuse you.

Leo. If that be all, leave me my Honour to take care of; I am no Stranger to his Wishes, he won't refuse me, Brother, nor I hope will you, to tell him of my Resolution: if you do, this moment with my own Tongue (thro' all a Virgin's Blushes) I'll own to him I

am determin'd in his Favour——You pause as if you'd let the Task lie on me.

Cam. Neither on you, nor me ; I have a Reason you are yet a Stranger to : Know then there is a Virgin young and tender, whose Peace and Happiness so much are mine, I cannot see her miserable ; she loves him with that Torrent of Desire, that were the World resign'd her in his stead, she'd still be wretched ; I will not pique you to a Female Strife, by saying you have not Charms to tear him from her ; but I would move you to a Female Softness, by telling you her Death would wait your Conquest. What I have more to plead is as a Brother, I hope that gives me some small Interest in you ; whate'er it is, you see how I'd employ it.

Leo. You ne'er cou'd put it to a harder Service. I beg a little time to think : Pray leave me to my self a while.

Cam. I shall ; I only ask that you wou'd think, and then you won't refuse me. [Exit Cam.]

Facin. Indeed, Madam, I'm of your Brother's mind, who for another Cause ; but sure 'tis worth thinking twice on for your own sake : You are too violent.

Leo. A slighted Woman knows no Bounds. Vengeance is all the Cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful Wretch ! to use me with such Insolence.

Facin. You see me as much enrag'd at it, as you are your self, yet my Brain is roving after the Cause, for something there must be ; never Letter was receiv'd by Man with more Passion and Transport ; I was almost as charming a Goddess as your self, only for bringing it. Yet when in a moment after I come with a Message worth a dozen on't, never was Witch so handled ; something must have pass'd between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leo. Nothing cou'd pass worth my enquiring after, since nothing cou'd happen that can excuse his Usage of me ; he had a Letter under my Hand which own'd him Master of my Heart ; and till I contradicted it with my Mouth, he ought not to doubt the Truth on't.

Facin.

Jacin. Nay I confess, Madam, I han't a Word to say for him; I'm afraid he's but a Rogue at bottom, as well as my Shameless that attends him; we are bit, by my Troth, and haply well enough serv'd, for listning to the glib Tongues of the Rascals: But be comforted, Madam; they'll fall into the hands of some soul Slurs or other, before they die, that will set our Account even with 'em.

Leon. Well: Let him laugh; let him glory in what he has done: He shall see I have a Spirit can use him as I ought.

Jacin. And let one thing be your Comfort by the way, Madam, that in spite of all your dear Affections to him, you have had the Grace to keep him at Arms end. You han't thank'd me for't; but good Faith 'twas well I did not stir out of the Chamber that fond Night. For there are Times the stoutest of us are in Danger, the Rascals wheedle so.

Leon. In short, my very Soul is fir'd with this Treatment: and if ever that perfidious Monster should relent, tho he shou'd crawl like a poor Worm beneath my Feet, nay plunge a Dagger in his Heart, to bleed for Pardon; I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy Life, thou do not urge a Look to melt me toward him, but strongly buoy me up in brave Resentment; and if thou see'st (which Heav'n's avert) a Glance of Weakness in me, rouse to my Memory the vile Wrongs I've borne, and blazen them with skill in all their glaring Colours.

Jacin. Madam, never doubt me; I'm charg'd to the Mouth with Fury, and if ever I meet that fat Traytor of mine, such a Volley will I pour about his Ears. — Now Heav'n prevent all hasty Vows; but in the Humour I am, methinks I'd carry my Maiden-Head to my cold Grave with me, before I'd let it simper at the Rascal. But soft; here comes your Father.

Enter Alvarez.
Alv. Leonora, I'd have you retire a little, and send your Brother's Tutor to me, *Metaphrastus.*

[Exit Leo. and Jacin.]
Solus.

Solus.

I'll try if I can discover, by his Tutor, what 'tis that seems so much to work his Brain of late; for something more than common there plainly does appear, yet nothing sure that can disturb his Soul, like what I have to torture mine upon his account. Sure nothing in this World is worth a troubled Mind: What Racks has Avarice stretch'd me on! I wanted nothing, kind Heav'n had given me a plenteous Lot, and seated me in great Abundance; why then approve I of this Imposture? What have I gain'd by it? Wealth and Misery. I have barter'd peaceful Days for restless Nights; a wretched Bargain! and he that merchandizes thus, must be undone at last.

Enter Metaphrastus.

Metaph. Mandatum tuum curo diligenter.

Alv. Master, I had a mind to ask you—

*Metaph. The Title, Master, comes from *Magis* and *Ter*, which is as much as to say, *Thrice* worthy.*

Alv. I never heard so much before, but it may be true for ought I know: But, Master—

Metaph. Go on.

Alv. Why so I will if you'll let me, but don't interrupt me then.

Metaph. Enough, proceed.

Alv. Why then, Master, for a third time, my Son Camillo gives me much uneasiness of late; you know I love him, and have many careful Thoughts about him.

*Metaph. 'Tis true. *Filio non potest preferri, nisi Filius.**

Alv. Master, when one has Business to talk on, these Scholastick Expressions are not of use; I believe you a great Latinist; possibly you may understand Greek; those who recommended you to me, said so, and I am willing it should be true: But the thing I want to discourse you about at present, does not properly give you an Occasion to display your Learning. Besides, to tell you Truth, 'twill at all times be lost upon me; my Father was a wise Man, but he taught me nothing beyond common Sense; I know but one Tongue in the World, which

which luckily being understood by you as well as me, I fancy whatever Thoughts we have to communicate to one another, may reasonably be convey'd in that, without having recourse to the Language of *Julius Caesar*.

Metaph. You are wrong, but may proceed.

Alv. I thank you: What is the matter, I do not know; but tho' it is of the utmost consequence to me to marry my Son, what Match soever I propose to him, he still finds some Pretence or other to decline it.

Metaph. He is, perhaps, of the humour of a Brother of *Marcus Tullius*, who

Alv. Dear Master, leaves the *Greeks*, and the *Latins*, and the *Scotch*, and the *Welsh*, and let me go bin my Business; what have those People to do with my Son's Marriage?

Metaph. Again you are wrong; but go on.

Alv. I say then, that I have strong Apprehensions from his refusing all my Proposals, that he may have some secret Inclination of his own; and to confirm me in this Fear, I yesterday observ'd him (without his knowing it) in a Corner of the Grove, where no body comes.

Metaph. A Place out of the way, you would say; a Place of Retreat.

Alv. Why, the Corner of the Grove, where no body comes, is a place of Retreat, is it not?

Metaph. In Latin, *Secessus*.

Alv. Ha!

Metaph. As *Virgil* has it, *Est in Secessu Locus*.

Alv. How could *Virgil* have it, when I tell you no Soul was there but he and I?

Metaph. *Virgil* is a famous Author, I quote his Saying as a Phrase more proper to the Occasion than that you use, and not as one who was in the Wood with you.

Alv. And I tell you, I hope to be as famous as any *Virgil* of 'em all, when I have been dead as long, and have no need of a better Phrase than my own to tell you my Meaning.

Metaph. You ought however to make choice of the words most us'd by the best Authors. *Tu vides bonos, ut they say, Scribendo sequare peritos.*

Alv. Again!

Metaph. 'Tis *Quintilian's* own Precept.

Alv. Oons —

Metaph. And he has something very learned upon it, that may be of service to you to hear.

Alv. You Son of a Whore, will you hear me speak?

Metaph. What may be the Occasion of this unmanly Passion? What is it you would have with me?

Alv. What you might have known an Hour ago, if you had pleas'd.

Metaph. You would then have me hold my peace — I shall.

Alv. You will do very well.

Metaph. You see I do well; go on.

Alv. Why then, to begin once again, I say my Son *Camillo* —

Metaph. Proceed; I shan't interrupt you.

Alv. I say, my Son *Camillo* —

Metaph. What is it you say of your Son *Camillo*?

Alv. That he has got a Dog of a Tutor, whose Brains I'll beat out, if he won't hear me speak.

Metaph. That Dog is a Philosopher, contemns Passion, and yet will hear you.

Alv. I don't believe a word on't, but I'll try once again; I have a mind to know from you, whether you have observ'd any thing in my Son —

Metaph. Nothing that is like his Father. Go on.

Alv. Have a care.

Metaph. I do not interrupt you; but you are long in coming to a Conclusion.

Alv. Why thou hast not let me begin yet.

Metaph. And yet 'tis high time to have made an end.

Alv. Dost thou know thy Danger? I have not — thus much Patience left.

(*Shewing the end of his Finger.*

Metaph.

Metaph. Mine is already consum'd. I do not use to be thus treated; my Profession is to teach, and not to hear, yet I have hearken'd like a School-Boy, and am not heard, altho a Master.

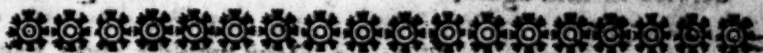
Alv. Get out of the Room.

Metaph. I will not. If the Mouth of a wife Man be shut, he is, as it were, a Fool; for who shall know his Understanding? therefore a certain Philosopher said well, Speak, that thou may'st be known; great Talkers, without Knowledge, are as the Winds that whistle; but they who have Learning, should speak aloud. If this be not permitted, we may expect to see the whole Order of Nature o'erthrown; Hens devour Foxes, and Lambs destroy Wolves, Nurses suck Children, and Children give Suck; Generals mend Stockings, and Chambermaids take Towns; we may expect, I say —

Alv. That, and that, and that, and —

[Strikes him, and kicks him; and then follows him off with a Bell at his Ear.

Metaph. O Tempora! O Mores!



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, the Street.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Sometimes Fortune seconds a bold Design, and when Folly has brought us into a Trap, Impudence brings us out on't. I have been caught by this hot-headed Lover here, and have sold like a Puppy what I shall be beaten for like a Dog. Come! Courage, my dear Lopez; Fire will fetch out Fire: Thou hast sold one body thy Master's Secret, e'en tell it to half a dozen more, and try how that will thrive; go tell it to the

two old Dons, the Lovers Fathers. The Thing's done, and can't be retriev'd ; perhaps they'll lay their two ancient Heads together, club a Penniworth of Wisdom a-piece, and with great Penetration at last find out, that 'tis best to submit, where 'tis not in their power to do otherwise. This being resolv'd, there's no Time to be lost.

[Knocks at Alvarez's Door.

Alv. Who knocks?

[Within.

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What dost want?

[Looking out.

Lop. To bid you Good-morrow, Sir,

Alv. Well, Good-morrow to thee again.

[Retires.

Lop. What a——— I think he does not care for my Company.

[Knocks again.

Alv. Who knocks?

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What would'st have?

[Looking out.

Lop. My old Master, Sir, gives his Service to you, and desires to know how you do.

Alv. How I do? Why, well ; how should I do? Service to him again.

[Retires.

Lop. Sir.

Alv. returning.] What the Deuce wouldst thou have with me, with thy Good-morrows, and thy Services.

Lop. This Man does not understand good Breeding, I find. [Aside.] Why, Sir, my Master has some very earnest Business with you.

Alv. Business! About what? What Business can he have with me?

Lop. I don't know, truly ; but 'tis some very important Matter : He has just now (as I hear) discover'd some great Secret, which he must needs talk with you about.

Alv. Ha ! a Secret, say'st thou?

Lop. Yes ; and bid me bring him word, if you were at home, he'd be with you presently. Sir, your humble Servant.

[Exit Lopez.

Alvarez solus.

A Secret ; and must speak with me about it ! Heavens, how I tremble ! What can this Message mean? I have very

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very little Acquaintance with him, what Business can he have with me? An important Secret 'twas, he said, and that he had just discover'd it. Alas, I have in the World but one, if it be that — I'm lost; an eternal Blot must fix upon me. How unfortunate am I, that I have not follow'd the honest Counsels of my Heart, which have often urg'd me to set my Conscience at ease, by rendring to him the Estate that is his Due, and which by a foul Imposture I keep from him. But 'tis now too late; my Villany is out, and I shall not only be forc'd with shame to restore him what is his, but shall be perhaps condemn'd to make him Reparation with my own. O terrible View!

Enter Don Felix.

Don Fel. My Son to go and marry her, without her Father's Knowledge? this can never end well, I don't know what to do, he'll conclude I was privy to it, and his Power and Interest are so great at Court, he may with ease contrive my Ruin: I tremble at his sending to speak with me — Mercy on me, there he is.

Alv. Ah! Shield me, kind Heav'n! There's Don Felix come: How I am struck with the Sight of him! O the Torment of a guilty Mind!

Don Fel. What shall I say to soften him?

Alv. How shall I look him in the Face?

Don Fel. 'Tis impossible he can forgive it.

Alv. To be sure he'll expose me to the whole World.

Don Fel. I see his Countenance change.

Alv. With what Contempt he looks upon me?

Don Fel. I see, Don Alvarez, by the Disorder of your Face, you are but too well inform'd of what brings me here.

Alv. 'Tis true.

Don Fel. The News may well surprize you, 't's what I have been far from apprehending.

Alv. Wrong, very wrong indeed.

Don

Don Fel. This Action is certainly to the last Point to be condemn'd, and I think no body should pretend to excuse the Guilty.

Alv. They are not to be excus'd, tho' Heav'n may have Mercy.

Don Fel. That's what I hope you will consider.

Alv. We should act as Christians.

Don Fel. Most certainly.

Alv. Let Mercy then prevail.

Don Fel. It is indeed of heav'nly Birth.

Alv. Generous *Don Felix*!

Don Fel. Too indulgent *Alvarez*!

Alv. I thank you on my Knee.

Don Fel. 'Tis I ought to have been there first.

[*They kneel.*]

Alv. Is it then possible we are Friends?

Don Fel. Embrace me to confirm it. [*They embrace.*]

Alv. Thou best of Men!

Don Fel. Ualook'd-for Bounty!

Alv. Did you know the Torment [*rising*] this unhappy Action has given me —

Don Fel. 'Tis impossible it could do otherwise; nor has my Trouble been less.

Alv. But let my Misfortune be kept secret.

Don Fel. Most willingly; my Advantage is sufficient by it, without the Vanity of making it publick to the World.

Alv. Incomparable Goodness! That I shou'd thus have wrong'd a Man so worthy! [*Aside.*] My Honour then is safe.

Don Fel. For ever, even for ever let it be a Secret, I am content.

Alv. Noble Gentleman! [*Aside.*] As to what Advantages ought to accrue to you by it, it shall be all to your entire Satisfaction.

Don Fel. Wonderful Bounty! [*Aside.*] As to that, *Don Alvarez*, I leave it entirely to you, and shall be content with whatever you think reasonable.

Alv. I thank you, from my Soul I must, you know I must. This must be an Angel, not a Man. [*Aside.*]

Don

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Don Fel. The Thanks lie on my side, *Alvarez*, for this unexpected Generosity ; but may all Faults be forgot, and Heav'n ever prosper you.

Alv. The same Prayer I, with a double Fervour, offer up for you.

Don Fel. Let us then once more embrace, and be Forgiveness seal'd for ever.

Alv. Agreed ; thou best of Men, agreed.

[*They embrace.*]

Don Fel. This thing then being thus happily terminated, let me own to you, Don *Alvarez*, I was in extreme Apprehensions of your utmost Resentment on this Occasion ; for I could not doubt but you had form'd more happy Views in the Disposal of so fair a Daughter as *Leonora*, than my poor Son's inferior Fortune e'er can answer : but since they are join'd, and that——

Alv. Ha !

Don Fel. Nay, 'tis very likely to discourse of it may not be very pleasing to you, tho' your Christianity and natural Goodness have prevail'd on you so generously to forgive it. But to do justice to *Leonora*, and screen her from your too harsh Opinion in this unlucky Action, 'twas that cunning wicked Creature that attends her, who by unusual Arts wrought her to this Breach of Duty, for her own Inclinations were dispos'd to all the Modesty and Resignation a Father could ask from a Daughter ; my Son I can't excuse, but since your Bounty does so, I hope you'll quite forget the fault of the less-guilty *Leonora*.

Alv. What a Mistake have I lain under here ! And from a groundless Apprehension of one Misfortune, find my self in the certainty of another. (*Aside.*)

Don Felix. He looks disturb'd ; what can this mean ?

(*Aside.*)

Alv. My Daughter marry'd to his Son !—— Confusion. But I find my self in such unruly Agitation, something wrong may happen if I continue with him ; I'll therefore leave him. (*Aside.*)

Don Felix. You seem thoughtful, Sir, I hope there's no——

Alv.

Alv. A sudden Disorder I am seiz'd with; you'll pardon me, I must retire. (*Ex. Alvarez.*)

Don Felix solus.

I don't like this:— He went oddly off. I doubt he finds this Bounty difficult to go through with. His natural Resentment is making an Attack upon his acquir'd Generosity: Pray Heaven it ben't too strong for't. The Misfortune is a great one, and can't but touch him nearly. It was not natural to be so calm: I wish it don't yet drive him to my Ruin. But here comes this young hot-brain'd Coxcomb, who with his mid-night Amours has been the Cause of all this Mischief to me.

Enter Lorenzo.

So, Sir, you are come to receive my Thanks for your noble Exploit? You think you have done bravely now, ungracious Offspring, to bring perpetual Troubles on me. Must there never pass a Day, but I must drink some bitter Potion or other of your Preparation for me?

Lor. I am amaz'd, Sir; pray what have I done to deserve your Anger?

Don Fel. Nothing; no manner of Thing in the World; nor never do. I am an old testy Fellow, and am always scolding, and finding fault for nothing; complaining that I have got a Coxcomb of a Son that makes me weary of my Life, fancying he perverts the Order of Nature, turning Day into Night, and Night into Day; getting Whims in my Brain, that he consumes his Life in Idleness, unless he rouses now and then to do some noble Stroke of Mischief; and having an impertinent Dream at this time, that he has been making the Fortune of the Family, by an underhand Marriage with the Daughter of a Man who will crush us all to Powder for it. Ah—— ungracious Wretch; to bring an old Man into all this Trouble: The Pain thou gav'st thy Mother to bring thee into the World, and the Plague thou hast given me to keep thee here, make the Getting thee (tho 'twas in our Honey-Moon) a bitter Remembrance to us both. (*Ex. Don Felix.*)

Loren-

The MISTAKE.

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Lorenzo *sings*.

So ——— all's out ——— Here's a noble Storm arising, and I'm at Sea in a Cock-boat. But which way could this Business reach him? By this Traytor Lopez; it must be so; it could be no other way! for only he, and the Priest that marry'd us, know of it. The Villain will never confess tho, I must try a little Address with him, and conceal my Anger. O, here he comes.

Enter Lopez.

Lor. Lopez.

Lop. Do you call, Sir?

Lor. I find all's discover'd to my Father, the Secret's out; he knows my Marriage?

Lop. He knows your Marriage. How the Pest should that happen? Sir, 'tis impossible; that's all.

Lor. I tell thee 'tis true; he knows every Particular of it.

Lop. He does? ——— Why then, Sir, all I can say is, That Satan and he are better acquainted than the Devil and a good Christian ought to be.

Lor. Which way he has discover'd it I can't tell, nor am I much concern'd to know, since beyond all my Expectations, I find him perfectly easy at it, and ready to excuse my Fault with better Reasons than I can find to do it my self.

Lop. Say you so? ——— I'm very glad to hear that, then all's safe.

Lor. 'Tis unexpected good Fortune; but it could never proceed purely from his own Temper, there must have been pains taken with him to bring him to this Calm: I'm sure I owe much to the Bounty of some Friend or other; I wish I knew where my Obligation lay, that I might acknowledge it as I ought.

Lop. Are you thereabouts, I faith? Then Sharp's the Word; I'gad I'll own the Thing, and receive his Bounty for't. [*Aside.*] Why, Sir, ——— not that I pretend to make a Merit o'the Matter, for alas, I am but your poor Hireling, and therefore bound in Duty to render you all the Service I can ——— But ——— 'tis I have don't.

Lor.

Lor. What hast thou done?

Lop. What no Man else could have done; the Job, Sir; told him the Secret, and then talk'd him into a liking on't.

Lor. 'Tis impossible; thou dost not tell me true.

Lop. Sir, I scorn to reap any thing from another Man's Labours; but if this poor piece of Service carries any Merit with it, you now know where to reward it.

Lor. Thou art not serious.

Lop. I am; or may Hunger be my Mess-mate.

Lor. And may Famine be mine, if I don't reward thee for't, as thou deserv'st—— Dead.

(Making a Pass at him.

Lop. Have a care there. [Leaping on one side.] What do you mean, Sir? I bar all Surprise.

Lor. Traytor, is this the fruit of the Trust I plac'd in thee—— Villain? [Making another Thrust at him.

Lop. Take heed, Sir; you'll do one a Mischief before y^e are aware.

Lor. What Recompence can'st thou make me, Wretch, for this piece of Treachery? Thy sordid Blood can't expiate the Thousandth—— But I'll have it however.

(Thrusts again.

Lop. Look you there again: Pray, Sir, be quiet; is the Devil in you? 'Tis bad jesting with edg'd Tools. I gad that last Push was within an Inch o' me. I don't know what you make all this Bustle about, but I'm sure I've done all for the best, and I believe 'twill prove for the best too at last, if you'll have but a little Patience. But if Gentlemen will be in their Airs in a Moment—— Why, what the deuce—— I'm sure I have been as eloquent as Cicero in your behalf; and I don't doubt, to good Purpose too, if you'll give Things time to work. But nothing but foul Language, and naked Swords about the House, sa, sa; run you through, you Dog; Why no body can do Business at this rate.

Lor. And suppose your Project fail, and I'm ruin'd by't, Sir.

Lop. Why, 'twill be time enough to kill me then, Sir; won't it? What should you do it for now? Besides,

ties; I'm not ready, I'm not prepar'd, I might be undone by it.

Lor. But what will *Leonora* say to her Marriage being known, Wretch?

Lop. Why may be she'll draw—— her Sword too. [Shewing his Tongue.] But all shall be well with you both, if you will but let me alone.

Lor. Peace; here's her Father.

Lop. That's well; We shall see how Things go presently.

Enter Don Alvarez.

Alv. The more I recover from the Disorder this Discourse has put me in, the more strange the whole Adventure appears to me. *Leonora* maintains there is not a word of Truth in what I have heard; that she knows nothing of Marriage. And indeed she tells me this with such a naked Air of Sincerity, that for my part I believe her. What then must be their Project? Some villanous Intention, to be sure; tho' which way, I yet am ignorant. But here's the Bridegroom; I'll accost him. I am told, Sir, you take upon you to scandalize my Daughter, and tell idle Tales of what can never happen.

Lop. Now methinks, Sir, if you treated your Son-in-Law with a little more Civility, things might go just as well in the main.

Alv. What means this insolent Fellow by my Son-in-Law? I suppose 'tis you, Villain, are the Author of this impudent Story.

Lop. You seem angry, Sir. I—— perhaps without Cause.

Alv. Cause, Traytor! Is a Cause wanting where a Daughter's defam'd, and a Noble Family scandaliz'd?

Lor. There he is; let him answer you.

Alv. I should be glad he'd answer me; why, if he had any Desires to my Daughter, he did not make his Approaches like a Man of Honour.

Lop. Yes; and so have had the Doors bolted against him, like a House-breaker.

Lor.

Lor. Sir, to justify my Proceeding, I have little to say; but to excuse it, I have much; if any Allowance may be made to a Passion, which in your Youth you have your self been sway'd by: I love your Daughter to that excess.

Alv. You would undo her for a Night's Lodging.

Lor. Undo her, Sir?

Alv. Yes, that's the Word; you knew it was against her Interest to marry you, therefore you endeavour'd to win her to't in private; you knew her Friends would make a better Bargain for her, therefore you kept your Designs from their knowledge, and yet you love her to that excess.

Lor. I'd readily lay down my Life to serve her.

Alv. Could you readily lay down fifty thousand Pistoles to serve her, your excessive Love would come with better Credentials; an Offer of Life is very proper for the Attack of a Counterscarp, but a thousand Ducats will sooner carry a Lady's Heart; you are a young Man, but will learn this when you are older.

Lor. But since things have succeeded better this once, Sir; and that my Master will prove a most incomparable good Husband (for that he'll do, I'll answer for him) and that 'tis too late to recall what's already done, Sir.

Alv. What's done, Villain?

Lor. Sir, I mean, that since my Master and my Lady are marry'd, and

Alv. Thou ly'st; they are not marry'd,

Lor. Sir, I say, that since they are marry'd, and that they love each other so passing dearly, indeed I fancy that

Alv. Why, this Impudence is beyond all bearing:

Sir, do you put your Rascal upon this?

Lor. Sir, I am in a Wood; I don't know what it is you mean.

Alv. And I am in a Plain, Sir, and think I may be understood; do you pretend you are marry'd to my Daughter?

Lor.

Lor. Sir, 'tis my Happiness on one side, as it is my Misfortune on another.

Alv. And you do think this idle Project can succeed? You do believe your affirming you are marry'd to her will induce both her and me to consent it shall be so.

Lop. Sir, I see you make my Master almost out of his Wits to hear you talk so: but I, who am but a stander-by now, as I was at the Wedding, have mine about me, and desire to know, Whether you think this Project can succeed? Do you believe your affirming they are not marry'd, will induce both him and I to give up the Lady? One short Question to bring this matter to an Issue, Why do you think they are not marry'd?

Alv. Because she utterly renounces it.

Lop. And so she will her Religion, if you attack it with that dreadful Face. D'ye hear, Sir? the poor Lady is in love heartily, and I wish all poor Ladies that are so, would dispose of themselves so well as she has done; but you tear her out of her Senses: bring her here into the Room, speak gently to her, tell her you know the thing is done, that you have it from a Man of Honour, Me. That may be you wish it had been otherwise, but are a Christian, and profess Mercy, and therefore have resolv'd to pardon her: Say this, and I shall appear a Man of Reputation, and have Satisfaction made me.

Alv. Or an impudent Rogue, and have all your Bones broke.

Lop. Content.

Alv. Agreed. *Leonora!* who's there? call *Leonora*.

Lop. All will go rarely, Sir; we shall have shot the Gulf in a moment. *(Aside to Lorenzo.)*

Enter Leonora.

Alv. Come hither, *Leonora*.

Lop. So, now we shall see.

Alv. I call'd you to answer for your self; here's a strong Claim upon you; if there be any thing in the pretended Title, conceal it no farther, it must be known at last, it may as well be so now. Nothing is so un-

easy

easy as Uncertainty, I would therefore be gladly freed from it: if you have done what I am told you have, 'tis a great Fault indeed; but as I fear 'twill carry much of its Punishment along with it, I shall rather reduce my Resentment into mourning your Misfortune, than suffer it to add to your Affliction; therefore speak the Truth.

Lop. Well, this is fair Play; now I speak, Sir. You see, fair Lady, the Goodness of a tender Father, nothing need therefore hinder you from owning a most loving Husband. We had like to have been all together by the Ears about this Business, and Pails of Blood were ready to run about the House: but, thank Heav'n, the Sun shines out again, and one word from your sweet Mouth makes fair Weather for ever. My Master has been forc'd to own your Marriage, he begs you'll do so too.

Leon. What does this impudent Rascal mean?

Lop. Ha! ——— Madam!

Leon. Sir, I should be very glad to know [*To Lorenzo*] what can have been th' Occasion of this wild Report; sure you cannot be your self a Party in it.

Lop. He, he ———

Lor. Forgive me, dear *Leonora*, I know you had strong Reasons for the Secret being longer kept; but 'tis not my Fault, our Marriage is disclos'd.

Leon. Our Marriage, Sir! ———

Lor. 'Tis known, my Dear, tho' much against my Will; but since it is so, 'twould be in vain for us to deny it longer.

Leon. Then, Sir, I am your Wife? I fell in love with you, and marry'd you without my Father's Knowledge?

Lor. I dare not be so vain to think 'twas Love; I humbly am content to owe the Blessing to your Generosity; you saw the Pains I suffer'd for your sake, and in Compassion eas'd 'em.

Leon. I did, Sir! Sure this exceeds all human Impudence.

Lop. Truly, I think it does. She'd make an incomparable Actress. [*Aside.*]

Lor. +

Lor. I begin to be surpriz'd, Madam, at your carrying this thing so far ; you see there's no occasion for it, and for the Discovery, I have already told you 'twas not my fault.

Lop. My Master's! no, 'twas I did it: Why what a Bustle's here? I knew things would go well, and so they do, if Folks would let 'em. But if Ladies will be in their Merriments, when Gentlemen are upon serious Business, why what a deus can one say to 'em?

Leo. I see this Fellow is to be an Evidence in your Plot, where you hope to drive, it is hard to guess; for if any thing can exceed its Impudence, it is its Folly. A noble Stratagem indeed to win a Lady by! I could be diverted with it, but that I see a Face of Villany requires a rougher Treatment: I could almost, methinks, forget my Sex, and be my own Avenger.

Lor. Madam, I am surpriz'd beyond all——

Lop. Pray, Sir, let me come to her; you are so surpriz'd, you'll make nothing on't: She wants a little snubbing. Look you, Madam, I have seen many a pleasant Humour amongst Ladies, but you out-cut them all. Here's Contradiction with a vengeance; you han's been married eight and forty Hours, and you are slap——at your Husband's Beard already: Why, do you consider who he is?——Who this Gentleman is? And what he can do——by Law? Why, he can lock you up——knock you down——tie you Neck and Heels——

Lor. Forbear, you insolent Villain, you.

[Offering to strike him.]

Leo. That——for what's past however.

[Giving him a Box o' th' Ear.]

Lop. I think——she gave me a Box o' th' Ear; ha!

[Exit Leonora.]

Sir, will you suffer your old Servants to be us'd thus by new Comers? It's a shame, a mere shame: Sir, will you take a poor Dog's Advice for once? She denies she's married to you: Take her at her word; you have seen some of her Humours,——let her go.

Alv.

Alv. Well, Gentlemen, thus far you see I have heard all with Patience; have you Content? Or how much farther do you design to go with this Business?

Lop. Why truly, Sir, I think we are near at a stand.

Alv. 'Tis time, you Villain you.

Lop. Why and I am a Villain now, if every word I've spoke be not as true as ——— as the Gazette: And your Daughter's no better than a ——— a whimsical young Woman, for making Disputes among Gentlemen. And if every body had their Deserts, she'd have a good ——— I won't speak it out to inflame reckonings; but let her go, Master.

Alv. Sir, I don't think it well to spend any more words with your impudent and villanous Servant here.

Lop. Thank you, Sir; but I'd let her go.

Alv. Nor have I more to say to you than this, that you must not think so daring an Affront to my Family can go long unresented. Farewel. [Exit Alvarez.

Lor. Well, Sir, what have you to say for your self now?

Lop. Why, Sir, I have only to say, that I am a very unfortunate ——— middle-ag'd Man; and that I believe all the Stars upon Heav'n and Earth have been concern'd in my Destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my Downfall in mournful Lines, and Notes of doleful Tune: I am at present troubled in Mind, Despair around me, signify'd in appearing Gibbets, with a great Bundle of Dog-whips by way of Preparation.

I therefore will go seek some Mountain high,
If high enough some Mountain may be found,
With distant Valley, dreadfully profound,
And from the horrid Cliff — look calmly all around.

Farewel.

[Aside.

Lor. No, Sirrah: I'll see your wretched End my self. Die here, Villain.

[Drawing his Sword.

Lop. I can't, Sir, if any body looks upon me.

Lor. Away, you trifling Wretch; but think not to escape, for thou shalt have thy Recompence.

[Exit Lorenzo.

Solus.

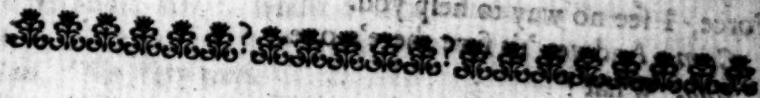
The MISTAKE.

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Solus.

Lop. Why, what a mischievous Jade is this, to make
 such an Uproar in a Family the first Day of her Mar-
 riage? Why my Master won't so much as get a Honey-
 Moon out of her; I gad let her go. If she be thus in
 her first and tender Youth, she'll be rare Company at
 three-score: Well, he may do as he pleases, but were
 she my Dear, I'd let her go. — Such a Foot at her
 Tail; I'd make the Truth bounce out at her Mouth, like
 a Pellet out of a Pot-gun.

[Exit.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo and Isabella.

Isab. 'TIS an unlucky Accident indeed,
 Cam. All Isabella! Fate has now deter-
 min'd my Undoing. This thing can ne'er end here,
 Leonora and Lorenzo must soon come to some Explana-
 tion; the Dispute is too monstrous to pass over, with-
 out further Enquiry, which must discover all, and what
 will be the Consequence, I tremble at: for whether Don
 Alvarez knows of the Imposture, or whether he is de-
 ceiv'd with the rest of the World, when once it breaks
 out, and the Consequence is the Loss of that great
 Wealth he now enjoys by it, what must become of me?
 All paternal Affections then must cease, and regarding
 me as an unhappy Instrument in the Trouble which will
 then o'erload him, he will return me to my humble
 Birth, and then I'm lost for ever. For what, alas! will
 the deceiv'd Lorenzo say? A Wife, with neither For-
 tune, Birth, nor Beauty, instead of one most plentifully
 endow'd with all. Oh Heav'ns! What a Sea of Mis-
 ery I have before me!

Isab. Indeed you reason right, but these Reflections
 are ill-tim'd; why did you not employ them sooner?

Vol. II.

I.

Cam

Cam. Because I lov'd.

Isab. And don't you do so now?

Cam. I do, and therefore 'tis I make these cruel just Reflections.

Isab. So that Love, I find, can do any thing.

Cam. Indeed it can: Its Powers are wondrous great, its Pains no Tongue can tell, its Bliss no Heart conceive, Crowns cannot recompense its Torments, Heav'n scarce supplies its Joys. My Stake is of this Value: O counsel me how I shall save it.

Isab. Alas! that Counsel's much beyond my Wisdom's Force, I see no way to help you.

Cam. And yet 'tis sure there's one.

Isab. What?

Cam. Death.

Isab. There possibly may be another; I have a Thought this moment——perhaps there's nothing in it; yet a small Passage comes to my Remembrance, that I regarded little when it happen'd——I'll go and search for one may be of service. But hold; I see *Don Carlos*: He'll but disturb us now, let us avoid him.

[*Exeunt Camillo and Isabella.*]

[*Enter Don Carlos and Sancho.*]

Car. Repuls'd again! This is not to be borne. What tho this Villain's Story be a Falshood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This Usage cannot be supported: How was it she treated thee?

San. Never was Ambassador worse receiv'd. Madam, my Master asks ten thousand Pardons, and humbly begs one moment's Interview:——Be gone, you Rascal you. Madam, what Answer shall I give my Master?——Tell him he's a Villain. Indeed, fair Lady, I think this is hasty Treatment——Here, my Footmen, toss me this Fellow out at the Window; and away she went to her Devotions.

Car. Did you see *Facinta*?

San. Yes; she saluted me with half-a-score Rogues and Rascals too. I think our Destinies are much alike, Sir: And, o'my Conscience, a couple of Scurvy Jades we are hamper'd with.

+

Car.

Car. Ungrateful Woman, to receive with such Contempt so quick a Return of a Heart so justly alarm'd.

San. Ha, ha, ha.

Car. What, no Allowance to be made to the first Transports of a Lover's Fury, when rous'd by so dreadful an Appearance? As just as my Suspicions were, have I long suffer'd them to arraign her?

San. No.

Car. Have I waited for Oaths or Imprecations to clear her?

San. No.

Car. Nay, even now is not the whole World still in suspense about her? whilst I alone conclude her innocent.

San. 'Tis very true.

Car. She might, methinks, thro this profound Respect, observe a Flame another would have cherish'd; she might support me against groundless Fears, and save me from a Rival's Tyranny; she might release me from these cruel Racks, and wou'd, no doubt, if she cou'd, love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha.

Car. But since she don't, what do I whining here? Curse on the base Humilities of Love.

San. Right.

Car. Let Children kiss the Rod that fleas them, let Dogs lie down and lick the Shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Car. I am a Man by Nature meant for Power; the Scepter's given us to wield, and we betray our Trust whenever we meanly lay it at a Woman's Feet.

San. True, we are Men, boo—Come, Master, let us both be in a Passion; here's my Scepter, [*Shewing a Cudgel.*] Subject *Jacinta*, look about you. Sir, was you ever in *Muscovy*? the Women there love the Men dearly; why? because—[*Shaking his Stick.*] there's your Love-powder for you. Ah, Sir, were we but wise and stout, what work shou'd we make with them? But this humble Love-making spoils them all. A rare way indeed to bring matters about with them; we are per-

guiding them all day they are Angels and Goddesses, in order to use them at night like human Cloaspres; we are like to succeed truly.

Car. For my part, I never yet could bear a sight from any thing, nor will I now. There's but one way however to rescue it from a Woman; and that's to drive her bravely from your Heart, and place a worthier in her vacant Throne.

San. Now with Submission to my Betters, I have another way, Sir; I'll drive my Tyrant from my Heart, and place my self in her Throne. Yes; I will be Lord of my own Tenement, and keep my Household in order. Would you would do so too, Master; for, look you, I have been Servitour in a College at *Salamancha*, and read Philosophy with the Doctors; where I found that a Woman, in all times, has been observ'd to be an Animal hard to understand, and much inclin'd to Mischief. Now as an Animal is always an Animal, and a Captain always a Captain, so a Woman is always a Woman. Whence it is that a certain *Greek* says, her Head is like a Bank of Sand; or, as another, a solid Rock; or, according to a third, a dark Lanthorn. Pray, Sir, observe, for this is close Reasoning; and so as the Head is the Head of the Body; and that the Body without a Head, is like a Head without a Tail; and that where there is neither Head nor Tail, 'tis a very strange Body: So I say a Woman is by Comparison, do you see (for nothing explains things like Comparisons) I say by Comparison, as *Aristotle* has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging Sea; for as the Sea, when the Wind rises, knits its Brows like an angry Bull, and that Waves mount upon Rocks, and Rocks mount upon Waves; that Porpoises leap like Trouts, and Whales skip about like Gudgeons; that Ships roll like Beer-Barrels, and Mariners pray like Saints; just so, I say, a Woman. A Woman, I say, just so, when her Reason is shipwreck'd upon her Passion, and the Hulk of her Understanding lies thumping against the Rock of her Fury; then it is, I say, that by certain Immoions, which ———— cause, as one may suppose,

pose, a sort of Convulsive—yes—humorous—um—like—in short, a Woman is like the Devil.

Car. Admirably reason'd indeed; *Sancho.*

San. Pretty well, I thank Heav'n; but here come the Crocodiles to weep us into Mercy.

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Master. let us shew our selves Men, and leave their bliny Tears to wash their dirty Faces.

Car. It is not in the power of Charms to move me.

San. Nor me, I hope; and yet I fear those Eyes will look out sharp to snatch up such a Prize.

[Painting to Jacinta]

Jacin. He's coming to us, Madam, to beg Pardon; but sure you'll never grant it him?

Leo. If I do, may Heav'n ne'er grant me mine.

Jacin. That's brave.

Car. You took, Madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual Importunities; I ease you of that Pain, by telling you, my Business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with Heav'n and Hell for Seconds; for may the Joys of one fly from me, whilst the Pains of e'er overtake me, if all your Charms display'd e'er shake my Resolution; I'll never see you more.

San. Bon.

Leo. You are a Man of that nice Honour, Sir, I know you'll keep your Word; I expected this Assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for it.

Jacin. Very well.

Car. You did, imperious Dame, you did: How base is Woman's Pride? How wretched are the Ingredients it is form'd of. If you saw Cause, for just Disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? Why lead a Slave in Chains, that cou'd not grace your Triumphs? If I am thus to be contemn'd, think on the Favours you have done the Wretch, and hide your Face for ever.

San. Well argu'd.

Leo. I own you have hit the only Fault the World can charge me with: the Favours I have done to you.

I am indeed ashamed of ; but since Women have their Frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Car. 'Tis well, extremely well, Madam. I'm happy however, you at last speak frankly. I thank you for it ; from my Soul I thank you : but don't expect me groveling at your Feet again ; don't, for if I do——

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve ; trod upon.

Car. Give me Patience ;——but I don't want it ; I am calm ; Madam, farewell ; be happy if you can ; by Heav'n's I wish you so, but never spread your Net for me again ; for if you do——

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Car. Rather run headlong into Fire and Flames ; rather be torn with Pincers Bit from Bit ; rather be broil'd like Martyrs upon Gridirons.——But I am wrong ; this sounds like Passion, and Heaven can tell I am not angry : Madam, I think we have no farther Business together ; your most humble Servant.

Leo. Farewel t'ye, Sir.

Car. Come along. [To Sancho.]

[Goes to the Scene, and returns. Yet once more before I go (lest you should doubt my Resolution) may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, damn'd, or any other thing that Men or Gods can think on, if on any Occasion whatever, Civil or Military, Pleasure or Business, Love or Hate, or any other Accident of Life, I, from this moment, change one Word or Look with you.

[Going off, Sancho claps him on the Back.

Leo. Content : Come away, Jacinta.

Carlos returns.

Car. Yet one word, Madam, if you please ; I have a little thing here belongs to you, a foolish Bawble I once was fond of. [Twitching her Picture from his Breast.] Will you accept a Trifle from your Servant ?

Leo. Willingly, Sir ; I have a Bawble too I think you have some Claim to ; you'll wear it for my sake.

[Breaks a Bracelet from her Arm, and gives it him.

Car. Most thankfully ; this too I shou'd restore you, it once was yours.—— [Giving her a Table-Book.

By

By your Favour, Madam——there is a Line or two in it, I think you did me once the Honour to write with your own fair Hand. Here it is. [Reads,

*You love me, Carlos, and would know
The secret Movements of my Heart :
Whether I give you mine or no,
Wish yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.*

Thus you have encourag'd me, and thus you have deceiv'd me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful Lines too ; I think I can produce 'em.

[Pulls out a Table-Book ; reads, and then gives it him.

*How long soe'er, to sigh in vain,
My Destiny may prove,
My Fate (in spite of your Disdain)
Will let me glory in your Chain,
And give me leave eternally to love.*

There, Sir, take your Poetry again.

[Throwing it at his Feet.
'Tis not much the worse for my wearing ; 'twill serve again upon a fresh Occasion.

Jacin. Well done.

Car. I believe I can return the Present, Madam, with——a Pocket full of your Prose——There——

[Throwing a handful of Letters at her Feet.

Leo. Jacinta, give me his Letters. There, Sir, not to be behind hand with you.

[Takes a handful of his Letters out of a Box, and throws them in his Face.

Jacin. And there, and there, and there, Sir.

[Jacinta throws the rest at him.

San. 'Cods my Life, we want Ammunition ; but for a shift——There, and there, you saucy Slur you.

[Sancho pulls a Pack of dirty Cards out of his Pocket, and throws 'em at her ; then they

close; he pulls off her Headclothes, and she his Wig, and then part, she running to her Mistress, he to his Master.

Facin. I think, Madam, we have clearly the better on't.

Leo. For a proof, I resolve to keep the Field.

Facin. Have a care he don't rally and beat you yet tho: pray walk off.

Leo. Fear nothing.

San. How the Armies stand and gaze at one another after the Battel! What think you, Sir, of shewing your self a great General, by making an honourable Retreat?

Car. I scorn it: Oh *Leonora!* *Leonora!* A Heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. *Carlos!* *Carlos!* I have not deserv'd this Usage.

Car. Barbarous *Leonora!* but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is form'd too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on then, Tyrant; make your Bliss compleat; torment me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah *Carlos!* little do you know the tender Movements of that thing you name; the Heart where Love presides, admits no Thought against the Honour of its Ruler.

Car. 'Tis not to call that Honour into doubt, if conscious of our own Unworthiness, we interpret every Frown to our Destruction.

Leo. When Jealousy proceeds from such humble Apprehensions, it shews it self with more Respect than yours has done.

Car. And where a Heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater Crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our Debate; if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it; our Separation will do Justice on us.

Car. But since we are our selves the Judges of our Crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler Punishment?

Leo. 'Twou'd but encourage us to sin again.

Car.

Car. And if it shou'd
Leo. 'Twou'd give a fresh Occasion for the pleasing Exercise of Mercy.

Car. Right ; and so we act the Part of Earth and Heav'n together, of Men and Gods, and taste of both their Pleasures.

Leo. The Banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Car. Then thus let us fall on, and feed upon't for ever.

[Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her Hand.]

Leo. Ah Woman ! foolish, foolish Woman !

San. Very foolish indeed.

Facint. But don't expect I'll follow her Example.

San. You wou'd, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Facint. I'd sooner tear my Eyes out ; ah——that she had a little of my Spirit in her.

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her Flesh, my Charmer ; but 'twon't do ; I am all Rock, hard Rock, very Marble.

Facint. A very Pumice-stone, you Rascal you, if one wou'd try thee ; but to prevent thy Humilities, and shew thee all Submission would be vain ; to convince thee thou hast nothing but Misery and Despair before thee, here——take back thy pautry Thimble, and be in my Debt, for the Shirts I have made thee with it.

San. Nay, if y^e are at that Sport, Mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the Balance of my Presents. There, take thy Tobacco-stopper, and stop thy——

Facint. Here——take thy Sattin Pincushion, with thy curious half hundred of Pins in't, thou mad'st such a vapouring about yesterday : Tell them carefully, there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy Ivory-hashed Knife again, whet it well ; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but Love.

Facint. And there's thy pretty Pocker-Scissars thou hast honour'd me with, they'll cut off a Leg or an Arm, Heav'n bless them.

San. Here's the enchanted Handkerchief you were pleas'd to endear with your precious Blood, when the

Violence of your Love at Dinner t'other day made you cut your Fingers. — There.

[Blows his Nose in it, and gives it her.

Jacint. The Rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry Garters from him. D' you see these? You pitiful beggarly Scoundrel you: — There, take 'em, there.

[She takes her Garters off, and flaps them about his Face.

San. I have but one thing more of thine. [Shewing his Cudgel.] I own 'tis the top of all thy Presents, and might be useful to me; but that thou may'st have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again with the rest of them.

[Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps about his Neck.

Jacint. Ah cruel *Sancho*! — Now beat me, *Sancho*, do.

San. Rather, like *Indian* Beggars, beat my precious self.

[Throws away his Stick, and embraces her.

Rather let Infants Blood about the Streets,

Rather let all the Wine about the Cellar,

Rather let — Oh *Jacinta* — thou hast o'ercome.

How foolish are the great Resolves of Man!

Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can.

When those bright Eyes in Kindness please to shine,

Their Goodness I must needs return, with mine:

Bless my *Jacinta* in her *Sancho's* Arms —

Jacint. And I my *Sancho* with *Jacinta's* Charms.

[Exeunt.



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Lopez.

AS Toon as it is Night, says my Master to me, tho' it cost me my Life, I'll enter *Leonora's* Lodgings; therefore make haste, *Lopez*, prepare every thing necessary, three Pair of Pocket-Pistols, two wide-mouth'd Blunderbusses, some six Ells of Sword-Blade, and a Couple of dark Lanthorns. When my Master said this to me; Sir, said I to my Master, (that is, I wou'd have said it, if I had not been in such a Fright, I could say nothing, however I'll say it to him now, and shall probably have a quiet Hearing;) Look you, Sir, by dint of Reason I intend to confound you: You are resolv'd, you say, to get into *Leonora's* Lodgings, tho' the Devil stand in the Door-way? — Yes, *Lopez*, that's my Resolution. — Very well; and what do you intend to do when you are there? — Why, what an injur'd Man shou'd do; make her sensible of — Make her sensible of a Pudding; don't you see she's a Jade? She'll raise the House about your Ears, arm the whole Family, set the great Dog at you. — Were there Legions of Devils to repulse me, in such a Cause I could disperse them all. — Why then you have no Occasion for Help, Sir, you may leave me at home to lay the Cloth. — No; thou art my ancient Friend, my Fellow-Traveller, and to reward thy faithful Services, this Night thou shalt partake my Danger and my Glory. — Sir, I have got Glory enough under you already, to content any reasonable Servant for his Life. — Thy Modesty makes me willing to double my Bounry; this Night may bring

bring eternal Honour to thee and thy Family.——
 Eternal Honour, Sir, is too much in Conscience for a
 Serving-Man; besides, Ambition has been many a great
 Soul's Undoing.——I doubt thou art afraid, my *Lopez*,
 thou shalt be arm'd with Back, with Breast, and Head-
 piece.——They will encumber me in my Retreat.——
 Retreat, my Hero! Thou never shalt retreat.——
 Then by my troth I'll never go, Sir.——But here he
 comes.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Will it never be Night? Sure 'tis the longest Day
 the Sun e'er travell'd.

Lop. Would 'twere as long as those in *Greenland*, Sir,
 that you might spin out your Life t'other half-year. I
 don't like these nightly Projects; a Man can't see what
 he does: We shall have some scurvy Mistake or other
 happen; a Brace of Bullets blunder thro your Head in
 the dark perhaps, and spoil all your Intrigue.

Lor. Away, you trembling Wretch, away.

Lop. Nay, Sir, what I say is purely for your Safety;
 for as to my self——Uds-death, I no more value the
 losing a Quart of Blood, than I do drinking a Quart of
 Wine. Besides, my Veins are too full, my Physician
 advis'd me but yesterday to let go twenty Ounces for
 my Health. So you see, Sir, there's nothing of that in
 the Case.

Lor. Then let me hear no other Objections; for till
 I see *Leonora* I must lie upon the Rack, I cannot bear
 her Resentment, and will pacify her this night, or not
 live to see to-morrow.

Lop. Well, Sir, since you are so determin'd, I shan't
 be impertinent with any farther Advice; but I think you
 have laid your Design to——[*He coughs.*] (I have
 got such a Cold to-day) to get in privately, have you
 not?

Lor. Yes; and have taken care to be introduc'd as far
 as her Chamber-Door, with all Secrecy.

Lop. [*He coughs.*]——This unlucky Cough, I had
 rather have had a Fever at another time. Sir, I shon'd
 be

be sorry to do you more harm than good upon this Occasion: If this Cough should come upon me in the middle of the Action, [Coughs] and give the Alarm to the Family, I should not forgive my self as long as I liv'd.

Lor. I have greater Ventures than that to take my chance for, and can't dispose with your Attendance, Sir.

Lop. This is to be a good Servant, and make one's self necessary.

Enter Toledo.

Tol. Sir, I am glad I have found you. I am a Man of Honour, you know, and do always profess losing my Life upon a handsome Occasion. Now, I come to offer you my Service. I am inform'd from unquestionable hands, that Don Carlos is engag'd against you to a dangerous degree; and that old Adon has given positive Directions to break the Legs and Arms of your Servant Lopez.

Lop. Look you there now, I thought what 'twould come to; what do they meddle with me for? What have I to do in my Master's Amours? The old Don's got out of his Senses, I think; have I married his Daughter?

Lor. Fear nothing, we'll take care of thee. Sir, I thank you for the Favour of your Intelligence, 'tis nothing however but what I expected, and am provided for.

Tol. Sir, I wou'd advise you to provide your self with good Friends, I desire the Honour to keep your back Hand my self.

Lop. 'Tis very kind indeed. Pray, Sir, have you never a Servant with you cou'd hold a Racket for me too?

Tol. I have two Friends fit to head two Armies; and yet—a word in your Ear, they shan't cost you above a Ducate a-piece.

Lop. Take 'em by all means, Sir, you were never offer'd a better Penniworth in your Life.

Tol.

Tol. Ah Sir,——little *Diago*——you have heard of him ; he'd have been worth a Legion upon this Occasion : You know, I suppose, how they have serv'd him.——They have hang'd him, but he made a noble Execution ; they clapp'd the Rack and the Priest to him at once, but cou'd neither get a Word of Confession, nor a Groan of Repentance ; he dy'd mighty well truly.

Lor. Such a Man is indeed much to be regretted : As for the rest of your Escorte, Captain, I thank you for 'em, but shall not use 'em.

Tol. I'm sorry for't, Sir, because I think you go in very great danger ; I'm much afraid your Rival won't give you fair Play.

Lop. If he does, I'll be hang'd ; he's a damn'd passionate Fellow, and cares not what Mischief he does.

Lor. I shall give him a very good Opportunity ; for I'll have no other Guards about me but you Sir. So come along.

Lop. Why, Sir, this is the Sin of Presumption ; setting Heav'n at defiance, making Jack-pudding of a Blunderbuss.

Lor. No more, but follow. Hold ! turn this way ; I see *Camillo* there. I wou'd avoid him, till I see what part he takes in this odd Affair of his Sister's. For I wou'd not have the Quarrel fix'd with him, if it be possible to avoid it. [Exit Lorenzo.]

Lop. Sir——Captain *Toledo*, one word if you please, Sir ; I'm mighty sorry to see my Master won't accept of your friendly Offer ; Look ye, I'm not very rich ; but as far as the Expence of a Dollar went, if you'd be so kind to take a little care of me, it shou'd be at your Service.

Tol. Let me see :——A Dollar you say ? But suppose I'm wounded ?

Lop. Why you shall be put to no extraordinary Charge upon that : I have been Prentice to a Barber, and will be your Surgeon my self.

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Tol. 'Tis too cheap in Conscience; but my Land-
Estate is so ill paid this War-Time——

Lop. That a little Industry may be commendable;
so say no more, that Matter's fix'd.

[*Exeunt Lopez and Tol.*

Enter Camillo.

How miserable a Perplexity have I brought my self
into? Yer why do I complain? Since, with all the
dreadful Torture I endure, I can't repent of one wild
Step I've made. O Love! what Tempests can't thou
raise, what Storms can't thou assuage? To all thy Cru-
elties I am resign'd: Long Years thro Seas of Torment
I'm content to roll, so thou wilt guide me to the hap-
py Port of my *Lorenzo's* Arms, and blest me there with
one calm Day at last.

Enter Isabella.

What News, dear *Isabella*? Methinks there's something
chearful in your Looks may give a trembling Lover
Hopes. If you have Comfort for me, speak, for I in-
deed have need of it.

Isab. Were your Wants yet still greater than they
are, I bring a plentiful Supply.

Cam. O Heav'ns! Is't possible?

Isab. New Mysteries are out, and if you can find
Charms to wean *Lorenzo* from your Sister, no other
Obstacle is in your way to all your Wish.

Cam. Kind Messenger from Heav'n, speak on.

Isab. Know then, that you are Daughter to *Alva-*
rez.

Cam. How! Daughter to *Alvarez*?

Isab. You are: The Truth this moment's come to
light; and till this moment he, altho your Father, was
a Stranger to it; nay, did not even know you were a
Woman. In short, the great Estate, which has occa-
sion'd these uncommon Accidents, was left but on Con-
dition of a Son; great Hopes of one there was, when
you destroy'd 'em, and to your Parents came a most un-
welcome Guest: To repair the Disappointment, you were
exchang'd for that young *Camillo*, who few Months
after

after dy'd. Your Father then was absent; but your Mother quick in Contrivance, bold in Execution, during that Infant's Sickness, had resolv'd his Death should not deprive her Family of those Advantages his Life had given it; so order'd things with such Dexterity, that once again there pass'd a Change between you: of this (for Reasons yet unknown to me) she made a Secret to her Husband, and took such wise Precautions, that till this Hour 'twas so to all the World, except the Person from whom I now have heard it.

Cam. This News indeed affords a View of no unhappy Termination; yet there are Difficulties still may be of fatal Hindrance.

Isab. None, except that one I just now nam'd to you; for to remove the last, know I have already unfolded all both to *Alvarez* and *Don Felix*.

Cam. And how have they receiv'd it?

Isab. To your Wishes Both. As for *Lorenzo*, he is yet a Stranger to all that's past, and the two old Fathers desire he may some moments longer continue so. They have agreed to be a little merry with the Heats he is in, and engage you in a Family Quarrel with him.

Cam. I doubt, *Isabella*, I shall act that Part but faintly.

Isab. No matter, you'll make amends for it in the Scene of Reconciliation.

Cam. Pray Heaven it be my Lot to act it with him.

Isab. Here comes *Don Felix* to wish you Joy.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Fel. Come near, my Daughter, and with extended Arms of great Affection let me receive thee. [*Kisses her.*] Thou art a dainty Wench, good faith thou art, and 'tis a mettle'd Action thou hast done; if *Lorenzo* don't like thee the better for't, Cods my Life, he's a pious Fellow, and I shan't believe the bonny old Man had the getting of him.

Cam. I'm so encourag'd by your Forgiveness, Sir, methinks I have some flattering Hopes of his.

Don

Don Fel. Of his! I gad and he had best, I believe he'll meet with his Match if he don't. What do'st think of trying his Courage a little, by way of a Joke or so?

Isab. I was just telling her your Design, Sir.

Don Fel. Why I'm in a mighty werry way upon this whimsical Occasion; but I see him coming. You must not appear yet; go your way in to the rest of the People there, and I'll inform him what a Squabble he has work'd himself into here.

[Exeunt Camillo and Isabella.]

Enter Lorenzo and Lopez.

Lop. Pray, Sir, don't be so obstinate now, don't affront Heaven at this rate. I had a Vision last Night about this Business on purpose to forewarn you; I dreamt of Goose-Eggs, a blunt Knife, and the Stuff of a Candle; I'm sure there's Mischief towards.

Lor. You cowardly Rascal, hold your tongue.

Don Fel. Lorenzo, come hither, my Boy, I was just going to send for thee. The Honour of our ancient Family lies in thy hands; there is a Combat preparing, thou must fight, my Son.

Lop. Look you there now, did not I tell you? O Dreams are wondrous things, I never knew that Snuff of a Candle fail yet.

Lor. Sir, I do not doubt but Carlos seeks my Life, I hope he'll do it fairly.

Lop. Fairly, do you hear, fairly! Give me leave to tell you, Sir, Folks are not fit to be trusted with Lives, that don't know how to look better after 'em. Sir, you gave it him, I hope you'll make him take a little more care on't.

Don Fel. My Care shall be to make him do as a Man of Honour ought to do.

Lop. What, will you let him fight then? Let your own Flesh and Blood fight?

Don Fel. In a good Cause, as this is.

Lop. O Monstrum Horrendum!! Now I have that Humour about me, that if a Man but talks to me of fighting, I shiver at the name on't.

Lor.

Lor. What you do on this Occasion, Sir, is worthy of you : And had I been wanting to you, in my due Regards before, this noble Action wou'd have stamp'd that Impression, which a grateful Son ought to have for so generous a Father.

Lop. Very generous truly ! gives him leave to be ran thro' the Guts, for his Posterity to brag on a hundred Years hence.

Lor. I think, Sir, as things now stand, it won't be right for me to wait for *Carlos's* Call ; I'll, if you please, prevent him.

Lop. Ay, pray Sir, do prevent him by all means ; 'tis better made up, as you say, a thousand times.

Don Fel. Hold your tongue, you impertinent Jack-a-napes, I will have him fight, and fight like a Fury too ; if he don't he'll be worsted, I can tell him that. For know, Son, your Antagonist is not the Person you name, it is an Enemy of twice his Force.

Lop. O dear, O dear, O dear, and will no body keep 'em asunder ?

Lor. No body shall keep us asunder, if once I know the Man I have to deal with.

Don Fel. Thy Man then is——*Camillo*.

Lor. *Camillo* !

Don Fel. 'Tis he ; he'll suffer no body to decide this Quarrel, but himself.

Lop. Then there are no Seconds, Sir.

Don Fel. None.

Lop. He's a brave Man.

Don Fel. No, he says no body's Blood shall be spilt on this Occasion, but theirs who have a Title to it.

Lop. I believe he'll scarce have a Law-Suit upon the Claim.

Don Fel. In short, he accuses thee of a shameful Falshood, in pretending his Sister *Leonora* was thy Wife ; and has upon it prevail'd with his Father, as thou hast done with thine, to let the Debate be ended by the Sword 'twixt him and thee.

Lop.

Lop. And pray, Sir, with Submission, one short Question if you please; what may the gentle *Leonora* say of this Business?

Don Fel. She approves of the Combat, and marries *Carlos*.

Lop. Why, God-a-mercy.

Lor. Is it possible? sure she's a Devil, not a Woman.

Lop. I—cod, Sir, a Devil and a Woman both, I think.

Don Fel. Well, thou sha't have Satisfaction of some of 'em. Here they all come.

Enter Alvarez, Leonora, Carlos, Sancho, and Jacinta.

Alv. Well, *Don Felix*, have you prepar'd your Son? for mine, he's ready to engage.

Lor. And so is his. My Wrongs prepare me for a thousand Combats. My Hand has hitherto been held, by the regard I've had to every thing of kin to *Leonora*; but since the monstrous Part she acts has driven her from my Heart, I call for Reparation from her Family.

Alv. You'll have it, Sir; *Camillo* will attend you instantly.

Lop. O lack! O lack! will no body do a little something to prevent Bloodshed? Why, Madam, have you no Pity, no Bowels? [To *Leonora*.] Stand and see one of your Husbands stoter'd before your Face? 'Tis an arrant Shame.

Leo. If Widowhood be my Fate, I must bear it as I can.

Lop. Why, did you ever hear the like!

Lor. Talk to her no more. Her monstrous Impudence is no otherwise to be reply'd to, than by a Dag-ger in her Brother's Heart.

Leo. Yonder he's coming to receive it. But have a care, brave Sir, he does not place it in another's.

Lor. It is not in his power. He has a rotten Cause upon his Sword, I'm sorry he is engag'd in't; but since
he

he is, he must take his Fate. For you, my Brave, I expect me in your turn. *[To Camillo.]*

Car. You'll find, *Camillo*, Sir, will set your Hand out.

Lor. A beardless Boy. You might have match'd me better, Sir: But Prudence is a Virtue.

Don Fel. Nay, Son, I would not have thee despise thy Adversary neither; thou'lt find *Camillo* will put thee hardly to't.

Lor. I wish we were come to the Trial. Why does he not appear?

Facin. Now do I hate to hear People brag thus. Sir, with my Lady's leave, I'll hold a Duell he disarms you. *[They laugh:]*

Lor. Why, what! — I think I'm sported with. Take heed, I warn you all; I am not to be trifled with.

Enter Camillo and Isabella.

Leo. You than's, Sir, here's one will be in earnest with you.

Lor. He's welcome: Tho I had rather have drawn my Sword against another. I'm sorry, *Camillo*, we shou'd meet on such bad Terms as these; yet more sorry your Sister shou'd be the wicked Cause on't; but since nothing will settle her but the Blood either of a Husband or Brother, she shall be glori'd with't. Draw!

Lop. Ah Lord, ah Lord, ah Lord!

Lor. And yet, before I take this Instrument of Death into my fatal Hand, hear me, *Camillo*; hear, *Alvarez*; all! I imprecate the utmost Powers of Heav'n to shower upon my Head the deadliest of its Wrath; I ask that all Hell's Torments may unite to round my Soul with one eternal Anguish, if wicked *Leonora* be'n't my Wife.

Omnes. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Leo. Why then, may all those Curses pass him by, and wrap me in their everlasting Pains, if ever once

I had a fleeting Thought of making him my Husband.

Leo. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Leo. Nay more, to strike him dumb at once, and shew what Men with honest Looks can practise, know he's married to another.

Alv. and Fel. How?

Leo. The Truth of this is known to some are here.

Jac. Nay, 'tis certainly so.

Isab. 'Tis to a Friend of mine.

Car. I know the Person.

Lor. 'Tis false, and thou art a Villain, for thy Testimony.

Cam. Then let me speak; what they ever is true, and I my self was, in Disguise, a Witness of its doing.

Lor. Death and Confusion! He a Villain too? Have at thy Heavens. *[He draws.]*

Lep. Ah! — I can't bear the Sight on't.

Cam. Put up that furious thing, there's no Business for't.

Lor. There's Business for a Dagger, Stripling; 'tis that should be thy Recompence.

Cam. Why then to shew thee naked to the World, and close thy Mouth for ever — I am my self thy Wife.

Lor. What does the Dog mean?

Cam. To fall upon the Earth, and sue for Mercy.

[Kneels; and lets her Perriwig fall off.]

Lor. A Woman!

Lep. I know, and a pretty one too; you wagge you.

Lor. I'm all Amazement. Rise, Camillo (if I am still to call you by that Name) and let me hear the Wonders you have for me.

Isab. That part her Modesty will ask from me: I'm to inform you then, that this Disguise hides other Mysteries besides a Woman; a large and fair Estate was cover'd by't, which with the Lady now will be resign'd.

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sign'd you. 'Tis true, in Justice it was yours before ; but 'tis the God of Love has done you Right. To him you owe this strange Discovery, thro him you are to know the true *Camillo's* dead, and that this fair Adventurer is Daughter to *Alvarez*.

Lor. Incredible ! But go on ; let me hear more.

Don Fel. She'll tell thee the rest her self, the next dark Night she meets thee in the Garden.

Lor. Ha !—— Was it *Camillo* then, that I——

Isab. It was *Camillo* who there made you happy : And who has Virtue, Beauty, Wit and Love——enough to make you so, while Life shall last you.

Lor. The Proof she gives me of her Love, deserves a large Acknowledgment indeed. Forgive me therefore, *Leonora*, if what I owe this Goodness and these Charms, I with my utmost Care, my Life, my Soul, endeavour to repay.

Cam. Is it then possible you can forgive me ?

Lor. Indeed I can ; few Crimes have such a Claim to Mercy ; but join with me then, dear *Camillo*, (for still I know you by no other Name) join with me to obtain your Father's Pardon : yours, *Leonora*, too, I must implore ; and yours, my Friend, for now we may be such. [To Carlos.] Of all I ask Forgiveness. And since there is so fair a Cause of all my wild Mistakes, I hope I by her Interest shall obtain it.

Alv. You have a Claim to mine, *Lorenzo*, I wish I had so strong a one to yours ; but if by future Services, (tho I lay down my Life amongst 'em) I may blot out of your Remembrance a Fault (I cannot name) I then shall leave the World in Peace.

Lor. In Peace then, Sir, enjoy it ; for from this very Hour, whate'er is past with me, is gone for ever. Your Daughter is too fair a Mediatix to be refus'd his Pardon, to whom she owes the Charms she pleads with for it.

To inform you then, that this Dialogue is over, and that I have now bid adieu to a large and fair Friend, who will be re-
From

*From this good Day, then let all Discord cease ;
Let those to come be Harmony and Peace ;
Henceforth let all our diff'rent Interests join,
Let Fathers, Lovers, Friends, let all combine,
To make each other's Days as blest as she will mine.*

F I N I S.



THE MISTAKE

From this day, then, let us be
Let them to come to the
Henceforth let all our
Let us be, then,
To men, and others,



THE MISTAKE

